RODDY OWEN

A MEMOIR

00020523

NOT TO BE ISSUED OUT
WITHOUT PERMISSION.

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018

'RODDY OWEN'

(BREVET-MAJOR LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, D.S.O.)

Roddy Owen.

1884.

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

'RODDY OWEN'

(BREVET-MAJOR LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, D.S.O.)

A MEMOIR

BY HIS SISTER MAI BOVILL

AND

G. R. ASKWITH

M.A., F.R.G.S.

20523

WITH PORTRAITS AND MAPS

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1897

00020523

PREFACE

THE name of Roddy Owen has long been prominently before the public as a recognised leader and authority in sporting matters, and above all as one of the most accomplished and daring of gentleman riders. His popularity and distinction as a sportsman are acknowledged on all hands; but he was more than this. Though his life was cut off before it had reached its prime, he had, not only as a soldier and a pioneer, but also as a man who by his strong opinions and great tact powerfully influenced others, given proof of those sterling qualities to which the growth of the British Empire has been mainly due.

When his military duties were confined to the mere routine of barrack life, they sat lightly on him; but the moment that the opportunity of more serious soldiering was afforded, he seized it without hesitation, and in the face of hardship, danger, and disease pursued his profession in Africa and in Asia with all the energy and courage and force of character which he had formerly displayed in his sports and amusements.

The chief object of this memoir is to place on record this phase of his character and career, which is comparatively but little known to the public.

He was not a ready writer, but his sister, Mrs. A. G.

Bovill, has collected all the correspondence, diaries, and personal reminiscences of friends which could be obtained, and by the aid of these materials and of her intimate knowledge of her brother has, with Mr. Askwith, prepared this volume of memoirs.

The object throughout has been to let Roddy tell his own story as far as possible, merely adding to his own somewhat fragmentary records such a setting of contemporary history as will enable the general reader to understand the expeditions and adventures in which he took part.

The authors desire to convey their grateful thanks to those true friends of Roddy's who have so willingly helped them in their work—to General the Right Hon. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.B., to Sir Francis Scott, K.C.M.G., in command of the Jebu expedition, to Sir Gilbert Carter, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Lagos, to Col. E. T. H. Hutton, C.B., to Captain Frank Younghusband, C.I.E., to Major Fred Hammersley, D.A.A.G., Head Quarters of the Army, to Major C. R. Burn, to Alfred Watson, Esq., and many others.

August 1, 1897.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

RACING 1

CHAPTER II

THE JEBU WAR 25

CHAPTER III

UGANDA AND UNYORO 37

CHAPTER IV

THE MOHAMMEDAN INVÀSION OF TORU 79

CHAPTER V

PLACING THE NEW FORTS 115

CHAPTER VI

THE UNYORO WAR 136

CHAPTER VII

PAGE
To Wadelai 149

CHAPTER VIII

Chitral 173

CHAPTER IX

The Pamirs 213

CHAPTER X

The Dongola Expedition 234

Appendix 251

Index 275

PORTRAITS

LIEUTENANT E. R. OWEN, A.D.C. TO THE VICEROY OF INDIA, IN 1884. . . *Frontispiece*

CAPTAIN E. R. OWEN ON *FATHER O'FLYNN* *To face p.* 114

MAJOR E. R. OWEN, D.S.O., AT QUETTA IN 1895 . . . . . „ 232

MAPS

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE JEBU EXPEDITION *To face p.* 28

MAP OF UGANDA AND UNYORO . . . „ 42

MAP OF CHITRAL AND THE PAMIRS . . „ 178

MAPS OF EGYPT . . . . . „ 238

CHAPTER I

RACING

"CONFOUND you, sir!" remarked a spectator on a quiet hack at an inspection of the Guards Brigade in Hyde Park to a young-looking, clean-shaven neighbour on an uneasy thoroughbred, "don't get on a horse again, sir, until you can ride better than that."

If the speaker had known that the man whom he was addressing was one of the finest and boldest horsemen of his day, it is probable that he would have modified his words or reconsidered his judgment.

This trifling incident in the life of Major Roddy Owen has been placed in the forefront of these pages, because it seems to afford an apt illustration of the hasty opinions which the world so frequently forms with regard to the characteristics and achievements of contemporaries.

The following pages will, therefore, not have been written in vain, if they serve to put on record the doings of a brave man who, regardless of danger, and, as it ultimately proved, at the cost of his health and of his life, took a part in several of those expeditions, both in Africa and Asia, by which British pluck and enterprise have extended and consolidated the influence of the Empire.

Of some of these expeditions an account has already been written, of others Roddy himself could alone have

given information. The facts and details which can be gathered from his diaries and personal memoranda have, so far as is possible, been faithfully reproduced, in order that the story of his life may be told as he wrote it, and in his own words, and that the glimpses of his personality given in these writings may be brought faithfully before those who, perhaps, in his short career had scarcely time to realise how much his talent might have achieved, and how great, had he lived, would have been the possibilities of his future.

Edward Roderic Owen, or "Roddy Owen," as he was always called, was born at The Hewletts in Gloucestershire on May 4, 1856, and died on July 11, 1896. His life only lasted forty years, and in that short time he gained reputation, not only as one of the most successful riders of his day, but also, from the time he gave up racing and took seriously to his profession, as a soldier. When he had once determined to substitute soldiering for racing, his energy, keenness, and nerve enabled him to come rapidly to the front, even though the campaigns in which he served, and the active work on which his military reputation is founded, were all compressed into the last four years of his life. He worked out his life entirely on his own lines and by his own efforts, his one desire being to "last to the finish." These last four years were years of hard work and anxious thought, and in them his character developed and matured in a most remarkable degree. If no further proof existed, the contrast between the lines of the face and the expression of the eyes, as shown in the two portraits produced in these pages—one taken in Calcutta when he was serving on the Viceroy's Staff, and the other taken at Quetta after service in Africa and on the Indian frontier—presents almost painful evidence of the strain and conflict through which

he had passed. The picture of Roddy on *Father O'Flynn* is after a painting by Captain Adrian Jones, who has kindly given permission for its reproduction.

The following synopsis will show shortly how the work of his life was divided:—

1856. Born.
1856-66. At home. Rode ponies.
1866-68. Private school at Malvern.
1868-73. At Eton.
1874. Private tutors. Slight preparation for army examinations.
1875. In the Militia.
1876. Commission in the 20th Foot (East Devonshire), afterwards the Lancashire Fusiliers. Stationed at Halifax in Canada. Shot in the Rocky Mountains.
1878. Home on leave. Rode races.
1879. Stationed at Cyprus. Rode races.
1880-81. Stationed at Malta. Rode races.
1881-82. Stationed at Cork and rode many races in Ireland.
1883. Stationed at Mhow in India.
1884. A.D.C. to the Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India. Promoted to be Captain, aged twenty-eight.
1884-85. A.D.C. to Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.
1885-92. Seven years of racing. Stationed at Chatham, Glasgow, and Belfast.
1889-90. Extra A.D.C. to Sir Evelyn Wood, General commanding at Aldershot.
1892. Won the Grand National. Served in the Jebu campaign in West Africa. Brevet-Major, aged thirty-six. Left for Uganda.
1893. Served in Uganda and Unyoro. Mohammedan rebellion.
1894. Served in Uganda. Unyoro War. Expedition to Wadelai.
Distinguished Service Order. Brilliant Star of Zanzibar.
1895. In India. Chitral Campaign. Expedition to the Pamirs.
1896. In Egypt. Dongola Expedition. Died of cholera.

Roddy was the second son of Hugh Darby Owen of Bettws, Montgomeryshire, himself a great lover of

sport, and a good judge of a horse. Mr. Owen for some time lived at Prestbury in Gloucestershire in the middle of the Cotswold country, being a keen rider to hounds. In the village of Prestbury there was a small inn kept by Mr. William Archer, whose son had a great wish to become a jockey. Mr. Owen assisted the lad, persuaded his father to give him a chance of entering the profession, and in fact forwarded the fortune of one of the best known English jockeys, Fred Archer.

It was, therefore, amongst horses that Roddy's earliest years were spent, and from his childhood he had a natural seat on a horse. This, coupled with perfect "hands," made him acquainted almost instinctively with the characteristics of the animal he was riding, and paved the way for the judgment and pluck which later distinguished his riding career. From his father too he received lessons in other forms of sport; and, on the Wye, as a very small lad, learned the art of throwing a fly and playing a salmon—the subtle conjunction of arm and eye which so many have sought to acquire and in which so few can succeed.

If the love of horses came from his father, it may be interesting to note that there was another side to Roddy's character, which, in the strange vicissitudes of hereditary qualities, may possibly have been derived from other ancestors. His grandfather was the Rev. E. Pryse Owen, Rector of Wellington and Vicar of Eyton, known for skill in etching and painting and great love of art; and his great-grandfather was the Rev. Hugh Owen, Archdeacon of Salop, a famed antiquarian. Interest in architecture, precision in drawing and sketching, love of animals, all from time to time cropped up as points in Roddy's life, and two salient features of character—interest in sport and interest in wide and intricate questions, such as the progress of the

Empire, the growth of Great Britain, and the subject of Imperial Federation, which he read up at every opportunity—may have been derived from immediate ancestors. Although his education was certainly not systematic, he read greedily a large number of out-of-the-way books, and when quite a small boy was found puzzling over *Locke on the Human Understanding*.

Years afterwards a friend described Roddy as one of the least "horsey" men he had ever met. It was curious to see how earnest he was, and how eagerly he would take part in and listen to any conversation or discussion on subjects of political, diplomatic, or social interest, and power of observation enabled him thereby to assimilate knowledge which he had never applied himself to gain.

His father's instruction did not last very long. He died at the age of forty-one in 1868 when his son was only twelve years old and a new boy at Eton. Roddy had previously been for two years at a private school at Malvern, and is described by the master as "of small frame, of wiry constitution, and a good athlete, with the reputation of being a first-rate cross-country rider. Seriousness, steadiness, and perseverance were among his distinguishing characteristics as a schoolboy."

On going to Eton he took Remove, but though he made many friends and was always so full of fun and life as to be very popular both in house and school, it cannot be said that he belonged to a hard-working set. At that time he was small for his age, and looked very young. It was with much astonishment that, during one of his holidays, a crowd assembled round a minute figure of a lad who had suddenly dashed into a rough sea off St. Catherine's Rock at Tenby, and after a severe struggle saved from drowning a man twice as large as himself.

Eton was followed by a year of private tutors,

but their efforts were apparently treated with small respect. Roddy fished, shot, rode, and generally amused himself, and commenced his riding career on the turf by winning the Duke of Beaufort's Blue Coat Race at Dauntsey on the late Mr. E. Chaplin's *Holland.*

Finally, he entered the army through the Militia, receiving on 3rd March 1875 a commission in the 2nd Battalion South Devon Infantry Militia (11th Foot), and in the following year, on 11th September 1876, a commission in the 1st Battalion of the 20th (East Devonshire) Regiment, which in 1881, on the reorganisation of the army, became known as the Lancashire Fusiliers. The first battalion of the regiment was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he first joined and commenced his career as a soldier.

During this stay in Canada, Roddy appears to have owned a remarkable mastiff. It is said that this dog was "the cause of Roddy's being bested for the first and last time in his life, and by an old woman, the caretaker of Admiralty House, which was close to the Wellington Barracks. The mastiff collared a calf belonging to the old woman, and was only got off after considerable difficulty by Roddy and the old woman herself. The latter then turned on Roddy with a broomstick, and in spite of all he could say, she fairly hammered him." He had a chestnut mare in Halifax which could trot a mile in some incredible time. The way his sleigh used to swing round corners, not infrequently shooting out the inmates, was more startling than pleasant. A strange white driving coat with large white buttons earned him the nickname of "Coachey," and he was rarely seen without a mastiff or bull terrier following at his heels.

Roddy was the life and soul of any company he might be in. He rode races, played polo, and took an

active part in work and play, besides getting away several times on leave and travelling in the country. Thus in the winter of 1877 he went out for a fortnight after moose and cariboo with a brother officer, who writes: "The only incident was our coming very near to shooting each other, by coming towards one another in the woods and each taking the other for a moose. Fortunately the Indian hunters who were with us found out the mistake in time."

Another journey was taken in 1878, by Toronto, Niagara, Chicago, and Winnipeg, to the Rocky Mountains for buffalo-shooting. The expedition was too late for much chance of success. The story goes that, being lost on the prairie, Roddy managed to get back to camp by leaving the direction to be taken to his horse. It seems from a letter concerning this journey that the chief points of the expedition consisted in the shooting of one buffalo and admiration of the American ladies, whom he specially noted for "nice boots and gloves."

The 20th still have a heavy cast-iron Sphinx (a Sphinx being one of the regimental badges) which used to stand in a man's garden in Halifax. Roddy calling on his friend one day alluded to the fact. The owner, little thinking he would be taken at his word, said that Roddy could have the iron Sphinx if he carried it up to barracks. Roddy was in uniform and wearing a heavy fur coat. There was a quantity of snow on the ground, and the barracks were over a mile away on the other side of the town, but shouldering the prize there and then he marched off with it, and arrived, very hot, but delighted. The Sphinx has travelled about with the regiment ever since.

It was noticed on his return that Roddy had grown during the stay in Canada. He was now a long slim youth, 5 ft. $10\frac{3}{4}$ in. in height, and weighing in the scales

10 st. 5 lbs., a weight subsequently increasing to 10 st. 10 lbs., which scarcely ever altered, unless special training was required. While on leave he kept a few horses, trained by his elder brother, Hugh Owen, at Cirencester, and registered his colours of olive-green jacket and cap, pink belt and sleeves. Later on he trained horses, and rode for several years for the stable of Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins of Upton House, Warwickshire, and more recently still he was much connected with the stable of Mr. J. Gatlands of Alfriston, Sussex, where he frequently rode horses in their gallops.

There was not much opportunity in six months' leave to do a great amount of racing, and as the regiment was ordered in 1879 from Canada to Cyprus, and thence to Malta, he had again to leave England for foreign service. At Cyprus he went on a riding tour round the island, and at both stations did much racing. He even collected some ponies on a visit to Constantinople, smuggled them on board a boat, and brought them to Malta, in order to get better horses than the island possessed. This idea of importing good horses from one place to another and improving the standard he tried again a few years later in India, with less success than on this occasion. The effort was at least worth making. As an illustration of the type of horse he rode in Malta, he once won a race on a half-bred Spanish and English horse, carrying a weight of 16 st. 7 lbs., the weight being distributed in his boots and all over his body. His Turkish ponies caused some amusement, but certainly justified his theory. One of them was matched against a pony called *Lord of the Isles*, and, with Roddy on its back, won. The point was that the race was run over a stiff course and fencing was a game Roddy's pony knew nothing about. He had also an excellent polo pony, a chestnut barb,

called *Little John*, which he brought over to England and used to ride in the Park.

Ponies of all kinds and tempers passed through his hands. Frequently an invitation for a drive meant sitting behind an animal which had for the first time been tried in harness. A friend recalls a story about one of these drives. "I have distinct recollections," he says, "of a drive behind *Little John*. We started tandem, *Little John* in the lead. It was a muggy, relaxing day, and no sooner had we got in the cart and the pony in the shafts felt a bit of weight on his back than he lay down. We managed to get him up, and got as far as the gate leading out of the Strada Reale. There was a slight slope down under the gate, and the weight again came on the wheeler's back. Then, as Roddy described it, he began looking about for something to lean against. As luck would have it, a cab was coming in the opposite direction. This apparently was the very thing the wheeler wanted. He went straight for the cab, and wasn't satisfied until he had the shaft through the front of it and one foreleg over the front axle, being thus able to lean his exhausted body against the conveyance itself. An excited Maltese who had nothing to do with the business, seized the reins, and wanted to know Roddy's name. Roddy very politely, as was his way on such occasions, told him twice to drop the reins, and as he did not do so, let him have the double thong across the face. We finally got clear, and never heard any more about it."

Other stories are told of his adventures in Malta. One night he was very nearly caught by a Maltese policeman; having scrambled up a lamp-post to light his cigarette at the gas-light, first breaking the glass for the purpose. Just as he got to the ground, the

little Maltese appeared on the scene, and Roddy started down the Strada Reale with the "bobby" after him. Roddy darted into the Club, threw aside his cap, and when the "bobby" came up panting, was calmly leaning against the door. To the excited question, "Did you see an officer come in here a minute ago?" he answered very quietly, "Oh yes, I think he has gone upstairs." In rushed the policeman, and Roddy quietly resumed his cap and walked home.

On another evening he went to dine with the Admiral, who was specially fond of him. Roddy was a bad judge of time. When he arrived at the top of the gangway, a little midshipman on duty remarked, "Come to dine, sir?" "Yes," said Roddy, rather wondering at the question. "They've just finished, sir!"

When Roddy revisited Malta fourteen years afterwards, the cheery gaiety with which he had entered into racing, polo, and the life of the island was remembered and recalled by all his old friends.

In 1881 a longer spell of home service was obtained, as the regiment was ordered home, and came to Cork. In Ireland Roddy raced continuously, won often, and made his name known both on the racecourse and in the hunting-field. In England he was often to be seen out with the Cotswold, Duke of Beaufort's hounds, the V.W.H., the Quorn, the Pytchley, and others. He had bought some horses of his own, of which *Cocksure* and *Statesman* may be mentioned. *Cocksure* could do anything but understand banks, and on him in June 1881 Roddy won the Hunter's Hurdle Race at Cork Park. *Statesman* is described as "the biggest brute to ride one could imagine. He would get away with you at a walk, and had not the best of tempers." Yet Roddy rode him to hounds, and on his back won the Grand Military Silver Cup at

Sandown in March 1882. *Statesman* never did any good with any one else.

His method of training in Ireland consisted in wearing piles of coats, running round the barrack square, and lying down when thoroughly exhausted under as many coats and rugs as he could collect. Short and sharp methods generally produced the desired effect, but he never thought of continuous dieting.

From the *Racing Calendar* the following list of his winning mounts in 1882 has been extracted :—

GRAND MILITARY MEETING, SANDOWN PARK.

March 3. The Grand Military Welter Weight for age Plate. Mr. E. R. Owen's Plover, 12 st. Won by two lengths.

„ 4. The Grand Military Silver Cup. Mr. E. R. Owen's Statesman. Won by half a length.

„ 4. The Light Weight Grand Military Sweepstakes. Mr. F. Waldron's Leperello, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

V.W.H. HUNT, CIRENCESTER.

April 12. The Open Hunters' Steeple-Chase. Mr. E. R. Owen's New Waddington, 13 st. 5 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

THE 5TH LANCERS STEEPLE-CHASES, NEWBRIDGE COURSE.

May 3. The Open Military Hunters' Stakes. Captain Meysey-Thompson's Belmont, 12 st. Won by a length.

MULLINGAR AND WESTMEATH RACES.

„ 29. The Open Hunt Plate. Captain Meysey-Thompson's Belmont, 11 st. Won by several lengths.

ALLENSTOWN, BATRATH COURSE.

June 22. The Lune Plate. Captain Meysey-Thompson's Belmont, 12 st. Won by a length and a half.

WORCESTER.

July 10. The United Hunt Cup. Mr. T. Leader's Donald, 11 st. Won by three-quarters of a length.

GALWAY RACES.

Aug. 4. The Moyode Plate. Mr. W. Hilliard's Adare, 10 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

CORK PARK.

„ 22. The Southern Farmers' Plate. Mr. R. Hayes's Zulu Chief, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by two lengths.

FOUR OAKS, BIRMINGHAM.

Nov. 24. A Handicap Steeple-Chase. Mr. E. R. Owen's Rathcline, 10 st. 13 lbs. Won by six lengths.

SANDOWN PARK.

Dec. 16. The Priory Hunters' Steeple-Chase. Mr. W. Kennedy's Ben Bolt, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by four lengths.

After this period of racing in the United Kingdom, there was a break for a year, as, by exchange into the second battalion of the regiment at Mhow, he put in a year of service in India. With the late Baron Carlo de Tuyll, who joined him in India, he followed up his Malta theory and tried the experiment of taking horses from England to race in India; but these horses, unaccustomed to the climate and to the travelling, had little success, and Roddy saw that use must be made of the animals of the country. Being attached in March 1884 as extra A.D.C. to the Staff of Lord Ripon, the then Viceroy, he entered into all the gaiety of Calcutta and Simla, and became well known on all the racecourses in Bengal.

"Roddy came up to Simla," writes one of his friends, "with a lot of Arab ponies — *Serpent*, *Gadabout*, *Pilsener*, and another; also two country-bred ponies — *Sarus* and *Rocket*, both greys. He thoroughly entered into everything that was going on at Simla in the summer of 1884, in the social as well as the sporting line, and I need not say that he was most popular with every one. We had weekly Gymkhana

there, and one or two big sky meetings that year, in all of which Roddy was much to the fore. *Sarus* was the most wonderful pony I ever saw, and he was very well known in India. He only stood 12.1, and was a most extraordinary jumper, and had a great turn of speed, but had a queer temper, and wouldn't always try when it came to the pinch. Roddy gave me this pony when he left the staff to go home to England, and I think he was one of the best bits of stuff I ever rode. I kept this pony till I left India for good and lent him to Lord Dufferin, who kept him to teach his two boys—Terence and Basil—to ride. When Lord Dufferin came home at the end of his time, I gave *Sarus* to my friend Charlie Harbord, who came out on the staff with Lord Lansdowne; and he kept him for five years, and at the end of that time wrote and asked me if he might give the pony to one of Lord Elgin's staff who knew *Sarus* well and loved him. I agreed to this, and for all I know to the contrary, *Sarus* is still serving with the Viceregal Staff." The history of *Sarus* has been given, because in 1895, before the Chitral Campaign, Roddy Owen notes his delight at finding in the viceregal stables at Calcutta "*Sarus*, my darling little pony, that I gave Charlie Burn."

Roddy had got together some useful horses in India, including one named *Prospero*, and his reputation as a horseman was fairly well established, when in August 1884, at the age of twenty-eight, he was promoted to be Captain and returned to Ireland. None knew better how to handle a rogue or coax an unwilling horse. At Lucknow, for example, a big tearing Waler had the reputation of leaving the course for the stable after the second fence. Roddy being in the saddle, the animal quietly galloped round the course, under perfect control.

On returning home, he migrated from the Staff of Lord Ripon to the Staff of Lord Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and soon justified his reputation for managing difficult animals by winning the Great Sandown Steeple-Chase on 5th December 1884, on that uncertain horse *Kilworth*, then owned by Baron C. de Tuyll, and in the same month at Four Oaks Park, by taking the Christmas Hunters' Steeple-Chase Plate on Mr. G. Abercromby's *False Prophet*.

During the next seven years Roddy's success far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends. Twice, in two successive years, he won the Sandown Grand Prize; twice he won the Great Sandown Steeple-Chase on the same horse, *Kilworth;* he would ride five races in a day, travel all night, and ride again the next day; he had the choice of many mounts, and selected them with extraordinary judgment; in 1889 he had the highest average of wins among gentlemen riders for the year; his own average of wins continuously improved; and finally, in 1892, riding *Father O'Flynn*, he attained his great ambition of winning the Grand National, the blue ribbon of the gentleman rider.

Some incidents showing the energy of his racing career are worthy of note. He took the greatest interest in riding horses in their gallops, and by so doing kept himself in perfect condition. As for actual training, his spare, sinewy figure required little beyond that already mentioned, though for special races he was occasionally obliged to bring down weight by running round Hyde Park in flannels, or by rowing on the Serpentine.

He rode almost entirely across country and over hurdles, and would travel from one end of the kingdom to another to a good meeting. Many were the expedients necessary for working in leave, riding, and

military duties. Dressing in the railway carriage or waiting-rooms, and galloping across country to catch a train at branch stations, were but ordinary incidents of the racing season. He would arrive at Manchester, for instance, in the early morning after a night in the train, get into uniform, do his day's work, and be off again. There is a tale that, just catching a train as it was leaving the station, Roddy found himself in a carriage with one elderly lady, and due to ride immediately on arrival. He slowly fitted up a railway rug from rack to rack, saying, "Don't be alarmed, madam, at hearing a noise. I am subject to fits of illness which soon, however, pass away. I always do this on such occasions." After some minutes of scrambling, the lady was frightened out of her senses by seeing a brilliant yellow silk arm stretched out behind the rug, but was reassured by the appearance of Roddy in a greatcoat, with his riding boots showing beneath, calmly remarking that he was now quite in normal health.

Leave was given with much generosity, and when it was not obtainable, Roddy threw himself with much keenness into any military work which interested him. In spite of his quick movements, his work was always done, and done well, and he knew how to make his men work well. In 1891 he was selected for the Mounted Infantry Regiment at Aldershot which had been raised, and was then commanded by Colonel Hutton, and entered with the greatest energy into all the details of that especial service.

His tact and quickness often stood him in good stead. Thus, being in command of a detachment on one occasion and hearing of a coming inspection, he made use of opportunities afforded by his rapid journeys to discover what faults had been found and noticed by the General in other regiments. Particular care was

taken to avoid any mistake similar in kind; and so good was the result that the General at last remarked, "I'm afraid, Captain Owen, you know all my fads." "I beg your pardon, General," said Roddy. The General repeated his remark. "Fads, General, fads; I may be very stupid," replied Roddy, "but I really don't understand what you mean." On another occasion, however, at an inspection, the General remarked that he had not seen him there before at previous inspections. Roddy had been running all over the country to race meetings, but he only replied, with a deep bow, "Sir, the loss is mine."

On another occasion, when A.D.C. to General Sir Evelyn Wood at Aldershot, he heard in London that he was expected to do duty in conducting from Farnborough Station an important personage to see a Field Day. The telegram had not come in time to enable him to anticipate the great man's special train, so Roddy travelled with the "Special," was met by horse and uniform at the station, and somehow contrived such delay that when the personage appeared outside the station, Captain Owen, cool and smart in uniform, awaited him on his horse, prepared to take him anywhere.

His love for testing every kind of horse rather tended to interfere with the peace of parades. He generally rode thoroughbreds, not too easy to handle, and quite unaccustomed to field days. The more difficult a horse was, the more he enjoyed riding it. But occasionally the General resented this idiosyncrasy. It was annoying for an A.D.C. to be capering about by himself on an apparently unmanageable horse. "The General says you are never to come out on that horse again," was a message sent at Aldershot, where in 1889 and 1890 he was A.D.C. to General Sir Evelyn Wood, by the mouth of an A.D.C. not too

renowned for his skill in the saddle. "All right," replied Roddy; "next time you shall ride him."

It is said that a discussion once arose at dinner on the differences between a cavalry and cross-country seat, a distinguished officer contending that any good cross-country rider could at once settle into a cavalry seat and find no difficulty in doing so. The officer finally said, "Let us refer to Roddy. He knows. What do you say about it?" "Well, sir," replied Roddy, who had kept silent during the discussion, "the fact is, I am so often found fault with, sir, that it is rather a sore point with me. Only the other day on parade, my horse didn't seem to like my seat and bolted with me. He took me right down towards the railway station, sir." Then, after a pause, he added with the greatest innocence, "Fortunately he just stopped there in time for me to catch the 2 train to Sandown, where I was due to ride a race at 3.15."

Such quiet humour and quick answers were characteristic. Ready resource seldom failed him. In riding the Army and Navy Hunters' Steeple-Chase in April 1888, at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, two horses remained in the race. The favourite, *Œnone*, fell and brought down Roddy on *Southam*, who was close behind. Roddy quickly rose to his feet, seized the horse of one of the men who clear the course, pursued and caught his own animal near the Paddock, and remounting, entered the course, negotiated the fence, and rode in alone, after jumping two other fences, amid cheers and laughter. He was only carrying out his favourite maxim of "lasting to the finish."

In fact, he was not easily to be caught napping. Buffalo Bill tried to induce him to renew acquaintance with buck-jumpers, and ride against him three times round the Wild West Circus. "I will," said Roddy,

"if you will ride two miles over hurdles in a 3-lb. saddle." The invitation was not accepted.

To those who are intimately acquainted with the racing of the last ten years, it may be interesting to examine the list of Roddy Owen's winning mounts from 1885-92, extracted from the *Racing Calendar*. That record does not deal with every race at every meeting held during the year, but gives a sufficiently complete list of principal events to recall races and incidents, and to afford some criterion of merit. A bare record often serves as a basis for deductions where general remarks or criticism would fail to impress. This record will be found in the Appendix.

It may well be asked, what was the secret of his great success as a horseman? General remarks upon qualifications and characteristics are perhaps of little value; to say that a man is a thorough horseman means everything; but if the career of Roddy Owen as a whole is examined, the vital element of his success, whether in racing or in soldiering, must surely lie in that rare combination of judgment and pluck which never failed him. His devotion to steeple-chasing and love of hurdle-racing—the two most dangerous forms of sport in this country—combined with the fact that he never lost his head and stuck at nothing, led his friends by a refinement of satire to call him the "Headless Horseman."

An instance of this combination is given by a friend who writes: "Roddy was an extraordinarily plucky chap. At one National I was down at the fence where you jump into the course running alongside the canal. There is a sharp turn immediately the fence is jumped. It is the fence so well depicted in a water-colour sketch one sees in many shop windows. It was the first time round and they were all in a bunch, Roddy being last and a bit wide on the outside. Suddenly he pulled

across the course behind all the others, and took the fence sideways close to the inside flag, and from lying last came right up alongside the leader without going a bit faster, and avoiding the difficult turn which taking the fence straight necessitated."

In fact, he was a singularly dashing and resolute rider, very strong over fences, but very good also at a finish, the latter gift being far more rare than the former.

His judgment was shown in race after race—judgment not only in the gift of seeing what should be done at a given second in the fierce rush of a race, but judgment in estimating what his horse could do or could not do, in knowing and feeling the power, the character, and the possibilities of the animal he was riding. He gauged the capability of a horse, and so reached the highest point of jockeyship.

This quality of judgment may further be tested in various ways. It entered into the skill with which his own "buys" were chosen, and also into the discrimination with which he would select his mounts. Without being able to spend large sums in the purchase of expensive animals, he selected horses which, in his hands at least, justified the opinion he had formed of them, though often they had peculiarity of temper and disposition requiring most delicate handling. In choosing mounts, sound knowledge and nice judgment are required. A friend endorses these points by saying that after a meeting at which Roddy rode in some races and watched others from the stand, he always seemed to know exactly how each horse performed. "His judgment nearly always came out correct, and he frequently won on horses that, to the ordinary looker-on, had only run very moderately on other occasions. The first time he rode *Father O'Flynn* in a good gallop, he said at Gatwick, 'I rode the horse a good gallop

yesterday. I have settled to ride him, and he will win the Liverpool.' We know how correct he was here, and in many other cases equally so. He rode with the greatest courage and coolness always, and never spared himself his own criticisms afterwards. He was far in front of all soldier riders I have ever seen."

Before commencing a description of his work on foreign service, which he had long before determined to seek as soon as he had won the Grand National, some account of his personal and professional characteristics, by officers who knew him well, may here be given. The first was written by a great friend in his regiment:—

"Though Roddy looked so slim, he was extraordinarily deep-chested and powerful. At first it seemed impossible that his chest-measurement was 40 inches, but a careful measurement showed this was correct. He was very strong indeed in the arms. Many a man, apparently double his bulk, would have been proud to show as sinewy a pair of arms. This had much to do with the apparent ease with which he could hold almost any horse. He was very long in the leg. We were much the same height, but I remember getting on a pony of his one day, and finding I could hardly touch the stirrups, which were at his usual length. This gave him a tremendous grip, and with his wonderful hands and immense muscular power in the arms, was a combination calculated to defeat any puller.

"Roddy had all the qualities that attract soldiers. His qualities went further even than that. They attracted all with whom he was brought in contact. I never came across any one who did not like him, nor did I ever hear him run down any one. He was cheeriness itself. Many a time have I known him come in late to mess, when we were perhaps a bit dull.

Everything changed at once. He seemed to bring in a different atmosphere. He was a wonderful diplomatist. I can safely say I never saw him beaten, and I never saw him in a hole from which he didn't get out with credit to himself. He was a man whose pluck and gallantry were above the ordinary, and who had qualities of an immensely high order."

The following remarks, written by Colonel Hutton, who knew him well, will give a correct impression of those military qualities which in a special degree were developed in the last years of Roddy's life. Colonel Hutton says—

"Possessed in an eminent degree of all those sporting instincts which most commend themselves to Englishmen, there were few, even among those who knew Roddy Owen best, who recognised the real value of the man.

"Universally accepted as the best gentleman rider of his day, a boon companion, and endowed with a ready wit, it required a careful insight into character and a sympathetic spirit to see that beneath the veneer of his racing proclivities and surroundings there lay those sterling qualities, begotten of a loyal nature and of a noble mind, which make great and distinguished men. Beyond the attractive qualities of a young and vigorous Englishman, fond of all forms of manly sport, Roddy possessed not only a keen appreciation and knowledge of literature, past and present, but an insight into political and economical questions unusual in a soldier.

"His excellence as a horseman, and his practical experience of all matters connected with the turf, had cast him into society where little scope was given to develop the higher aims which his better instincts prompted.

"Up to the year 1889 nothing in Roddy Owen's military career had occurred to stir his ambition or even to arouse his interest. The routine of barrack life, and the monotony of existence in an infantry regiment on home service, had no attraction for a man endowed like Roddy with the impatient energy and vigorous nature begotten of a quick and somewhat intolerant spirit. He was, and proved himself to be, ill adapted

to the daily rounds, the commonplace duties, and the social pleasures of ordinary military life in times of peace.

"It fortunately happened that at a critical period in his life he found himself appointed extra Aide-de-Camp to General Sir Evelyn Wood, then commanding the Aldershot Division, when the deeper interests of his profession revealed themselves; and in his able, active-minded chief he became associated for the first time with an eminent soldier whose successful and interesting career was an example of what well-placed energy and perseverance can achieve.

"It was not to be supposed that the life of an A.D.C. would prove attractive to a man of Roddy Owen's characteristics. The opportunity really came when, in July 1891, he was selected for the command of No. 10 company of the recently-formed regiment of Mounted Infantry.

"The interest of an independent command, under a sympathetic chief, aroused all the latent military enthusiasm and talent of the man, and from that moment a determination to succeed, and an ambition to achieve renown in a far nobler field than the turf, seemed to take hold upon him. The independence given by the system of command in the Mounted Infantry seemed to have stimulated all the interests of the soldier, and success became only a matter of time and opportunity.

"The best and most experienced officers were selected for the command of the companies—a duty which required knowledge, tact, power of command, and readiness of resource, thus giving a much-appreciated opening to first-rate officers. Only officers of active habits and sporting instincts were chosen, and no happier selection was made than that of Captain E. R. Owen, and to say this is to place him high in the estimation of his comrades and contemporaries.

"Roddy Owen's company was one of those which, after being encamped for two months and a half at Bourley, near Aldershot, took part in the Autumn Manœuvres in Hampshire during September of 1891.

"A somewhat characteristic story is told of him when, upon first taking over the command of his men, he paraded them for their first day's company drill in their novel mounted infantry formation. After a few minutes in the unaccustomed

rôle of captain and instructor, Roddy found himself embarrassed, and was having resort to the pages of the drill book, when his commanding officer appeared unexpectedly upon the scene, and in undisguised astonishment expressed surprise at the hesitation in the drill. 'Well, Colonel,' replied the self-reliant Roddy, 'fact is, that I've never commanded a company on parade before; you see it's something rather novel, but you give me only ten days, and I and my company shall be all that you desire.' The Colonel with something akin to secret misgiving promised his assistance, but Roddy was as good as his word, and No. 10 company soon more than held its own in a corps where emulation and determination to succeed produced the highest measure of discipline and soldierly efficiency.

"The military qualities which Roddy had thus shown himself to possess were carefully remarked by Sir Redvers Buller, who was present at the Manœuvres in 1891; and thus it came about that when, after winning the Grand National at Liverpool early in 1892, special officers were required for a difficult service in West Africa, the Adjutant-General selected Captain Owen as second in command for the expedition against the Jebus. This relatively minor campaign was for a few brief minutes nearly having a disastrous termination, and it was universally acknowledged by those present that the gallantry, power of leading men, and readiness of resource of Roddy Owen, who commanded the advance, averted a defeat which, under the circumstances, would have been annihilation. From this service he returned to England to receive a Brevet-Majority, and to establish a claim for further employment.

"In 1893 officers were wanted by the Colonial Office for service in Uganda. The opportunity thus afforded was seized with alacrity by Roddy, who, with his friend and comrade in the Mounted Infantry, Captain Raymond Portal, proceeded to Mombasa and East Africa.

"Here for the first time Roddy Owen had the opportunity of showing his administrative talent, his enterprise, and his grasp of larger issues. His military capacity had been already tested, and was now for a second time successfully tested.

"It is deeply felt by his brother officers and comrades that, by his untimely death at the early age of 40, the Empire has

lost one of her ablest and most promising sons, one who, had he been spared, would have achieved a high renown for himself, and honour for his profession.

"His faults were those which are easily forgiven and forgotten—faults which are indeed inseparable from those qualities which Englishmen most admire, viz. steadfastness of purpose, and determination to succeed."

The above statement is endorsed by Sir Redvers Buller in the following letter:—

"29 BRUTON STREET, W., *8th April* 1897.

"DEAR MRS. BOVILL—I send you the enclosed which I received from Colonel Hutton; of course he knew Roddy much better than I did. I entirely agree with him in believing that if Roddy had been spared he would have made his mark, and that his early death was a loss to the country. He was one of those men of active mind, physical energy, and high spirit, whose real qualities do not come out until they are weighted with serious responsibilities; in a subordinate position he had not enough to do to steady him; but I am convinced that in a responsible position, the more work he had to do, the better he would have done it.

"I was much impressed with the letters he wrote to me from Uganda; and so was Sir Edward Grey, the then Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, to whom I showed them. They brought out so clearly both his great bodily activity and his sound judgment. He seemed from the moment he got into the country to grasp the important points of the situation, and his views of both the military and the political position were so clear and statesmanlike.

"All who knew him regret him, and no one more so than yours very truly, REDVERS BULLER."

CHAPTER II

THE JEBU WAR, 1892

THE racing world was astonished to hear, four days after the brilliant victory of *Father O'Flynn* in the Grand National, that Roddy Owen had started for the west coast of Africa.

Directly after the race he took the train to London, applied at the War Office for active service, and, being at once appointed to join Colonel Francis Scott, Inspector-General of the Gold Coast Constabulary, left England for Lagos, to take part in an expedition against a West African tribe.

There seems to be no end to expeditions in this populous and savage country, although England has been connected with the west coast of Africa since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir John Hawkins collected "black ivory" and sailed to the West Indies with his living cargoes.

In 1892 the French were moving in the Hinterland, and within the British sphere a bigoted and savage tribe had stopped the trade routes to the coast. Peace, commerce, and respect for Great Britain had to be restored, and hence arose the Jebu expedition of 1892, directed against a large district, about 40 miles east of Lagos, very fertile, little known, and densely populated with superstitious tribes.

On the 29th March 1892 Captain Owen left London, starting next day on s.s. *Cameroon* for Sierra Leone, Accra, and Lagos.

Although no scrap of paper is left to record his own experiences of his racing career, he commenced during this expedition to write short accounts of the daily events of the campaigns and expeditions in which he took part. The diary of the Jebu expedition is very short, and begins as follows :—

"*March* 29.—Left Euston at midnight."

"*March* 30.—Sailed on *Cameroon* 11.30 A.M."

"*April* 6.—Arrived at Grand Canary 6.30 A.M. People at Hotel Catalina got up ball for us. Left 11.15 P.M."

"*April* 13.—Arrived Sierra Leone 1.30 A.M."

"*April* 18.—Passed Gold Coast. Read *African Explorers* (magazine) by Dr. Brown. I am inclined to consider Liberia as the most probable scene on the west coast of any future success in gold and coal production. Cape Lopez for shooting."

"*April* 19.—Left Accra 11 A.M. Tornado."

"*April* 20.—Arrived Lagos at mid-day. Dined with the Governor. Order received from home to wait for West India troops."

"*April* 22.—Appointed Chief of Staff. Suggested immediate reconnaissance by the staff of probable place of landing and utilisation of spies. Advice acted on. Telegram from Sierra Leone that West India troops not due to leave there till 25th inst. Rained hard last night and this morning. Appointments of officers put in orders. Requested commanding officers to take immediate steps to organise, know the men, and teach them their duties."

"*April* 23.—Started with Gordon and Larrymore on board the *Marguerite* at 8.30 for Epé, with object

of seeing Bale and Brimah Edo,[1] with reference to the road, landing, water, bush, position, feeling of people, etc. Sent Turner, a native Engineer, ashore, requesting visit from Bale and Brimah on board. They came. I gave them a short address and some cigarettes. Bale gave permission for us to land and see the place. We did so, but on landing were immediately left by the seven natives who came on board, and after walking fast, as it was getting dark, to see the road towards Jebu, found ourselves surrounded with armed Jebus. Having seen all we could, and being unarmed, we thought it better to retire, and I think we were lucky to get back. Bale explained he had fasted since morning and had to go and eat, so did all the other people. The people at Epé are friendly, with the exception of the Jebu population, as they are chiefly Lagos people; yet since their territory is given them by Jebus, they can take no part either way. I am of opinion that they were aware of the danger we ran in proceeding through Jebu part of town, but remained neutral. We got back about 6.45 A.M. and dropped down to Egirin."

"*April* 24.—Went on launch to landing of Egirin. Saw but few Jebus, the main town lying farther in. It is easy of access, lying about 300 yards down the creek. Population are all Jebus. The bay is small, surrounded with thick grass and bush. Two or three boat-loads only could land at a time, covered by guns from a ship. The road is supposed to join the Epé road."

The next three weeks were spent in waiting for the draft of the West India Regiment, and in busy preparations of drilling, manœuvring, and arranging carriers,

[1] Local chiefs of the town.

stores, and medical comforts. Military duties were varied by dinners, dances, a cricket-match, a concert, and a regatta. At last, on 9th May, the West India Regiment arrived, and on 12th May, as the approach of the rainy season would not permit delay, the expedition started by water for Epé. There were 55 men of the West India Regiment, three 7-pounders, two Nordenfeldts, one Maxim, three rockets, and, at 3d. a day each, 344 Hausas, 100 Ibadans, and 343 carriers. The flotilla consisted of the Government yacht, tugs, steam-launches, and canoes. On arrival at Epé, 186 more carriers were collected, in addition to the carriers obtained at Lagos.

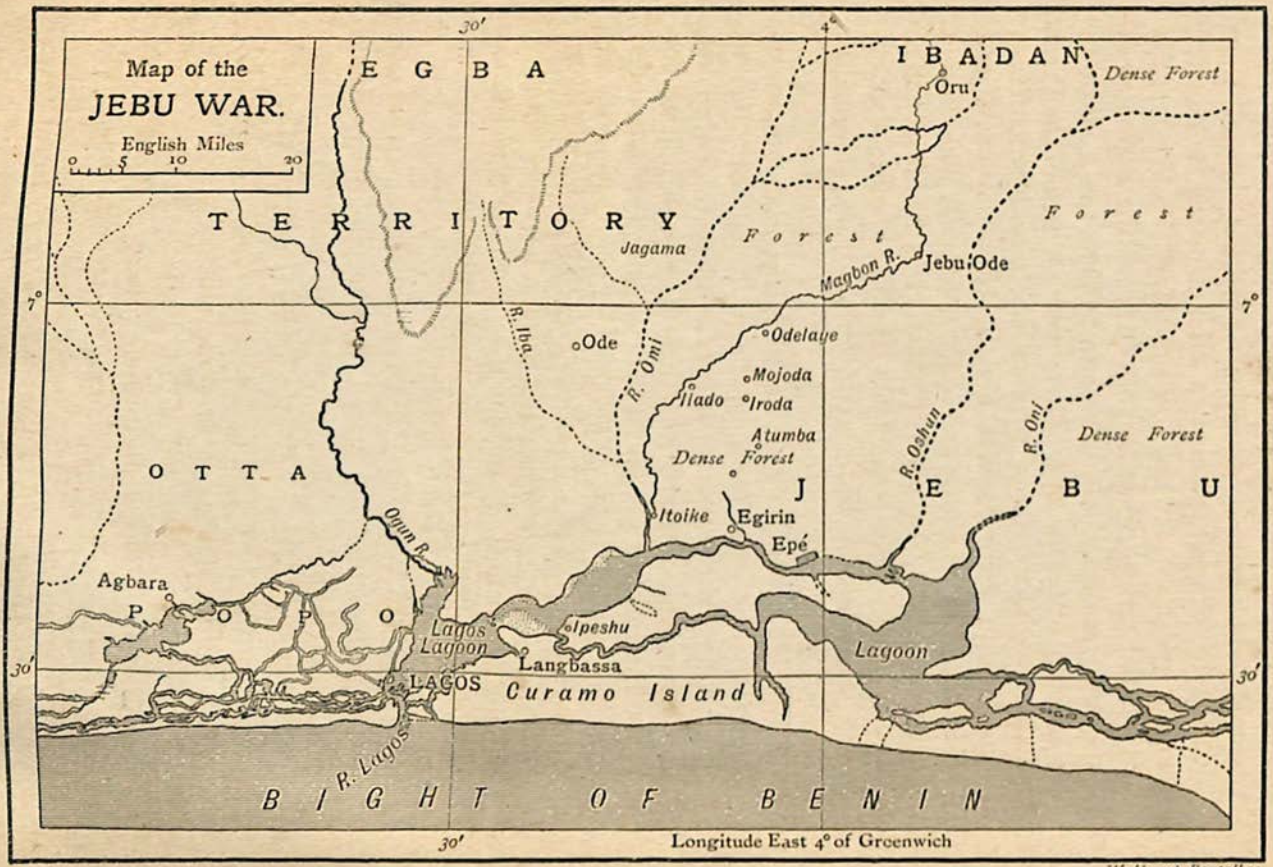
Epé is a considerable town on a lagoon communicating with the sea, from which a direct road lies to Jebu Ode; but although it was so close to the colony of Lagos, where the British flag had been hoisted for more than thirty years, no Europeans had ever been over this road. It was "fetish," and jealously protected by the natives. No opposition was offered at Epé to the landing of the troops; but as soon as they attempted to advance, it became evident that a stubborn resistance would be offered. In fact, the pertinacity of the resistance led to a bloody little war.

"*May* 13.—At Epé. Disembarked at daybreak, after calling chiefs on board. Jebus reported waiting 2 miles off in bush. Took seven prisoners."

"*May* 14.—At Epé. Collected carriers, viz. 343 Lagos carriers, 71 Lekki, and 115 Epé. Total 529. This is sufficient if we leave some officers' chop."

"*May* 16.—Marched from Epé to Pobo. First shot fired 11.20 A.M. Burnt four villages. Took Pobo. Nine men wounded. Enemy's strength has been underrated."

"*May* 17.—Left Pobo 6.20 A.M. Burnt two


Map of the
JEBU WAR.
English Miles
0 5 10 20
EGBA
TERRITORY
IBADAN
Dense Forest
Oru
Forest
Jagama
Forest
Magbon R.
Jebu Ode
Ode
R. Iba
R. Omi
Odelaye
Mojoda
Ilado
Iroda
Atumba
Dense Forest
R. Oshun
R. Omi
Dense Forest
OTTA
JEBU
Itoike
Egirin
Epé
Onun R.
Agbara
POPO
Lagos Lagoon
Ipeshu
Langbassa
Lagoon
LAGOS
Curamo Island
R. Lagos
BIGHT OF BENIN
30'
4°
7°
Longitude East 4° of Greenwich
Walker & Boutall sc.

villages. Found Atumba occupied. Severe fighting for half an hour. Heavy losses of the Jebus. Willoughby, Government interpreter, and an Ibadan killed, Hardinge and three men wounded. Burnt Iroda and three more villages and stayed at Mojoda for night. Nine more wounded."

"*May* 18.—Left Mojoda and marched to Odelaye. Stayed the night there. Skirmishes. Burnt five villages."

"*May* 19.—Started 5.30 A.M. After 3½ miles met the Jebus in force. Drove them forward to water. Fought for two and a half hours. Five men killed, wounded thirty or forty. Started again at 9.5 A.M., after the Jebus had disappeared. Stayed at Magbon for night."

Disappeared! Leaving their villages to be burnt, but taking advantage of the thick grass and picking off the men in the narrow tracks, the Jebus had been slowly retreating and fighting every inch of the way. At last, on 19th May, the enemy made a determined stand near Magbon. The Jebus had taken up a position on the farther bank of the river, with detachments in front guarding the woods leading to the passage of the river. As the expeditionary force slowly advanced, a few shots and the retreat of the Jebu outposts were the first warning of the presence of the enemy in force. It then became apparent that the path descending to the river was very narrow and winding, with thick woods full of the enemy on either side. The Hausas could only advance in single file, running the gauntlet of heavy and continuous fire. If this fire had been well directed the loss would have been severe; as it was, the advance in single file lessened the chances of successful aim. Men, however, kept dropping dead or wounded, and in so narrow a track had to be lifted and put on one side to allow those who were following to progress. For

half an hour the narrow ravine proved an obstacle, but at last the force got out into the open and drove the Jebus with great loss before them.

Between the Jebu army of many thousand men and the invading force lay the river, and that river must be crossed. Any retreat through the ravine would speedily have ended in a rout, and it was impossible for the troops to remain on the banks as a sure mark for the enemy's bullets. The crossing of the river in the face of heavy fire from a concealed enemy was a serious undertaking. So hot was the fire that it was decided to try the effect of the artillery and the Maxims. The guns were put into position and directed against the bushes of the opposite bank. The result was good, the enemy's fire lessened, but still continued with sufficient force to make a struggle through the water a difficult undertaking. The Hausas paused. The position was critical.

There was no time for delay. The Hausas must advance. Into the river dashed Captain Owen, calling on his men to follow. Though he was wounded in the leg, and received two more wounds in the head and neck, he stood quietly in mid-stream, the water up to his armpits, waving and calling to his men to come with him. The other white officers—Lawrie and Hardinge, both of whom received wounds—urged on the men and also took to the water. In the nick of time the West India troops came up and followed them, splashing and pushing through the water. The Hausas joined in the dash forward. Colonel Scott, the commander, was seen directing operations from the middle of the stream. Up the opposite bank the black men scrambled with wild yells of fury and revenge. The enemy, already demoralised by the Maxim gun, must have thought the whole fetish world of demons,

led by the white spirits who took no notice of bullets, had broken loose upon them. They fled into the depths of the dense woods, melting away before these irresistible foes, and in their haste leaving clothing, sheep, and fowls behind them. But even then a force fell upon the rearguard of the British as they passed the ravine, and had again to receive a lesson from the now confident black troops. For more than two hours the battle had raged furiously, the British having five men killed and forty wounded, including three white officers, and the Jebus confessing afterwards to the loss of seventeen chiefs and 1000 men killed. The town of Magbon, where the Jebu army to the strength of 10,000 men had been encamped for three days, was occupied without further resistance.

Owing to this stubborn opposition it was not till 20th May that the short distance between Epé and Jebu could be successfully accomplished. In the early morning the expedition entered the principal town, Jebu Ode, and at noon hoisted the Union Jack. The Jebus at last had had enough of it. Their town was found to be deserted, and their king was captured.

A stockade was quickly commenced, and looting prohibited. This order did not at all meet the wishes of the friendly Ibadans. They mutinied and had to be disarmed. The situation for the moment looked unpleasant, but after two days order was successfully restored. Two flying columns were sent out—one under Lieutenant Gordon to Itoike to open the coast route, the other under Captain Owen to Oru—the object of the Oru column being to destroy the toll-gates of the Jebus and open the trade route from the north for the trade in ivory, indigo, palm-oil, maize, coffee, rice, and gum.

"*May* 23.—I took flying column to Oru."

"*May* 24.—Returned from Oru. Roads all opened."

"*May* 27.—Commenced fortifying position for troops remaining. Burnt part of Jebu Ode."

"*May* 28.—Present for officers from merchants. Fetish house destroyed."

In the neighbourhood of the fetish house, as is the custom in so many districts in West Africa, the King had been accustomed to slaughter thousands of human victims, whose skulls and bones fantastically adorned the trees and eaves of houses. The Jebus argued that it was wiser to propitiate the evil spirits, since the good ones could do no harm. An eye-witness wrote in the *Times*—

"A visit to one of the chief fetish houses of the Jebus, and the sight of the many skulls nailed up in the fetish groves, gives one an idea of the horrible cruelties perpetrated on unfortunate victims chosen by the priests for human sacrifices, and offered as a propitiation to their gods. As far as can be gathered, the following is an ordinary method:—The victim having been decided on, he is kidnapped by the priests at night and carried off to their torture-house. There his feet are thrust through holes in the wall, so that his body lies out of sight. On the following day the public are summoned, and any one who chooses thrusts pointed weapons into the victim's feet, his ankles being ground with pieces of stone. After this the wretched being is taken out, and either beheaded, buried alive, or taken to a tree, where a nail is hammered through his head into the tree, his skull being left and his body thrown into a neighbouring pond. It is said that many human sacrifices have lately taken place, and that only a few months ago 200 slaves were sacrificed as a fetish against the

advance of an enemy, and as a propitiation to their god of war.

"The Jebus have long been regarded with fear by their neighbours, chiefly for their supposed great fetish powers, by which they could perform miracles. It is remarkable as a proof of their strong individuality, that whereas missionaries have obtained a footing more or less firm in all parts of Africa, none have been able to obtain a hearing in Jebuland."

On 31st May the expedition, leaving a detachment at Jebu Ode, marched back, and in a day reached Itoike on the coast, returning next day by water to Lagos. On 4th June Captain Owen left Lagos and reached Dover on the 24th of the same month, after three months' absence. The journey is thus described :—

"*May* 30.—Despatched column to Sagama, and sick to Itoike escorted by Itoike detachment."

"*May* 31.—Started for Itoike from Jebu Ode 7.30 A.M. Arrived 5 P.M. I preceded from Ilado, arriving Itoike 4 P.M. Waited outside creek till 6 A.M. Steamed for Lagos. Derby Day. Rumour German boat due Thursday."

"*June* 1.—Arrived Lagos. Wrote up Staff Diary. Percentage of ammunition used, of sick throughout, of wounded ; arrangements for our pay and chop ; weight and carriage of guns, hammocks, stretchers. West India Regiment had 1 lb. meat, 1 lb. biscuit, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. tea, 1 oz. sugar, milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. rice a day, tin of vegetables, pepper and salt. Hausas had $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. farina per day ; after hard day's work, beef ; palm-oil, pepper and salt. Must find out French intentions with regard to Dahomey. Their project is to unite their Senegal territory on the north with their Ivory Coast possessions on the south, thus enclosing our Sierra Leone colony as well as the Liberian Republic. They claim Bontuku, which

English maps show as being in our Gold Coast sphere. We have undertaken not to go west of Say on the Niger. It is only a question of time for the French to extend their rule between these points, thus enclosing our possessions on Gold Coast and at Lagos."

"*June* 3.—Last dinner at Government House. I spoke."

"*June* 4.—Left Lagos in s.s. *Aline Woermann*, 11 P.M."

"*June* 10.—Got to Monrovia (Liberian Republic). Landed and saw President. Climbed lighthouse. Understood Liberian boundary is the Cavalli river. No shadow of a government exists beyond it. Started 5 P.M."

"*June* 18.—Went up on bullock waggons to convent at Madeira; came down tobogganing. Bought two cases 1881 Madeira. Wants keeping three years. Saw three whales."

"*June* 21.—Why should not a mounted infantry regiment of 400 men be formed, composed as follows:—Adjutant, four years' appointment, a C.O., orderly room clerk, and sergeant-major (permanent)? Volunteers of men of not less than four years' service to serve in the Mounted Infantry for three years instead of going to India, and the remainder of their service in the reserve of M.I. This regiment to be always ready for work in any part of the world; horses of men required to form a 'marching regiment' would be drafted *pro tem.* to cavalry regiments short of their proper complement of horses. The horses to be bought by C.O. Dress, etc., proposed by C.O. and submitted, officers to be chosen by C.O. and submitted. Played whist. I revoked."

"*June* 24.—Arrived at Dover."

For his services in this expedition Captain Owen

was promoted to be Brevet-Major, and although he merely remarked when a friend asked him to describe the war and the Jebus, "They have no manners or they would not have struck me," the taste of sharp warfare which he had experienced served to produce zest for further work. In August he started off on leave to Gibraltar and Morocco, having an idea that there would be fighting in that country, and that British officers might be accepted for service. Tangiers was found to be in a state of ferment, with rebels reported to be marching against the Sultan's camp, and another Sultan concentrating at Fez. There he rode about the country in the most casual manner, looking out for signs of the rebels and shooting, but he found the Moors well satisfied with themselves and no opening for foreigners in their camp. Accordingly he returned to Gibraltar and visited Ceuta, specially noting its commanding position over the straits, its strong fortifications and Krupp guns.

The return journey from Gibraltar to England included a visit to Malta, where old friends gave cordial greeting, and also a hasty visit to Rome and the Italian manœuvres at Spoleto. For the remaining space of leave country-house visits and shooting in Wales and Scotland had been partially enjoyed, when opportunity for action again arose. It was to be no short task on this occasion, but a long exhausting trial, developing latent strength in a manner which startled many to whom Roddy was not well known, or who had connected him only with butterfly attention to lighter pursuits in life. The trial, however, justified the belief of friends who had faith in the possibilities of his grit and energy, howsoever directed. Yet even intimate friends might well think that the Jebu war had been an episode pardonably undertaken on the spur of the

moment, and would scarcely believe that Roddy would voluntarily absent himself from England and the race-course and pass eighteen months in the heart of Africa.

Three years before, when he joined the Mounted Infantry at Aldershot under Colonel Hutton, C.B., there had been a curious paragraph in a sporting paper, which well illustrates the feeling on the subject. It ran thus :—

"So Roddy Owen, having been freed from his staff duties as A.D.C. to Sir Evelyn Wood at Aldershot, is about to develop into an infantry horse soldier—a mobile or mounted infantryman. The famous gentleman rider finds himself rather out of place doing mud-crushing work with the Lancashire Fusiliers at Belfast. He has therefore had his name noted for 'Curley' Hutton, and he will join accordingly. But suppose, my dear Roddy, that the latest idea were developed, and the mobile infantry, for the sake of mobility, were to be put on the backs of mules, or any 'mechanical instrument,'—I quote the words of Lord Wolseley.

"Only fancy our 'Roddy'—the winner of so many honours in the pigskin—disporting himself gallantly in all the glory of war-paint on the back of a mule!"

This genial paragraph was a most unintentional prophecy. Within the next eighteen months, Roddy two or three times rode a pony, but the only other animals he affected, or could affect, were donkeys and a bull. He preferred, however, as a rule to fight on foot. It was not till the Chitral Campaign that he could taste the joy of a cavalry charge.

The next chapters describe the special work which he accomplished in Uganda.

CHAPTER III

UGANDA AND UNYORO

"*December* 10, 1892.—Decided to take a dog to Uganda. Why do the French make a scene about cartridges? F.O. failed in securing us against trouble at Calais, but at Marseilles Consul of great assistance about cartridges. Found servant had missed the train. On board s.s. *Ava*. Shall read F.O. blue-books on the voyage."

The above are the first sentences in Roddy Owen's new diary written during his voyage to Zanzibar, after he had accepted Sir Gerald Portal's invitation to join his mission to Uganda. The affairs of this small country, no larger than Switzerland, and buried in the heart of Africa, were at that time exciting considerable ferment in the United Kingdom. The Imperial British East Africa Company had announced that through want of funds the administration established by their officers must be withdrawn at the end of the year. Mr. H. M. Stanley and Captain Lugard strongly denounced evacuation, and the question of evacuation or retention of Uganda, the fate of the missionaries, the importance of an approach to the head waters of the Nile, and the possible occupation of that region by other European nations, were seriously discussed by the people and the press of Great Britain. Eventually, the Government arranged with the Company to delay

evacuation for three months, and at an hour when time scarcely allowed for the journey from Zanzibar to Uganda before the date fixed for evacuation, Sir Gerald Portal was ordered to proceed to Uganda as Commissioner and to report.

It was to this mission, which subsequently resulted in the proclamation of a British Protectorate, that Major Owen was now attached. On 10th December 1892 he left London, and after being joined by Colonel Frank Rhodes at Aden, arrived at Zanzibar on 30th December. His love of horses was characteristically shown by the fact that in the one free day before starting from Zanzibar, he "bought pony for £32 between staff as experiment," an animal which proved very useful in the long journey from Mombasa to Uganda. On 1st January 1893 the party, consisting of Sir Gerald Portal, Colonel Frank Rhodes, Major Owen, Captain Raymond Portal, and Lieut. Villiers, steamed in the *Philomel* to Mombasa, leaving Mombasa the next day to join Lieut. Arthur, Mr. Ernest Berkeley, Mr. Foaker, and an advance portion of the caravan, for the march to Uganda.

It is unnecessary to describe the march of about 820 miles from Mombasa to Kampala, the principal fort of Mwanga, King of Uganda. Half of Sir Gerald Portal's book, *The Mission to Uganda*, is devoted to a picturesque account of this journey, bringing forward the difficulties of African transport and travel, and describing in eloquent language the varied features of mountain and river, swamp and plain, through which the caravan was compelled to travel. It may be interesting, however, to give any touches of character or brief remarks which occur in Major Owen's very short notes of the journey. Thus a long march and the strain of crossing the waterless "Tara Desert" is only noted in these words :—

"*January* 7.—Started from Toru for Maungu at 11 A.M. Marched with one halt at 1.35 P.M. Rear-guard arrived 2 P.M. Start 2.40, arrive Mtzuma 4.35, rear 5.35. Leave Mtzuma 5.50, halt 6.30 P.M., rear 7.35. Start 11.25 P.M., halt 2 A.M., rear 2.50. Start 3.20 A.M., halt Mtipangl 5.5, rear 5.45. Start 5.55, arrive Maungu 9.5, rear all day. This march was chiefly through scrub forest, thickening considerably last few miles. The road first half good, latterly very windy. No water throughout. Tanks should be constructed. The distance is about 35 miles probably. Site of camp on ridge of Maungu, water on top of hill about 2 miles away."

The incident of the shooting of the first rhinoceros so graphically described in Sir Gerald Portal's book is dismissed with the words, "Shot rhino near river bed." Three times he remarks, "Country full of flowers"; and the following extracts show the keen interest in sport which enabled him to do so much in supplying food for the caravan:—

"*January* 29.—Raymond and I shot. I wounded female rhino in chest and head as she charged, the latter at 10 yards. Did not get any shot besides, except over 200 yards. Shot an antelope."

"*January* 30.—Arranged big drive by Wakamba in morning, but animals badly driven and none of us got shot. R. and V. returned to camp. I stalked male and female rhino. Wounded both badly. When charged, turned one turtle in my tracks, last cartridge. Got flying shot at lion, 200 yards; wounded him behind, but failed to bring him to bay, owing to mistake of Wakamba."

"*February* 1.—Saw four lionesses. R. killed one, and another between us. Shot an antelope. Excellent game country."

On 12th February a scratch or blister, as frequently happens in such tropical climates, had developed into an ulcer on the shin, and for several days he had to be carried in a hammock. He says:—"*February* 12—For two days have been bothered with bad leg, but got Grantei off the pony." "*February* 13.—Suffered agonies with leg." But his spirit did not desert him. Aided by his dark-skinned servant, whom he jestingly called "Cockroach," he took charge of the medicine chest during the illness of Dr. Moffat, and thus describes his treatment of patients:—

"*February* 17.—Only treated chest affections to-day (6), hyæna bite, and internal hæmorrhage. Generally about twenty patients, all ulcers. For the future I see these latter only every other day. Very short of lint."

"*February* 21.—Got a rare bumping in hammock. While bad, I must remember to learn native way of lighting fires, making rope, medicines, cooking, etc."

On 25th February he notes:—

"Talked with Rhodes *re* arrangements hereafter. It appears that Gerry is under impression I wish to remain. My wish is to return home and come out again if offered billet to taste. However, as I appear to be marked down to remain, I must do my best. I am more anxious about mother than anything."

On 11th March, when his leg had nearly recovered, he wrote: "Arrangement for getting mails by German route requires organisation. Football and cricket things, seeds and all transportable improvements should be got"; and on the very day of his arrival at the capital, there is the entry: "Called on Bishop with view of getting at his donkey." The donkey was subsequently purchased.

The British Imperial East Africa Company had

announced their intention of evacuating the country on 31st March 1893. Although there had been gloomy prophecies that the Imperial Commissioner would never reach the country by that date, and that civil war would infallibly result, the journey had been successfully accomplished, and after entering Kampala on 17th March, Sir Gerald Portal immediately proceeded to organise and to settle the future government of the country. With this view, while he himself remained with Colonel Rhodes at Kampala to deal with the Company's officials, the King and his chieftains, and the semi-religious, semi-political factions into which Europeans and natives were divided, he despatched his lieutenants into surrounding provinces. Accordingly, after a few days at Kampala, Major Owen was appointed Commandant of the Equatorial Provinces, and ordered to proceed with Captain Raymond Portal to the districts of Toru and south-west Unyoro.

In order to understand the importance of Major Owen's work and the meaning of his diary, which first narrates the journey to Toru with Captain Raymond Portal, and afterwards his own journeys and work, it is almost necessary briefly to describe the character of their province and the position of affairs therein existing. Many people have never heard of Toru, and the events in which Major Owen took so active a part have never been told, for the very good reason that there was nobody else to tell them. His private diary written at the time is consequently an invaluable guide to the true history of events.

If the map of Africa is examined, it will be seen that the two kingdoms of Unyoro and Uganda—Unyoro to the north and Uganda to the south—are encircled by the great lakes and rivers whose waters unite in the

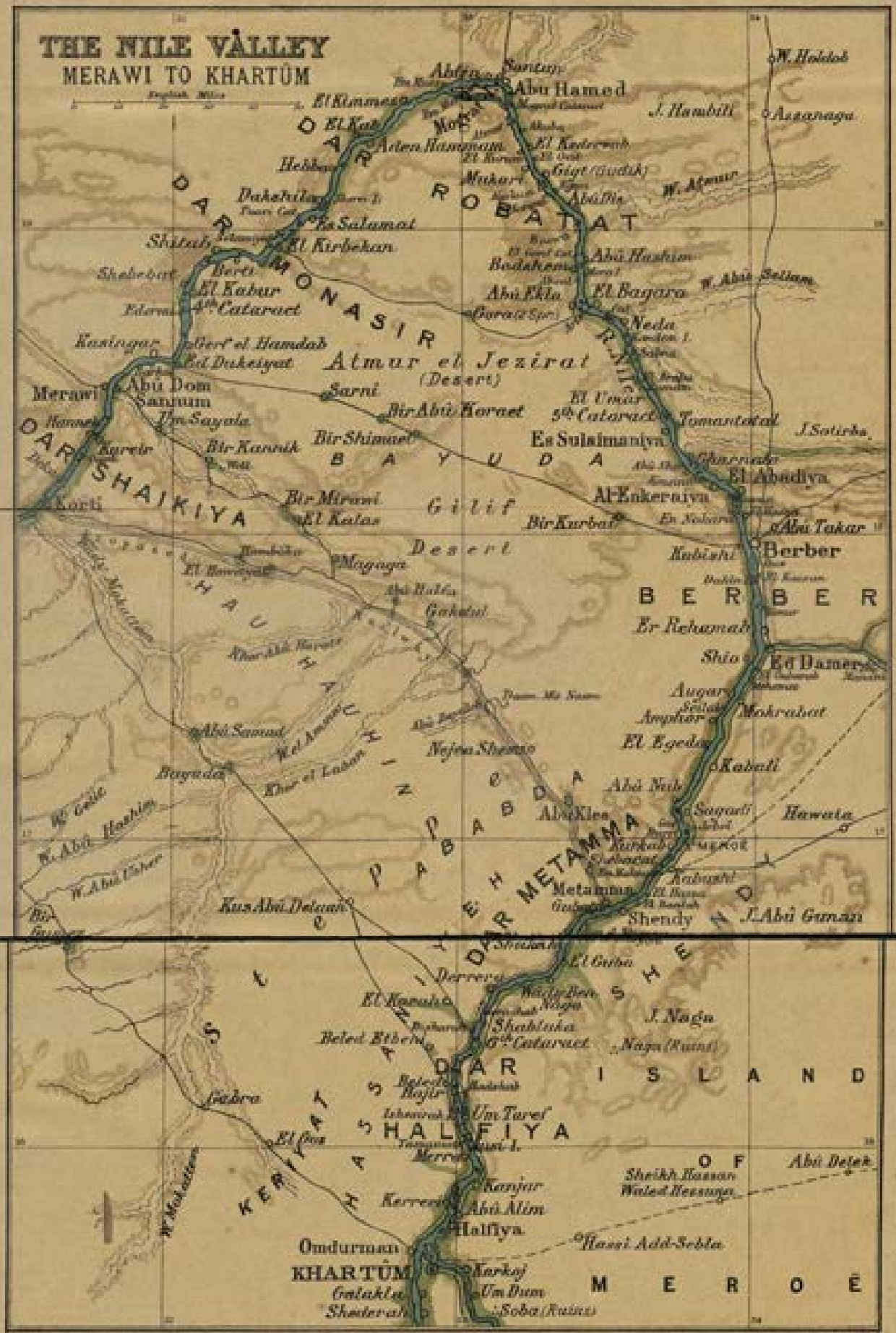
north, just below Wadelai, to form the White Nile, and thence flow, with tributaries from the mountains of Abyssinia, to Khartoum, Dongola, Cairo, and the Mediterranean.

To the south of Uganda lies the vast lake of Victoria Nyanza, about 3820 feet above the level of the sea. From this lake the water passes by the Ripon Falls into the Somerset Nile, a succession of lakes, the Victoria Nile, and the northern point of Lake Albert and the White Nile. These waters encircle Unyoro and Uganda on the eastern side.

On the south-west of Uganda lies Lake Albert Edward, about 3240 feet above the level of the sea, connected on the south with the distant Lake Tanganyika, and on the north draining by the Semliki River, which runs behind the huge, snow-capped mountains of Ruwenzori, into the Albert Lake, and thence into the White Nile. These waters encircle Unyoro and Uganda on the western side.

From the corrugated tableland of Unyoro and Uganda most of the rivers, including the Kafu, flow into Lake Victoria or the waters on the east. But on the western side, beneath the escarpment of the Unyoro country, lies a rich undulating valley between Unyoro and the Ruwenzori Mountains, through which the Mpanga River cuts deep in the loamy soil and falls into the Albert Edward. This valley forms the province of Toru, inhabited by a quiet and harmless people, but with its wealth of supplies affording the favourite route for the slave and ivory caravans between Unyoro and the Congo tribes. On its western side is the district of Usongora, ruled by small chieftains, but at this time nominally subject to Toru and the principal Toru chieftain, Kasagama.

On the brow of the Unyoro Hills, overlooking Toru,



London, John Murray, Albemarle Street.

four forts had been established by Captain F. D. Lugard, when he brought down Emin Pasha's Soudanese troops from Kavalli's, a fort on the Albert Lake, towards Uganda, as he has himself narrated in his book, *The Rise of Our East African Empire.* The most southern fort, Fort 4 (Fort de Winton), was situated, as the crow flies, about 100 miles due west of Kampala. Thence, extending in a line of about 50 miles north-west, forts had been established numbered Fort 3 (Fort Nderi), Fort 2 (Fort Lorne), and Fort 1 (Fort Wavertree). Far in the west, about 200 miles from Kampala and 70 from the nearest fort in a direct line, Fort George, or the Salt Lake Fort, had been placed on the northern shores of Lake Albert Edward.

In these five forts Captain Lugard had placed such of Emin Pasha's Soudanese troops, with their wives, followers, and slaves, as had not marched forward with their commander, Selim Bey, to Kampala. Although the fertile country of Toru suffered from the ravages and depredations of these Soudanese troops, unpaid and uncontrolled by any European, the forts formed a barrier between Unyoro and the tribes of the west, while the Salt Lake Fort controlled the ivory traffic and watched the frontiers of the Congo Free State.

Kabrega, King of Unyoro, was at least partially kept within bounds by the presence of the forts. This man, scion of a long line of kings, had reigned for more than twenty years over the country commanding the trade routes between the Arabs on the north, and Uganda, the Congo, and other districts on the south and west. He may have had knowledge that in days gone by Uganda had been a subject province to the kings of Unyoro. Noted for his hostility to Europeans, he had flouted in turn Baker and Casati, attacked Stanley, and during his long reign reduced to weakness

almost all the surrounding tribes by raiding and murder. In his hands he held the salt deposits at Kibiro on the Albert Lake, and the trade routes to the Soudan; and by exchanging salt for arms and powder, and the arms and powder for ivory and slaves, had amassed great wealth, and was able at any time to send several armies into the field. His subjects feared his sacred sceptre and bewitched spear. They worshipped in him God and man, and would gladly die, as they often did by hundreds, "if they could but look upon his face."

In course of time almost all Emin Pasha's old Soudanese at the forts had died or were killed. The troops had been recruited by men enlisted from various Soudanese tribes and by slaves, the soldiers under the rank of commanding officer being known by the name of Askari or Askars. Some had already been sent back to Egypt; some, under their former chief at Kavalli's, Selim Bey, were already located at Kampala; of the remainder, Sir Gerald Portal's plan, with the consent of Selim Bey, was to bring part with their "belongings," *i.e.* their women, slaves, and children, to Kampala, and to concentrate the other part in two forts near the frontier under the control of a European officer, so as to form a Soudanese colony on the north-west frontier of Uganda. At the time when this proposal was made, the uncertainty on the question of retention or evacuation appeared to make it advisable that the troops should be within easy reach of withdrawal if the Government decided not to keep Uganda.

As little was known of the country and what was occurring there, the instructions received by Major Owen on 27th March 1893 necessarily left much to his discretion:—

"You will proceed," his written orders ran, "with Captain Portal and Mr. Foaker, with a sufficient number

of porters, to the station on the borders of the Kwanga division of the Singo Province known as Fort No. 4, where it is expected you will meet Mr. Grant. You will take with you eleven native Soudanese officers and non-commissioned officers. The principal object of your mission is to enlist in the service of Her Majesty's Government the Soudanese soldiers, formerly in the service of the Egyptian Government, who were left by Captain Lugard in the line of forts extending northwards from Fort No. 4. It is understood that the men are willing to enlist, and that they do not exceed 450 in number. . . . In view of the uncertainty as to the future course of events in Uganda, you will avoid fixing any particular period of time for the duration of the engagement of these recruits. For this purpose you or Captain Portal, or both, as well as Mr. Grant, will have to visit each fort personally, and at each you will cause to be read, publicly on parade, a letter from Selim Bey (relating to the terms of enlistment). It is considered desirable that Forts Nos. 1 and 2 (Wavertree and Lorne) should be altogether evacuated as soon as possible, if, after examination on the spot, you find that this is practicable. With this object you will make all the arrangements which may be possible for the supply of food at Forts Nos. 3 and 4, and you will encourage the Soudanese already resident there to plant and sow any sort of quick-growing food crops.

"You will send back to Kampala as quickly as possible, in charge of Mr. Foaker, one hundred (100) Soudanese to be drilled and trained here. These should be drawn from the present occupants of Forts Nos. 3 and 4. They may be accompanied by their women and followers, who will be settled near here in some suitable spot. This will probably enable you to settle the whole of the occupants of Forts Nos. 1 and 2 at

Nos. 3 and 4 with comparatively little difficulty. You will explain to any settlers in the neighbourhood of Forts 1 and 2 that the protection of these is about to be withdrawn, and that they would best consult their own interests by taking up fresh ground in the neighbourhood of Nos. 3 and 4.

"The Chief Kasagama, now said to be settled behind Nos. 1 and 2, should be encouraged to remove himself and his people to some district under the protection of the forts. The district of Katakwenda is suggested as a place where he might be allowed to settle.

"The station on the Salt Lake is at present occupied by armed Swahili porters; you will endeavour to keep open as frequent communication as possible with this post, and to exercise over it as thorough a control as is in your power; but it is not thought desirable that its garrison should be changed for the present.

"It is extremely desirable both that communication between the forts and Kampala should be improved without delay, and also that some control should be exercised over the Mohammedans settled in the Province of Katambala.

"With this object you will endeavour on your journey to select as good a site as can be found for the establishment of a small post about midway between Kampala and Fort No. 4. As soon as the site is chosen, the building of the station will be undertaken by a detachment from Kampala.

"The distance of these forts and the difficulties of communication make it impossible to give very detailed instructions on these subjects, and the method of carrying out the main objects sketched above must be left in great measure to your discretion."

A supplementary despatch stated that consideration should be given to "the desirability of replacing the

Swahili porters now in the post on the Salt Lake by Soudanese soldiers under a trustworthy officer; should this be found to be practicable without causing disturbance in the neighbouring countries, it will still, probably, be necessary to retain a Swahili headman in charge of the commercial operations and the civil business of this post."

At the date of giving these orders it was apparently not known that there were over 600 troops, and that there were women, children, and slaves amounting to several thousands. It could also not be foretold that, within ten days after Major Owen's arrival, a drought lasting for four months would so hamper the supplies of food as to render concentration at Fort 4 practically impossible, or that the course of events would show that the Wanyema tribes from the east, and Kabrega, the King of Unyoro, from the west, were even then looking forward, like hyænas, for their prey, and desirous of raiding, burning, slave-trading, and murdering throughout the whole district of Toru as soon as, and even before, the forts were evacuated. Nor could it be foreseen that the Soudanese would be cut off on all sides by hostile tribes, or that disaffection would spring up to render the position of the Commandant dangerous in the extreme. No sufficient thought had been given to the effect of the rumours of evacuation, or in the native mind defeat, which had spread like wildfire from Wadelai to Tanganyika, from Mombasa to the Congo, giving courage to all the elements of disorder, and reviving the hopes of the slave-traders and the traders in guns and powder. By the firmness alone of a few scattered Englishmen the crisis finally gave place to the domination of the Imperial Government. It is of this crisis that Major Owen's diary sets forth the history.

"*March* 20.—At Kampala. Visited the King Mwanga at his reception palace, beautifully built with cane rushes lashed together. Also visited all the chiefs and Protestant Mission. Wrote Gerry my ideas with regard to forts and Soudanese. Finished pegging out Askari camp. King visited Gerry at 4.30 P.M. Jiggers and fleas here in quantities; the former appear with small black heads and have to be cut out. This place looks infernally unhealthy. The mist surrounding fort at night is terribly thick."

"*March* 21.—Several pegs placed by me yesterday for Askari camp disappeared in the night. Pegged out camp to-day; four rows of six huts, 3 yards between huts and 10 yards from front to rear. The Victoria Nyanza is tidal. The best boat for the lake would be a 60-foot centre-board, to be sent out in flanks with brass nails and screws. Could be covered here. A screw steamer better than a stern-wheeler. Yesterday played my first game of draughts. Baby elephant doing well on milk. Donkey sent from Bishop; shall sell pony. Rain."

"*March* 22.—Wrote rough copy of Report. Soudanese mended gaiters and made shoes. They get suit once every six months, jersey and drawers every year, cap when possible. They have had a very rough time."

"*March* 23.—Nearly all logs and posts brought in for hut. Gerry informed me that Raymond and I are to proceed to No. 4 Fort, where Lugard left some of Emin's Soudanese; meet Grant there and examine garrison."

"*March* 24.—First uprights placed for huts. Tried Maxims, Stanley's useless. Two companies of Zanzibar troops to go with Berkeley and Arthur[1] to

[1] Mr. Ernest Berkeley, Lieut. Leonard Arthur, members of Sir G. Portal's mission.

Usoga. Initiated a chosen bodyguard of Soudanese. Firing exercise in volleys. They never like being on sentry far from main body, and require great discipline at once. In Unyoro and Toru must make arrangements with Kasagama, chieftain there, to provide food weekly, the escort to remain at Salt Lake and buy same with salt. Shall take some cattle, bath, tobacco."

"*March* 25.—Had conversation with Portal. Said that if he particularly wished it I would act as Commandant to the Soudanese in Unyoro and the forts, on condition that I might be relieved as soon as possible. He suggested six months from date of his departure. He said he particularly wished me to go, as he considered me the man to discipline the Soudanese. I do not like it, but should be sorry to make trouble. Camp progressing. Saw Soudanese on parade. Fine. Mahindi bread excellent."

"*March* 28.—Told by Gerry we could start when ready. Hope to get away in two days. Gerry offered me separate administration east of Nile, including Usoga, Kavirondo, and Kabarasi. I have decided to stick to Unyoro as being more interesting. We shall take fifty-two loads of cloth."

"*March* 30.—Started about 11 A.M. with eleven old Soudanese—two officers, five N.C.O.'s, and four men,—127 loads. Neither seed nor guide provided as promised. Marched about 3 miles to Mbongo village. Banana groves and swamp water. Two swamps on way, one about 30 yards long and 3 feet deep in places. Poured with rain. Country like rest of Uganda. Camped north side of road through long grass halfway downhill. Won bottle of whisky from Smith. He bet I could not get started for three days."

"*April* 2.—Started 6.30, passing four swamps, last one big. Reached Kibibi. There is a junction

here of two roads to Unyoro, and one to Buddhu, Catholic province in the south. Lake full of fish. Good site for a station, 3850 feet above the sea. Wrote Gerry recommending this site for the midway post between Kampala and Fort 4."

"*April* 5.—Started 6.30. Marched to-day about W.S.W. Raymond and I shot; he got two zebras. Beautiful valleys, and slopes very fertile. Rather seedy. Arrived at Matonga after three and three-quarter hours' easy going. Chief here said he had no men to send as guides. I treated him for diarrhœa, and replied he would now be able to go himself. The men appeared. Marched about 9 miles. Two men ran away. Two Soudanese went to look for the two porters who mistook the road with our goat and have not turned up. Mosquitoes damnable."

"*April* 6.—Started 6.30. Some little trouble in obtaining two carriers for those who had gone. Told Soudanese traders unless they obliged they should no longer accompany caravan; this had desired effect. Marched about 14 miles W.N.W. through lovely country just like English park, beautiful trees and grass. Raymond saw about 500 elephants and was chiveyed. I shot a zebra and rolled over another. It appears eighteen goats and sheep were left behind; two have died, two are eaten, and there are eighteen with us."

"*April* 9.—Started 6.45 with twenty-one carriers in all. Raymond and I marched till 11.20, passing some food half an hour from camp, and sufficient at our halt to supply caravan for two days. Rocky and mountainous country. Locusts. No game to be seen. Mostly bush, some trees. Arrived, after halting again for half an hour, at 4.30 at Fort 4."

"*April* 10.—At Fort 4. General parade. Hoisted flag. Read Selim Bey's letter to the troops and my

address; the latter, I think, rather startled them. Took us all morning dissecting Askari to remain or go to Kampala, and those unfit, checking slaves, etc. All the afternoon taking over ammunition. Dined all together. Startled by leopard coming right up to tent over the fortifications and seizing dog; fairly sent donkeys and bullocks mad. My proclamation was as follows:—

"Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Men—

"I come here as the representative of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen of England, who is pleased to offer to such of those soldiers lately in the employ of the B.E.A.C. as may wish to enlist, the terms of pay and rations as laid down in Selim Bey's letter to you, and my regret is that Selim Bey, who is still with you in spirit, cannot once more be amongst you, to explain to you in person his hope that, in return for Her Majesty's consideration, you will preserve, one and all, the discipline which it will be my duty to enforce, and without which no man is worthy of the name of soldier. I allude more particularly to the habit of raiding, stealing, and ill-treating the natives, which, whilst you had no pay or rations, it may have been impossible to prevent; now, when cloth for pay and rations will be served out to you immediately, the cause for doing so will no longer exist, and I shall hope to find myself, my second in command, Captain Portal, and Mr. Grant loyally supported by the native officers and N.C.O.'s, in helping to bring offenders to justice, or, still better, in preventing the offence from occurring.

"With a view to producing enough food at all times to satisfy your wants, I am taking steps to procure grain, that you may cultivate more extensively, and so avoid the barbarous habit of living on other people's goods, as has been done up to the present.

"From the day that rations and pay are given out, raiding and thieving must cease; like men you must depend on your own exertions in producing food, which will be yours in addition to your *posho* (rations), assisted if possible by what I can procure from neighbours, should there arise a scarcity here.

"This will be paid for from your ration allowance. You therefore will plainly see it is to your advantage to cultivate to the best of your ability, and to commence preparing ground for this purpose at once with the *gembies* I shall put at your disposal, against the arrival of the grain. In addition to the punishments for disobedience of orders, drunkenness, and other things, which have been in force up to now, it is only fair to tell you before you enlist that I shall dismiss from Her Majesty's service any officer, N.C.O., or soldier, who hereafter may act in any manner unfit for the army. In any case of murder being proved against any one under my command, after a competent inquiry into the nature by a selected number of officers, that person will be either shot or hanged, unless there are extenuating circumstances.

"I do not anticipate being called upon, I sincerely hope I may never be called upon, to act in any such way; but if I am, I shall do my duty as I have told you, however unpleasant to myself and to you.

"Rather let it be your care to obey my orders, and mine to make you happy and comfortable."

"I shan't have to carry out my worst threats."

"*April* 11.—Taking names of those ready to enlist, checking ammunition, etc., took all day."

"*April* 12.—Left for Fort 3 with fifteen of my own porters, twenty-four Soudanese, etc. Arrived after two halts. Very hilly and swampy marsh. One really bad swamp. No food on way, except a few stray old

potatoes. Had *shauri* (conference or palaver) of natives whom we met, and explained new position to them. Had general parade on arrival—fine men, in excellent order. Enlisted all except eleven N.C.O.'s and men who were useless. Usbashi does not wish to go to Egypt. I am writing to Portal about it; he remains at present. I have left this fort intact at present, with the exception of twenty-five N.C.O.'s and Askari, who will remain at Fort 4 till arrival of drafts from 1 and 2."

"*April* 13.—Had a meeting of Unyoro chiefs. Promised them presents in consideration of their letting Soudanese dig for potatoes until a market is formed. To this they agreed. None of them will take message to Lubwa, the hostile chief between Forts 3 and 4. They say they would be killed. Took over ammunition, rifles, muzzle-loaders; checked slaves of the eleven N.C.O.'s I had not enlisted and three officers for Egypt. Went shooting afterwards—lots of guinea-fowl, powder damp. A good amount of cultivation, dhurra, pumpkins, cauliflower, and other native grains round fort. Natives wear nothing when unmarried, afterwards a few bits of grass. The chief Kasagama owns all Toru, from west of Forts 1 and 2 to east foot of Ruwenzori."

"*April* 14.—Returned to Fort 4, bringing down eleven unenlisted and their ninety-six slaves and the three officers to join those going to Kampala, and twenty-five Askari for Fort 4. Lion killed mangy cow while we were away."

"*April* 15.—Despatched garrison of Fort 4 and detachment from 3—wives, children, and slaves of all—to Kampala. They got off about 7.30, nearly 1000, under Foaker. Checked subsequently all remaining slaves; found thirty-two more that should have gone, and despatched them. Wrote report to Gerry ex-

plaining necessity of first settling the Salt Lake question before withdrawing the Forts."

"*April* 16.—Attended sick. Looked round guards and settled future arrangements. Wrote orders for Raymond. Collected grain."

"*April* 17.—Started 6.30 for Fort 3. Inspected men. There should be sixty-five, but some were absent, some drunk. They all turned up after luncheon. Paraded slaves, checked their numbers. Left old Usbashi in charge. Gave orders *re* clearing swamps. Examined interpreters. No possibility at present of securing messengers to go to Kabrega. Took one Wanyoro interpreter."

"*April* 19.—Despatched letters to Raymond. Marched 6.15. Part of march swamps very bad, one up to neck; in second part country more open, swamps less deep. A certain amount of cultivation on the way in places."

"*April* 20.—Arrived at Fort 2. Country more open. Several swamps, but not so bad. Rained a little. Warmed up carriers. Arrived about 11.40 A.M. Took over rifles and ammunition. Read letters to men. Enlisted all able-bodied ones. The Usbashi a brute, second in command good man. Checked slaves. Asked slaves whether they would like to act as carriers; they said No, they all wanted to be Askari. Scabs and disease amongst slaves terrible. Impossible to move some of them. The cultivation here is really very good, but the filth surrounding approach beastly. The Commandant says he has four tusks he wishes to hand over to me. I let him keep his gun. He has many followers left him by other people that do not wish to go. As they appear to be all women they must accompany him. Kasagama arrived at my wish—a long march from his place.

"He is a very fine specimen. As I had only just finished taking over, enlisting, and checking by dark, it was necessary to see him after dinner. I felt bound to say something on possible movement of forts. He said it would be like taking the lock from his door; that he would not move; that, if he did, his people would leave him. Were he given fifty rifles, he would withstand Kabrega. I think it would be a great mistake in every way. Our policy should be to hold the Salt Lake, which pays itself, move up the forts, thus increasing our guard; establish friendship with Wadelai people and Mulah Bey; arm Kasagama perhaps, but better not. By thus threatening and enclosing passively Kabrega's capital, I have little doubt we should see the necessary ivory. On the other hand, if we withdraw, we shall not get any ivory, either at Salt Lake from Kasagama's chiefs or from Kabrega. We make an enemy doubly hostile from threatening him without following up his scornful treatment, and that enemy lies right across our front from Uganda. In addition we estrange the Waholi, Kasagama, the Usongora. All for what? Not economy. It would pay to have garrison in Salt Lake and raise the numbers by 50, unless the men are wanted in Kampala. If they are, I can do well enough with present number."

"*April* 21.—Started 6.15. Arrived Fort 1, after about 15 miles' march, swamps not bad. Open country, grass. It is all a succession of rolling hills, this Unyoro country, with swamps between. Sighted Ruwenzori range to our left, I daresay 10 miles off. This is the biggest fort. Little cultivation. They depend chiefly on Kasagama. There are bananas and a good store of *wimbi* grain. Bought twenty-five tusks of ivory weighing 655 lbs. = nearly 19 frasilahs, for 12 jorahs Bombay cloth. It seems the Com-

mandant has been sending his ivory to Selim Bey, but I thought it fair to the Company to allow them what he said had been bought with their cloth—namely, twelve tusks. We afterwards discovered it had not been so bought, as full amount, Grant said, was in store. I am taking some slaves to Salt Lake to-morrow from here, and twenty-three from Fort 2, in case Wanyema show fight. They are Tippo Tib's men. I hope to establish friendly relations, but they have taken six prisoners from garrison on Salt Lake, two of whom have escaped. Their position is unassailable if prepared."

"*April* 23.—Despatched between 500 and 600 unenlisted and their belongings to be met at Fort 3 by Raymond, and proceed from Fort 4 under Bokheet Aga to Kampala. Saw sick. Wrote Commissioner. Allowed Kisyageri, chief of district, a little powder to defend himself against Kabrega. Two men pretended to be too sick to go to Salt Lake; I made them prisoners until our return, to do fatigue daily."

"*April* 24.—Started at 4 A.M. with Kasagama; he, with his party, leading us, a band making terrible sounds, and a variety of flags, including Turkish and B.E.A.C. We did not get there till 4 P.M., distance about 17 miles N.W. from Fort 2. Awkward river, which we reached at 10.30, kept us one and a quarter hours. River rapid and broad; large tree had been laid across it and formed a very moderate bridge. First part of journey very bad going, latter part roads cleared. Kasagama too tired to see me in the evening. I think he was a little annoyed at my requesting him to withdraw the Company's flag. I refused to speak to him till it was changed. Kasagama promised to have his roads improved up to the Forts. Thought out scheme of carting salt by Kasagama's men to Fort 4.

One load equals between 2000 and 4000 shells. I must start market between Forts 1 and 2 for Kasagama's wares."

"*April* 25.—Started at 6 A.M. Kasagama very anxious to halt one day. Marched about 11 miles. Several rapid small rivers. All this march within about 2 miles of Ruwenzori range, and a lovely country, but some of the worst stinking swamps we have met. Fairly wooded. Punished one of the Soudanese for slackness. Rain, no sun. Excellent soil, dark thick loam, but not clay. Heaps of food. Guinea-fowl appeared. Ruwenzori range partly covered with thick, short trees and made up of irregular ridges."

"*April* 26.—Marched to end of cultivation, still accompanied by Kasagama and retinue. Richest of countries. Crossed three rapid rivers. Just before halting sighted Lake Albert Edward nearly surrounded by hills. Shot guinea-fowl and crown crane. On return sighted elephants. Started after them by moonlight, but found them too far, and it was too dark. Ismail drunk, put him in guard-room."

"*April* 29.—I started at 6 A.M. after elephants. I now take ten men and Abdurrahman[1] as my body-guard. Wounded two elephants. Funny sensation when you find yourself among them on the move—one we shall find lies a 'deader.' Caught up caravan to find Grant trying to bridge very rapid river, but as we could get no man to cross it, even roped, we had to camp in hopes of reduction of water. Others now trying to cross from other side, so it will be done in morning. Pouring, and very tired. Mode of roping for crossing good, as also mode of felling trees."

"*April* 28.—Bridged the river Durmi, very rapid and swollen, which took four hours. Wood available

[1] A native officer.

and stones. Poured all day. We crossed a second river with two logs. I fell in, and the donkey was nearly drowned. Some elephants being shot at, I followed one but failed to come at it. Camped about one mile N.E. of Fort Edward, just before reaching big river which has to be bridged to-morrow. Missed string of beads."

"*April* 29.—Marched from river and camped in semicircular embrasure in mountain chain, after about 7 miles. We crossed several rivers, the worst being the first, very rapid. I hunted elephants on march, wounded two. Followed one and was unlucky not to get it. Getting lost in reeds came on two more, got one, wounded another. Came back to camp across broad river. Mosquitoes terrible. Waited wet through for five hours for return of men. Got tusks from elephant. No food. Soil slightly sandy. Passed Fort Edward."

"*April* 30.—Rained so hard that we did not start till 8 A.M. Marched about 12 miles to small brackish lake on right of road. Beautiful plains dotted with trees towards Albert Edward Lake. Salt plainly felt. Here Wanyema have killed two of garrison and wounded another. They can bring a very strong force."

"*May* 1.—Mirage on small lake where we camped last night. Fine grazing country dotted with trees to the Lake Albert Edward. After 12 miles arrived at Salt Lake Fort. I interviewed, with reference to the Wanyema fight, first the Somali in charge, second the wounded man, third the elephant-hunters, fourth Karakwanga, fifth Stokes's men, which last agreed to take a letter. It appears the Wanyema treated the Usongora inhabitants very badly, were expostulated with by six of Swahili garrison, and the Wanyema

promptly killed two and wounded three. Wanyema have stated they heard the garrison was leaving from Karakwanga, who is supposed to own allegiance to Kasagama. Karakwanga denies it; says he sent two men to inquire reason of fight, and they have not yet returned. I have written to the Wanyema with message that Salt Lake Fort now occupied in name of Her Majesty; that she wished to be at peace with all; that I should like explanation of their action, for which, if true, I felt sure reparation would be forthcoming. Meanwhile have put Karakwanga under arrest. Doctored many sick. Very superstitious here. They think that if bush in front of Fort is touched, lions and leopards appear in the Fort at night. My leg is very bad."

The Salt Lake Fort, where Major Owen was now detained, was the most isolated of the stations in which the former soldiers of the Egyptian Government still remained, and at this time was occupied by armed Swahili porters. "All these Swahili," it is noted, "have been here too long, and have acted like Soudanese, taking prisoners and ravishing women,"—a sentence with much meaning. The instructions given with regard to it were to endeavour to keep open as frequent communication as possible with the post, and to exercise over it as thorough control as was in his power, although it was not thought desirable that the garrison should be changed for the present.

The fort was situate about 3 miles to the west of Lake Albert and the junction of the Semliki with that lake. The Semliki river connects the two great lakes, Albert and Albert Edward. North of the fort there is the Salt Lake, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad. Consequently the importance of the fort could scarcely be questioned. It commanded the

head waters of the Nile, and the lake whence the natives within a radius of many miles were wont to derive their salt. It lay on the line of route for the Wanyamwezi caravans conveying ivory and slaves from east to west, and served as half-way house for supply of powder and provisions. The danger of its position soon struck Major Owen, and prompt precautions were taken.

"Conceived idea Wanyamwezi, who have been allowed to store their own powder, and of whom there are fifty, might easily by a *coup de main* seize our magazine in a combined movement with Wanyema and a Wanyamwezi powder caravan, and thus possess themselves of the fort. I have therefore taken their powder into store, ordered the fort to be cleared of everything but a storehouse, a cattle-shed, headman's house, and powder magazine; all stores to be taken into this fort store, and the fort cattle-shed not to be used except in case of attack. Six sentries—one outside to face fort, one at fort gate, one at south fort gate, one at lake, one on the northern road, one at present store."

Unfortunately the day after arrival Major Owen's leg became so bad that he could not move, and for twelve days he was unable to march from the fort, an unhealthy place, where Soudanese, Swahili, and natives alike seemed continually to fall victims to sickness. The curse of Uganda for both Europeans and natives is a burrowing insect called the jigger, which deposits eggs beneath the skin. Unless the bag of eggs is extracted in time and without being broken, a sore, rapidly ulcerating and spreading, soon assumes large proportions, eating away nails and toes and completely laming the unlucky sufferer. Often the traveller with his large caravan cannot stop, limping on until the wound is so aggravated as to make progress, except

in a hammock, quite impracticable. The whole leg ulcerating from jiggers and the scratches of spiked grass or thorny shrubs becomes one huge sore, inducing fever and sleeplessness, and unless a halt is made, limbs and even life may be endangered.

During these days of enforced rest the question whether Kasagama should be ruler of the country west of the fort was discussed. The chiefs of this district objected on the grounds that "his father had ill-treated them; this man they did not know and did not want to know; they wished for Europeans and not Kasagama." The chief himself, though he had only visited the country once since his appointment by Captain Lugard in 1891, had high ideas of his importance and proceeded to take salt without permission, and demand ivory as tribute. On the other hand, he had at least once been recognised as head chief; he ruled over the fertile land of Toru; and his assistance, if given, might be very valuable in the collection of ivory and in systematic supply of food to the garrison of the forts. It was a long time before the final decision was reached. If Kasagama's friendship was estranged, the forts might suffer through want of food, and on their very flank an ally of the Unyoro king might be developed. If the Usongora sub-chieftains were commanded to obey a hated ruler, they could call in the Wanyema, and possibly other hostile tribes from the Congo Free State, overrun Toru, and bring war, possibly with an Unyoro ally, upon the ill-defended line of forts. The situation was curious. It proved clearly the importance of the settlement of the Unyoro question, since Kabrega might hold the balance of power in his hands, and no man knew the strength of his favour with the Mahdists in the north. It also proved clearly the importance of the chain of forts, and of the protection of Toru as a

wedge between the Wanyema and the country of Unyoro. Major Owen tested both sides. He found Kasagama to be a liar beyond all the liars of Central Africa, and to be absolutely wanting in tact by refusal, even upon request, to render himself amiable to the people whom he was seeking to rule. He concluded that the chiefs of Usongora would never continue steadfast in their promise of allegiance under such a man, but that under their own chiefs they would bring both food and ivory, and accept the Soudanese garrison which he desired to place at Salt Lake instead of the more expensive Swahili, if the Commissioner accepted the view that Salt Lake Fort ought still to be held by the Government. So he cleverly caught the chief in the height of his pride and took him at his word when he least desired to be so taken. The result is thus described :—

"Big *shauri*. First saw Kasagama and made him promise me he would befriend Usongora people if I gave him the country. I at the same time told him the ivory and food would still be brought to us. He acceded to all this, but, like a fool that he is, began arguing in favour of his having ivory, etc., brought to him. I said I had already told him my mind ; that if he did not like it, he could leave it. Upon this he said Toru was sufficient for him. I therefore immediately confirmed the present chiefs. This got me rid of a great difficulty, and I am very glad of it. Now they will bring everything to us. Besides, I feel certain Kasagama would not be acknowledged by these people if I have to withdraw him from Toru, or even if he remained, but the northern forts did not."

It was also arranged that a Somali should remain in charge at the Salt Lake Fort, with the salary of 40 rupees a month and 1 per cent on all the ivory he could get. Although on the very day of this

appointment and the despatch of sixty fine tusks of ivory, afterwards taken by Sir Gerald Portal to the coast, letters dated 6th, 18th, and 19th April arrived from the Commissioner, it was only after return to Fort 4, more than a month afterwards, that a letter dated the 14th April, giving intimation that the Commissioner had decided against any Government trade in ivory, and another of 4th May, advising against trading stations, came into Major Owen's hands. If this letter had arrived in time, or if the matter had been decided before the start, much careful work and elaborate arrangements would have been rendered unnecessary. Thus on 5th May thirty-five porters were despatched with ivory to Forts 1 and 2, with orders to collect more if possible, and an arrangement in continuance of the action of the British Imperial East Africa Company was made with elephant-hunters, to find their own powder, but to pay no duty, in consideration of supplying the Government with half the ivory they might obtain.

The most important difficulty of all arose, however, from the action of the turbulent tribes to the west. The warlike Wanyema of the Congo Free State, said to be a cannibal tribe, had killed two and wounded three of the Swahili garrison, within the British sphere, for expostulating with them on their bad treatment of the neighbouring Usongora inhabitants.

As mentioned in the diary, a message had been sent to them by Major Owen, but day by day passed and no answer came. At last on 14th May Major Owen informed Karakwanga, the chieftain accused of giving information to the enemy, that he had waited ten days to prove him innocent or guilty; he could not wait any longer, and would give him the benefit of the doubt, saying, "The difference is this, if the story

was true I should have shot you; as I think it is untrue, though not proved so, I give you ten dotis of cloth for four tusks of ivory and the cattle you have with you, and I reinstate you as before." There might have been a different result if the Wanyema answer had at that time reached the Commandant, or if he had known that they were scheming to unite with the Mohammedans of Uganda in revolt against British rule.

Major Owen's foot must have been very bad to have kept him so long within the fort. Since he had left Kampala scarcely a day had passed without some long march, some drill or exercise, some stalk for elephant, hartebeest or antelope. But now a time had come when, sick or not, he felt that a movement must be made. The fort was unhealthy, and the effective men were daily dwindling with fever and sickness. Although no answer had as yet been received from the Wanyema, news from Uganda announced the early departure of the Commissioner, the recall of Captain Raymond Portal to Kampala, and the intelligence that only half of the Soudanese and their followers sent down to Captain Portal for conveyance to Uganda had been admitted. Owing to the fear of complications in Uganda, the other half had been countermanded and was therefore crowded into Forts 3 and 4, in a district very bare of food and with no white man in charge. It was important to catch the Commissioner before his departure and report on the situation in Toru, particularly with reference to the retention of the Salt Lake Fort. It was also important to deal with the pressing question of the horde at the Forts, their food and their future. No message or written instructions, at that great distance, could avail. There was no course open but to depart and endeavour to reach Fort 4 with all possible speed.

Major Owen decided on a forced march across the north of Ntali's country, direct to Fort 4. Since a garrison had to be left at Salt Lake, and a battalion had also to convoy Kasagama and a treasure of ivory by the longer northern route, only a few men remained for the southern detachment. Even if he could have spared more men to accompany him for the sake of protection, he would have had to face the difficulty of feeding many carriers on the line of march, and the grave danger of introducing a large body of hungry men into the already congested forts. He preferred to adventure with a few and to run a great risk for important reasons.

At 6.45 A.M. on Monday, 15th May, the small party of two Europeans (Major Owen and Mr. Grant), forty-one Soudanese, sixteen porters, seven Wanyamwezi, ten of Kasagama's men, and eighteen slaves—ninety-four in all—with some goats and sheep, started from the Salt Lake Fort; Major Owen riding with his ulcerated foot upon one of Kasagama's donkeys. The first few days of the march were comparatively uneventful. On the first day, after proceeding as far as the last halt previously made before reaching the Salt Lake, the column turned to the Albert Edward Lake, passing through a country swarming with antelope, and reaching the lake after a march of 25 miles. Three big canoes had been sent on beforehand. In these canoes part of the column paddled to an island, which Major Owen briefly criticises with the remark, "I had no light, mosquitoes terrible." The remainder under Mr. Grant encamped on the mainland opposite to the island. Both parties reached their camping ground about seven in the evening. On the second day no start could be made until the afternoon, because the chief of the island, whose future assistance was desir-

able, failed to appear. At last he came, and after a stern reprimand for delay, received some goats and cloth in exchange for a promise to bring food monthly to his island, whence it might be conveyed to Fort 4 by carriers to be sent for that purpose. Even from so distant a station, food for the hungry thousands at Fort 4 had to be provided. Then, after arrangements had been completed for the supply of grain and for the signals to be given by the carriers, a general camp on the mainland was formed as the sun sank behind the snow-capped Ruwenzori heights.

There must have been anxiety that night. In the course of the day, from the east, the Wanyema answer had come, "We challenge all Europeans." One of the messengers they were said to have killed, the others to have detained as prisoners. In face of the attitude of this strong and hostile tribe the garrison at Salt Lake Fort was too small, and if it failed to withstand an attack, the whole of Toru would be at the mercy of the Wanyema, and a fierce enemy would press on the column now marching to Fort 4. Even if the column should safely reach that Fort, the food supplies of Toru would be cut off, and a starving, disorganised, and almost unarmed mass of people would be situate in a barren country between the Wanyema on the west and the King of Unyoro on the east—the devil and the deep sea. "I sent Abdurrahman with fifteen men back to Salt Lake," writes Major Owen, "with orders to strengthen and hold the Fort, and take no further steps. The garrison now at Salt Lake should be seventy. One Wanyamwezi has deserted. Two porters I have left sick on the island." And so the ninety-four were reduced to seventy-eight, and few of these could fight.

On the east, towards Fort 4, the prospect was not

more reassuring. The country to be traversed had been crossed by Lugard, Reddie, and De Winton, but the natives had attacked De Winton, and killed some of Reddie's men, and "Lugard, Reddie, and De Winton all gave such tremendous presents," that the small quantity capable of being carried by the few porters accompanying the column was "sadly insufficient to engage attention" from the inhabitants. They had no chief; they were thieves; and, though frightened, they were hostile.

On the third day only 10 miles of the usual alternating hill and swamp were covered. The march was necessarily slow, the rain poured down in torrents, and Mr. Grant, who had hitherto done splendid work, fell ill; but the marching column "so far gained the confidence of the people as to be provided with bananas, etc." They camped for the night "in thickest grass, carefully cut down round."

On the fourth day the guide deserted. Another ostensible guide was obtained, but only kept in hand by having his spear taken from him. He led them due east for 15 miles, "through a fine wooded country with plenty of bananas and several nasty swamps." There had been a mud hut somewhere in the district called Fort Grant, but it was not found, being "grown over" with the thick bush of a tropical forest. There was also no fresh food to be got. A native purporting to be a relative of Ntali, the reputed chief of the district, appeared to make "blood brotherhood"; or, in other words, to receive a present, but brought no food, and "scorned two hands Bundera," and a promise of double the amount for the service of a guide. But when without a guide the column was proceeding to the east, more natives appeared and intimated that the wrong road was being taken. Purporting to show the

right way, they only led for 10 miles to the north, and then turned south to a place apparently but little distant from the starting-point. To add to the annoyances of these difficulties, three more Wanyamwezi deserted during the day, and Mr. Grant was very ill. Even Major Owen began to feel the journey, in the longing to progress and the hopeless difficulty of quick movement.

"*May* 19.—What with aching all over, nothing but milk and soup for two days, feeling very sick, my second toe covered with proud flesh, and my ankle with ulcers, it's quite enough for me. I would not ride donkey to-day or yesterday, as I knew Grant wanted it. He rode it to-day. From where we started this morning to camp, no food, rounded hills, no bad swamp; well wooded, little water, as is the case in most of Ntali's country."

"*May* 20.—A rather eventful day. Started 6 A.M. Toe better and heel. After about two hours' march a yellowish chief arrived. Our guides from yesterday, one without spear, the other with spear, we now paid off with one and a half dotis Ndesi and one hand Bundera.[1] This chief we gave two young and two old sheep and goats, Ndesi and Bundera, on condition he promised to give a guide to take us straight to Boma (Fort 4). This he did. We arrived at another chief about a mile farther on, when the guide wished to go. I therefore removed his bow and arrows and insisted on his proceeding. Natives all formed round and beat their drums, shrieking war-cry. Bokheet allowed guide to escape. I managed to prevent the Soudanese firing. Natives already had extended their bows. I simply marched on and determined not to fire first. They followed our rear and seized the hills in front, retiring on our approach and gradually disappearing. I then

[1] Bundera is a native cloth, and a "hand" is a standard of measurement.

led the *sofari* (caravan) as best I could by compass, shaping N.E. as those guides had led us S.S.E., and managed with infinite trouble to trace the road, which, however, after about two hours' march became impossible. It ended in the wilderness.

"None of us could discover any road. I therefore took them across country for the most likely place for water, and found a little hole in a dried-up swamp. Here I halted, no food. I was very much afraid of being without water till perhaps to-morrow evening, and it was very hot. Result of all this was that ulcers on ankle were much inflamed and very painful. My stomach bad. Grant very weak and unable to take any part, so I could not put him in command of rear-guard. I took his advice twice to-day in acceding to chiefs' demands; both times I felt it was wrong, but was most anxious to be liberal and reach fort, even at the loss of a little self-respect, to ensure him peace. No force has been through before under 100 and many presents. We have no interpreter and very little to give; fifteen Askari, and about twenty porters. They are only getting about 1¾ pint-cup full of beans as *posho* (rations) per day, corporals 1½. Poor devils! Practised men firing in square, etc."

"*Sixth day, Sunday, May* 21.—Started 6.30 after reducing Fader Muley to Lance-Corporal, because sentries improperly posted and one short. Reached water in holes after about two and a half hours' march. Followed a road of sorts for about 15 miles—guinea-fowl, partridges, and hartebeest; some seemed roan and others dark. Rode donkey, foot very bad again. Camped after crossing immense papyrus swamps running north and south. Things are beginning to look rather serious. Country hilly and stony in parts. Diarrhœa and fever. Big swamps, the worst smelling and most filthy I've

seen. Shall be d——d glad to get in. Killed kid. Jemma says the others will die. I don't think so, unless they drown them, which they've tried hard to do. Elephant tracks and long grass."

"*Seventh day, May* 22.—Started from swamps 6.30 by compass due east, and this time I kept all day through thick long grass, very tiring for loads. Rode part of way myself, but found it impossible to direct points from donkey, so walked and made foot worse. Halted for water at swamps twice and crossed what I think must have been a continuation of yesterday's, at its north extremity, having followed it winding round the hills towards east. Marched about 13 miles over ranges of hills with rounded tops; some stony, few trees, hoping at each summit to view cultivation or humanity in some form. Saw some roan antelope, but time too precious to waste and things too serious. We have only got food for men to last another half-day after this, and all surroundings look the same as we've had for last three days. Nothing to guide us. I begin to fear we must have crossed the road lying between the forts, and if so, shall meet the hostile Kabrega's people as our last hope for food. We have no spare ammunition. I discern smoke N.E. by N. about 4 miles off, and have despatched Askari to report whether it arises from native village, fort, or grass burning. I fear the latter, only the volume is great. I'm bound to own I await their return with some anxiety, for I cannot but consider myself responsible, however compelled by circumstances, for chancing it with a compass and no certain direction to make for, through hostile country, without interpreter, without guide, and with a totally insufficient force of Askari as well as overloaded carriers mostly unused to carry. I shall, however, be surprised if I'm wrong, for I've worked it out as closely as possible.

. . . Askari returned and report native village with food one hour off. They say fort lies considerable distance to the east, so that if about 20 miles off, my calculation exactly correct."

"*Eighth day, May* 23, *Tuesday.*—Started about 6.15 for Shambas, and reached them, going N.N.E., in about two and a half hours. Sent on party of three to avoid frightening natives away with large party. Some ten were there on our arrival. I promised them cloth for food, but after waiting for half an hour on their promising to bring it, none appeared. I had retained the most intelligent native to ensure a guide. He told me that the rest had run away. Sent out our men for food, but they found only sour bananas. Proceeded therefore with the guide, general direction N.E. Found ourselves followed by natives, who after shrieking war-cries threw spears. Two of them were killed, one of our men being speared. Country more wooded, poor soil from here. Flowers all along, and hilly. Crossed small swamp after halting at top of hill near small Shambas, where we got nearly sufficient bananas and mohogo for to-night's *posho.* Arrived at wells—top of high hill covered with rocks—after long march, about 4 P.M. Here we halted. Small bits of Shambas visible. Two or three natives brought in some potatoes, which enable men to be *posho'd*, and I gave the apparent chief two hands Bombay (cloth). He says Fort 3 (Kimosi) about six hours' march N., and points to S.E. for Fort 4 (Dahoura). Thus we must be within a radius of a few miles of the road between the two. They know the way to 3, not to 4. It's too unlucky. I dare not chance it again with no food, and if these guides to-day had known the way, we should have been there mid-day to-day, thus making our march eight and a half days from Salt Lake.

"It's a great satisfaction to me to find that my calculations have been quite correct, and I have been able to lead the party across Africa by compass. Whenever we have gone wrong, it is when we have taken a guide, and I have each time righted it. I'm afraid, however, we must go to Fort 3, and so lose a day in reaching Fort 4."

"*Ninth day, May* 24.—We started about 6 A.M. with two guides, the son of the old man who provided food at last camp, and the one whom we had taken from the Shambas, where the people ran away yesterday. So we arrived on the ninth day from Salt Lake at Fort 3, very nearly played out, after about 15 miles' march. I regret so much having been unable to survey, but my leg was too bad. I had to look at every step I took. My undivided attention was on myself and the route. With guides and interpreters, sketching is easy; without them, your work is cut out in sifting any information from inhabitants and picking your way. The people all along even from this last camp, which, by the way, fairly commanded the surroundings, have been shrieking defiance from their mountain fastnesses and occasionally descending into the long grass to pick off stragglers. To have reached Fort 4 we had simply to take the direction I was steering, viz. east from our camp of the 23rd. From there it cannot have been more than one day's march, yet these confounded people said they knew nothing of its position. If we had gone there, it would have made the journey eight days; and I doubt, even with guides, interpreters, etc., if it could be done in very much less."

So ended this hazardous journey, and Major Owen had now to hear what had happened in his absence and to prepare for the future. At Fort 3 there was bad news. Shukri Effendi, one of the most faithful

Soudanese officers, who, on Major Owen's arrival, had especially asked leave to remain in Unyoro and cancel his previous decision to go to Egypt, had started on an inspection with about twelve men towards Fort 2, on his way to join the party at Salt Lake. Upon the road these men met a large force of Wanyamwezi conveying ivory and slaves into Kabrega's country. They were attacked by the Wanyamwezi and driven back, Shukri and another Soudanese being killed, and a Swahili and two Askari found to be missing. Shukri's head and right hand had been cut off and probably taken to Kabrega as proof that one of the big men had been killed. Near Fort 1 an offering to the gods of battle was also found, prepared by Kabrega's general—a woman, a little girl, a bull, and a goat, all butchered, with their heads put facing one another in the ground.

Anxious as he was to punish these outrages, the Commandant was compelled to delay by the all-important question of food. The Wanyamwezi caravan had eaten up every scrap of food between Forts 2 and 3. There was no food whatever in the Fort, and no food in the neighbourhood. Even potatoes could not be got under a whole day's march, and though nineteen sheep and goats had actually survived the march from Salt Lake, they were required for future use.

In order to remove some of the mouths and also to arrange for food supply, Mr. Grant was detached with thirty Askari, twelve slaves, ten porters, and Kasagama's men to Fort 2, with instructions to inform Kasagama that, as Fort 1 and Fort 2 had to be withdrawn, he could choose either to have a small fort at or near his capital, on condition of feeding it, and supplying food and ivory at reduced rates at Fort 3; or, if he preferred, to retire behind Fort 3, where he would be protected by

that fort. The evacuation was not to be made until the chiefs had been warned and given the opportunity of following Kasagama, unless they preferred to await the certain vengeance of Kabrega. Mr. Grant was also instructed to organise immediately carriers of food to arrive weekly from Kasagama's at Fort 3. These orders were carried out, Fort Gerry being subsequently established in Kasagama's country. Meanwhile, at Fort 3 long *shauris* were held with the chiefs, and arrangements made for armed parties to be daily sent out for the gathering of potatoes, wherever they could be found.

Two days after, the Commandant proceeded to Fort 4, to find that Bokheet Aga had been in command since the departure of Captain Portal. No rain, however, had fallen; there had been no planting; the few goats, sheep, and cattle still remaining were thin and sickly; and the children were in an awful state with disease and hunger. The necessity of the moment was a grim struggle with famine.

"*May* 27.—Started 6.30, and reached Fort 4 about 1 P.M. Found very little native cultivation and less at Fort. No rain for a month and no planting. It's the devil. Goats, sheep, and cattle look very bad. Men healthy, but hungry."

"*May* 28.—Awakened by Shukri's wives shrieking outside my hut. I sent out to inform them I am not visible. They wish for cow to sacrifice. I refuse it and comfort them with the hope he may be alive. Doctored children and gave them food. They are in an awful state. Return to hut to find old woman left sick and crying for food. Find porters with food never arrived last night. Order grain from that left behind by unenlisted belongings immediately to be ground and issued. Checked rifles and ammunition. Armed

slaves and told off corporal to teach them aiming. Met by deputation of mixed lot from those sent down from Fort 2 and others, about forty, demanding food. I have given Bimbashi leave to take what can be obtained from unfriendly chiefs, as people have not brought it in, with instructions to inform them that I will make it good in presents, if they come for them, but empty stomachs cannot wait. Doctored sick Askari. Lovely moon, nearly full, with halo of all colours. Cows unhealthy."

"*May* 29.—Mosquito curtains little good here. Every insect yet known hides itself in the roof, to drop down at an opportune moment on me. Sufficient potatoes received for two days. Ordered roads to be cleared and widened, swamps to be bridged, and slaves taught aiming."

"*May* 30.—Started from Fort 4 about 7 A.M. Gave orders for four Unyoro captured from those attacking friendly natives to be returned, taking friendly message to their chief, saying I wish to see him, otherwise we shall look upon him as an enemy. One we retain as guide, if necessary. Spoke severely about slackness of sentries."

"*May* 31.—Things still very unpleasant. Sent for food; in fact, there is no work possible but getting food. Slaves bring for their masters and no one else. I have told Usbashi in charge he must have all food brought to him and divided amongst all mouths when necessary."

"*June* 1.—One small load of *maragwe* luckily sent by Grant. I have no grain now. Finished *mahindi* this morning. Busy from morning to night; not a moment to write or anything else. Strict search for food. Everybody looking sick on short rations of potatoes and full of jiggers. Sent out to native chiefs

for big logs. I intend improving strength of fort. Shall draw out lines to-morrow."

"*June* 2.—Sent off eighteen natives with eleven loads of cloth to Grant under escort of twenty Askari. Finished rough lines for strengthening fort by excavating outside ditch and bringing in earth to enable men to fire over palisade. At present they can neither fire through nor over. Gave orders for another gate, and guard-houses at each gate. Ordered natives to bring in palm logs. Had goat-house enclosed. At parade gave orders about sentries and work generally."

"*June* 3.—I do not find I got my proper amount of porridge I gave out last night. Thus went to see more made, and find I am right. Cook a dozen. They'll understand me by degrees. Bought two bundles of honey in comb from Soudanese for 200 shells. I find there is nothing in the comb, so shall give twenty-five for trouble in bringing it and return. Also bought eighteen ears of *mahindi* for thirty shells. Just found four men sent here from Fort 4 to get girl who has run away from the Egyptian clerk, to whom I have given permission to go to Kampala with my mail. Thus he chooses to keep the mail waiting whilst sending for his woman and losing two days; I have sent them back to tell the clerk to remain and await my further orders. Blast him!"

"*June* 4.—Easy day. Potatoes I think will last."

"*June* 5.—Kasagama's men sent by Grant from Fort 1 arrived with grain, fifty loads of *wimbi*. Sent back letter to Grant. Only by the caravan from Grant have I got Gerry's letter of 4th May, in which he says Government does not want trading stations. If this is so, why on earth didn't he say so before? I should then have withdrawn from Salt Lake and put Kasagama behind Fort 3. Wanyema difficulty and consequent

delay at Salt Lake played hell with everything. How this mail can have missed me, goodness knows. I hear they went to Salt Lake and then tried to follow me by Kitakwenda's, but were turned back, and now have come round by Kasagama's."

"*June* 6.—Marched to Fort 4. Saw tracks of recent excursion of Wanyamwezi on road to Kabrega's country. Have sent for information about the chief who harbours them south of the road. No mail."

"*June* 7.—Started 5.45 for Kwanga's to see that all is quiet. Met *sofari* with mail, and Maxim out of order and no ramrod. Poor Raymond's dead. I'm too upset to do anything. He left here 8th of May."

It was only upon Major Owen's arrival after his march from Salt Lake that he learnt, at Fort 3, how ill Captain Portal had been at the time when he started for Uganda. He there found a letter, written after Captain Portal's third march on the road to Uganda, and twelve days before Major Owen reached Fort 3, in which Captain Portal said: "I have not got fever, but a ceaseless pain in the back of my neck. I would not fire a gun for a thousand pounds." In a short memorandum on the subject Major Owen writes:—

"In this last letter, which was most sensible, and dwelt on the condition of affairs on the road, he told me how he had left the best part of the oatmeal that was left, Liebig, etc., for me; how all his goats had died when I had gone away. To any one who knows what it is to be ill in Africa with no strengthening food, this alone would prove what a noble fellow he was. Instead of using the Soudanese escort to carry his loads, and the Swahili carriers to take him in his rudely-constructed hammock, he appears to have submitted himself to the Soudanese, who do not understand carrying, and doubtless increased the pain which he

endured. With bad fever one aches all over, and I have no doubt that he suffered both from fever and sunstroke.

"My feelings may be imagined when, alone, seated in the hut he made, and in which he was ill, my joy at receiving letters at last was turned into grief at the sad news of Raymond's death. He who combined all those qualities which we admire and love, and but so few attain."

The tension at the forts had been relieved by the arrival of fifty loads of *wimbi* sent from Kasagama on 5th June, and, for the time at least, the garrison could be fed. The value of the food arrangement with Kasagama, and the danger which would have resulted if the Salt Lake Fort had been withdrawn, was now apparent. Without the weekly supplies delivered in return for the protection afforded by the forts, the garrison must have been starved, or else, filled with mutinous discontent, have left without orders for the south, where possibly they might have joined the subsequent Mohammedan revolt.

CHAPTER IV

THE MOHAMMEDAN INVASION OF TORU

DURING the days following the news of Captain Portal's death, Major Owen was so busy with marching every other day backwards and forwards between Forts 3 and 4, organising, preparing, drilling, doctoring, and feeding the troops, that every moment was fully occupied. In a letter from Fort 3 he says :—

"I haven't a soul to speak to. A good deal of my time is taken up in dispensing justice to all the serious offenders. There are such an amount of accounts to be kept with all these men, and their pay, rations, and clothing all to be calculated in various worths of what they call cloth—namely, coarse linen to be measured and approximated to worth in rupees, and rupees to pounds. I have to be a linen-draper, a builder, a clerk, a governor, a colonel, and an explorer, all in one, and last, but by no means the least trouble, a doctor, without the provision or facilities for any of them. However, it's fine training; but very hard work. I had hoped to be able to explore more, but find I've neither the time nor sufficient men. In endeavouring to do all on the cheap as commends itself to the Government, I suffer in my ambition."

He also writes :—

"Nothing done unless I see it done. I should be glad to get these old Egyptians out of the way, they

have been here too long." These Egyptians had remained after the passing of Stanley, a subject on which he notes an interesting talk with one of the older men, Usbashi Edris Effendi :—

"Edris tells me when Selim Bey announced Stanley's arrival, Mulah Bey jumped up, said Stanley had come from a totally different direction from that of Egypt, and that he was not what he represented himself, but simply wished to take their women and children as slaves. He conjured them to follow him. Thus all the people believed Mulah Bey, and he became master of the stores and ammunition. Shortly, however, on Mulah's wishing to stand in with the Arabs, most of his soldiers resumed their allegiance to Selim Bey. He, by the trouble with Mulah Bey, was detained much against his will from joining Stanley, so had to follow on. I think Stanley may be excused for a decided mistake in his appreciation of the position. There is no doubt that Bokheet Aga, Selim Bey, Shukri, Edris, and some others wished to come."[1]

The period of peace was not to last long. Wars and rumours of wars followed in quick succession. On 15th June 1893 news reached Fort 3 that a caravan of Wanyamwezi, the tribe which had previously attacked Shukri and his followers, was crossing between Forts 2 and 3, laden with ivory. Fifty men were instantly despatched to intercept them. They returned the next day with one prisoner and one tusk, stating that the caravan had passed two days before, laden with ivory from Kabrega, to trade for cloth and powder with the chiefs living round the German station of Ukoba. The prisoner was a straggler, and gave information as to the chiefs and districts interested in the trade and their different forts and markets. He

[1] Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*, vol. ii. p. 268.

also mentioned that, when he left, a Wanyamwezi caravan was preparing to start, and would pass by the same road. The same party was at once despatched to watch, and if possible, catch this caravan.

"*June* 16.—I simply have no time to write any diary, first one thing and then another. I am fairly sick of it. Every one trying to get the best of you—all liars."

"*June* 17.—Wrote letters to mother and Selim Bey. Sent out fifty men after powder and ivory caravan. Checked stores."

"*June* 18.—Walked out to the party watching for the Wanyamwezi. They were well posted, but had heard nothing. Had prisoners washed. Letter from Grant that men and belongings are being brought down from Fort 2 as fast as possible."

"*June* 19.—Had started for Kasagama's when news came of approach of ivory caravan. Caught them, and 112 tusks of ivory, one man, four women, two children. Others escaped. Mail arrived from Kampala in the evening. Letters from Macdonald saying there is trouble with the Mohammedans. Got fever."

The haul was a big one and dealt a sudden and unexpected blow to the ivory and slave trade, although no blood had been shed. The moment of its occurrence had been fortunate, because it delayed Major Owen's intended departure to the west, on the very day when a message sent by Captain Macdonald, Acting Commissioner of Uganda, stated that Selim Bey, the chief Soudanese officer in Uganda, was playing with fire, and that the Mohammedan population in Uganda was not to be trusted and would not obey the King. To add to the difficulties of the officers stationed in the north, on the same day Rehan Aga, with the Soudanese and their belongings, who, in the process

of evacuation of the forts, were being brought in from Fort 2, arrived to swell the forces in the southern forts, and thus establish a concentrated force of Mohammedans, amongst whom disaffection might speedily and dangerously spread, even though the newcomers were not taken into Fort 3, but stationed well away, and the next day marched down to Fort 4.

In order to understand the Mohammedan invasion of Toru and the importance of a war not hitherto noted in the pages of history—a war in which Major Owen alone held the command, and which he himself brought to a successful conclusion—it is necessary, even at the risk of tedious explanation, to summarise the events occurring in Uganda and leading to the war, and to endeavour, in the complex maze of Central African politics, to discover the course through which the various discordant sections were drifting, and the position in which Major Owen was suddenly placed.

In the course of events, the first and foremost point impressing itself on the mind must appear to be the great evil of any vacillation and uncertainty in dealing with the natives of Central Africa, and the storm of discontented and rival interests at once gathering strength and in some measure amalgamating, so soon as firmness and consistency in the Central Government cease to exist, or, what tends to the same effect, are thought by the natives to cease or to be going to cease. It must be remembered that the natives had already been troubled by the knowledge that evacuation was proposed on the part of the Company whose name had been to them the synonym for unlimited power. The Company had indeed continued for some time longer than was at first intended, but the period was a period of unrest. Then the officials of the Imperial Government had arrived, only just in time to take over

the administration from the servants of the Company, of whom many were then passing down with great caravans of goods to the coast. But though Sir Gerald Portal had arrived, no final decision whether evacuation was or was not to take place was promulgated. He stayed only a short time in Uganda, and then he too left with his soldiers and his troops of carriers for the coast. Even if Uganda was to be retained, it had gone abroad that the chain of forts which for so long had divided Kabrega and the Wanyema was to be destroyed. The belief that evacuation or, in other words, flight was to take place had spread from north to south, from east to west.

In Uganda itself the people were divided into religious-political factions, of whom the Mohammedans had the least land, the least power, and the least wealth. The Protestant Christians under the King, who at that time professed to be a Protestant, held the largest portion of the land, but were not sufficiently numerous to occupy it. The Roman Catholic Christians, dominated by Monseigneur Hirth, a Frenchman, were discontented, and had chiefly massed in the province of Buddhu, where their concentration threatened the danger of the rise of a strong and possibly independent chieftainship. There was a continual struggle between Protestant and Catholic missionaries for the domination of the soul of every important feudal chief, because with each successful conversion a vast number of retainers followed any course which the superior intelligence, interest, or fancy of their lord and master might lead him to adopt.

Sir Gerald Portal determined to prevent the concentration of the Roman Catholic Christians in one district and to disperse them by the gift of new settlements. On 7th April, and again by a definite order on 24th April, he made a compromise between Protestants and

Catholics, assigning to the Catholics some more land, requiring that two princes, who might be heirs to the throne and were then in German territory under Roman Catholic priests, should be brought back, and ordering that the Roman Catholics should supply the labour due to the King. In this compromise the Mohammedans had no share.

The question was closely entangled with the subject of the finances or executive power of the government under King Mwanga. Taxes, or more properly speaking, the obligations of chiefs and their followers in Uganda, largely took the form of doing the King's work, and making roads, bridges, walls, and offices for nothing, the chiefs supplying labour and also the material and wood. Those chiefs whose land was situated at a distance from the scene of operations had consequently trouble and difficulty in bringing their supplies of material, particularly as Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Mohammedans objected to any member of a rival section obtaining material from land belonging to their own section. Most of the land near the capital belonged to the Protestants. The Roman Catholics, by their new acquisitions of land, had the burden of their taxes lightened. The Mohammedans had no similar relief, and were discontented.

Soon after this compromise a wall had to be built for the King's palace, and the King's work was ordered to be done in the usual manner. Whether or not the storm had been brewing for some time past, probably will never be discovered. Who has ever accurately gauged the system of rebellion adopted by the Mohammedan Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny, or by the Dervish tribes in the Soudan deserts, or by the Matabele chiefs in the far south? Unknown to the Europeans, discontent, vaguely rumoured, contemptuously disregarded,

scarcely believed in, may have long been fomented by secret signs and messages. Rumours in an unknown tongue, passed from district to district, may for many months have been growing and increasing in power, till at last the explosion came, almost before any European could estimate its real nature. In this instance it seems as if the belief in evacuation was the cardinal point which threatened to unite almost all the wild tribes around the Great Lakes of Central Africa in determined resistance to the invasion of the strange white man.

On the 29th May 1893 Sir Gerald Portal notes in his diary: "Had rather a stormy interview with Mohammedans in Mwanga's presence about their attitude; told them clearly they had no right to further territory and must work for King; warned chiefs they would be held responsible." On the 30th he started to return to the coast with four Europeans (Rhodes, Villiers, Berkeley, and Arthur). During the fortnight after his departure, Captain Macdonald, who had been left in charge at Kampala, interviewed the Mohammedans, as he has lately described in his book, *Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa;* and, although they uttered many protests, they at last appeared to consent to do the work assigned to them by the King. They had, however, no intention to obey, since they had found a new and powerful ally who was thought to have unlimited authority with the Soudanese soldiers so lately strengthened by the garrisons of Toru. This ally was Selim Bey, one of Emin's old officers, who in 1891 had been found at Kavalli's by Captain Lugard with 8000 Soudanese refugees. Some of these men were now serving under Major Owen, and gave unlimited respect and confidence to their old officer. Selim Bey himself had refused to enter the Company's service, but had remained in Uganda with a pension. There he had acquired a dominating

influence over the Mohammedans, and on several occasions had been useful to Europeans in settling terms with that section. He had now, however, strongly taken their side, urging their claims for land, and purporting to be the chief spokesman through whom they would act.

When Captain Macdonald sent for the Mohammedan chiefs on 13th June, they informed him they had not come to see him; that Selim Bey was their big man, and they would make a *shauri* about work when Selim Bey came back to Kampala.

"On the 14th June 1893," says Captain Macdonald, "Selim Bey landed at Port Alice, counter-ordered Mr. Reddie's orders about the reserve, and flew the Mohammedan flag. On the 16th June I got a message from Selim Bey that he would consider any hostile action on the part of the King against the Mohammedans as hostile action against himself, sending a message to the following effect:—'That he heard there was a probability of a fight between the King Mwanga and the Waganda Mohammedans; that he had told Mbogo (the Mohammedan general) not to fight, but warned me that if I allowed the King Mwanga to fight the Mohammedans, he, Selim Bey, as he and Captain Lugard had brought the Waganda Mohammedans into the country, would consider hostile action on the part of Mwanga against the Waganda Mohammedans as hostile action against himself.' On 17th June Selim Bey informed Mr. Reddie[1] that if I allowed the King to attack the Mohammedans, he and his men would march to Kampala and join the Mohammedans. On the 18th June Selim Bey sent out Soudanese soldiers along the Kampala road to Kisubi, contrary to my orders. On the 21st June 1893 Selim Bey was tried and found guilty of mutinous conduct."

[1] Former officer of B.E.A. Co.

Captain Macdonald acted with decision. He called in all the Europeans into Kampala, and sent away the Soudanese. He arrested the principal chief of the Mohammedan Waganda, and then suddenly disarmed the Soudanese at Kampala. The Protestant Waganda defeated the Mohammedans near Kampala, and drove them into their own province. The Soudanese at Port Alice were next watched and disarmed, and the same evening Selim Bey was placed under arrest and tried for mutinous conduct and treason. He was sent down to Sir Gerald Portal, who had hastily commenced to return, although delayed on the way by the serious illness of Colonel Rhodes. During the journey to the coast Selim Bey died.

Thus the Mohammedan revolt in Uganda had been soon suppressed. The Soudanese and the Waganda had in the result not combined. Selim Bey had either no time or no ability, and possibly no inclination, to proceed to extremities, but as Captain Macdonald says in a despatch to Sir Gerald Portal: "The position of Major Owen and Mr. Grant will be most serious, I am sorry to say, but so it will be whatever action I take here." In fact, those officers were hemmed in on all sides by hostile natives, and the sole chance for their safety depended upon the loyalty of Soudanese troops whose most revered leader had been arrested and deported by the Government which Major Owen represented.

On the south of the forts the Protestant and Roman Catholic Waganda, who had united when they saw that the Government could hold its own, were pursuing Mohammedans towards Unyoro and Toru. These Mohammedans in their flight might count upon some assistance from the Wanyema. Already the Wanyema from the west of the forts had sent a message which must partly have urged on the revolt, telling them that all the white

men on Lake Tanganyika had been killed, and exhorting all Mohammedans to come out of Uganda and go to Unyoro, or if they did not go to Unyoro, to build strong forts and prepare to fight, as the Wanyema would shortly come to assist them. On the east of the forts Kabrega was an ally of the Wanyema. The Wanyamwezi, suffering under the loss of their ivory, were friendly to both these tribes. On the north of the forts there was no retreat through hostile Arabs and Dervishes, with whom the Wanyema tribes were in close concert. No message could either be sent to or from the forts.

Such was Major Owen's position when Mr. Grant was bringing mutinous soldiers into Fort 3. Although the danger passed away and the course of events prevented disastrous concentration, there is a peculiar and almost a sad interest in following, when it can be followed, the thoughts and action of a brave man in such a position. From day to day rumours of danger continued to increase. No letters arrived, and, as subsequently appeared, no letters got through to the south. For weeks the truth was not known. Vague tales, acquiring strength in their passage from native to native, drifted up from the south; and although intercourse with all Mohammedans coming from the south was forbidden, sullen mutterings were heard in the camp, reaching ever and anon to the ears of the Commandant, how the Mohammedans had risen, that Selim Bey had been arrested, that Soudanese and Mohammedans had made common cause, that Mwanga had been seized, and the Wanyema were coming to aid the revolt. It required stern discipline and watchful care to see that work was done, and to give the men no time for talking and plotting.

"*June* 23.—Was awakened at midnight with news from natives that Kabrega had a large force

assembled close by. As my hut is about 150 yards from the fort, I thought it advisable to store all my boxes in the inside, sound the alarm and man the fort, each man to his place, before retiring again. Did not wake up till 9 A.M. after this breach in my sleep. Natives sent out in the morning to learn the truth. The report that only sick are here has quite likely led to this invasion. I've given Askari, Ferruks, and porters lots of firing drill to-day, and twice sounded the alarm. Sent Cossack posts to all roads leading here, but we are very short of men, and I can't afford to keep much of a lookout outside the fort. I should much like fifty men. Strength of Askari on parade thirty-eight only."

"*June* 24.—Went round sentries last night. First news this morning is that friendly chief between Forts 3 and 4 was attacked last night, six of his men killed and thirty women stolen. I sent men to find out further *re* projected attack. The natives are afraid to go. They are useless. Drilled men with sticks behind their backs. Bean soup and *wimbi* biscuits; I find no fare to get fat on."

"*June* 25.—Marched to Fort 3. Locust storm. Messenger, supposed to be dependable, reports Kabrega has flown to the islands of the Albert Lake, and killed many cattle and women. I do not believe it. Letter from Salt Lake says they expect attack from Wanyema, and that Emin Pasha is with them. I do not believe it. I find three Waganda have deserted from Fort 3 against my orders and have taken two Wanyoro children. There's some game going on. One has to be fairly busy. Find no work has been done on the fortifications. Rather bad with fever."

"*June* 26.—Could hardly get up. Sent orders that no Mohammedan Waganda, if they approached

forts from the south, were on any account to be admitted. I also forbade any Askari going to Uganda under any pretence whatever. Informed men I should deprive them of their rifles on the slightest sign of disobedience to my orders and punish them as well. I do not know what is happening in Uganda, and don't like the rumours. Locusts have been passing the whole day, doing much damage. Have sent to stop 'belongings' coming from Fort 2. I hear there are 1000 of them. There is no food for them. Locusts have made matters worse. Men go out after food and do not return till after dark. Report from Fort Gerry that an Askari there has bewitched one man to suicide and another to madness. Messenger from the south that Government forces of Uganda have had to fight the Mohammedans who refused to work for the King."

"*June* 27.—Fever better. My first news is that the mail I sent on 21st June has returned without delivering letters, being stopped by fighting between the Mohammedans and Christians. This is a great blow, as I fear I shall not only miss mail to England, but also it indefinitely postpones possibility of my despatching the Soudanese and withdrawing Fort 4. Grant writes he is seven hours off only and has had mutiny of men who refused to be parted from their women. Gave two Waganda women and two children to Rehan Rashit to take care of till I could send them to Uganda, and gave captured Wanyoro slave to chief of district, making them all free. Another letter from Grant saying he has had to give all the fifty loads of *wimbi* food he was bringing to Kasagama's men, whom he had been compelled to hire as carriers for the sick children. He is bringing the mutinous soldiers disarmed. Sent out escort to meet him."

"*June* 28.—Alarming news by messengers sent

twelve days ago to Kampala. They were turned back from Kibibi and by the Mohammedans at Katonga, who were only prevented by the chief from taking the soldiers' rifles. It is reported that Mwanga, Selim Bey, Ngamma are in prison; and that Nubians refused to fight the Mohammedans. This news finds me awaiting Grant with mutinous soldiers. My men, except guard, are catching chief, who has killed many friendly natives. Cannot send down old Egyptians, who with their followers would be friends to Selim Bey. Every one refuses to go and spy farther. Cannot trust Nubians in view of the news. I shall start myself directly Grant arrives—to-night, I hope, as I must give him *viva voce* orders about the Salt Lake. Nothing to eat but *wimbi* and milk. Things look bad. I hear our frontier with Uganda is now occupied with Mohammedans. Thus our passage barred. I calculate the crisis is over, but fear by taking Nubian force, who may possibly side with Mohammedans, to give the movement renewed vigour. I shall therefore march straight to Makwenda's (a Protestant chief) and learn how matters stand before proceeding. All the Catholics having gone to Kampala is a bad sign, and I have seldom been more anxious for anything than I am for Grant's arrival, to enable me to proceed, for the position of the Salt Lake I consider in danger."

"*June* 29, *Thursday.*—Marched in the afternoon to Fort 4, hearing from Grant he could not be in till to-morrow. Arrived after dark; so bad with fever I could hardly stand. Information from officers that Selim Bey is a prisoner, because he refused to order the Askari to fight Mbogo (Mohammedan general). These old Egyptians here, who have not been enlisted, are naturally sore and give me to understand that they do not know if the soldiers can be

depended upon. I pointed out their position if they stick to us, and their position if they make common cause with our enemies, and that without wish to quarrel with or prejudice their decision I would give them till next day to decide; that they were not enlisted and were naturally sore, but for a paid soldier at least there was but one line, and that was to fight for those that paid him, and there was but one line for every honest man who was not a soldier; that I would leave them to find out. They all went away, with warm shaking of hands, begging me not to go, as I was sure to be killed, for the place was surrounded with Mohammedans, and the Makwenda had been driven away and his country occupied."

"*June* 30, *Friday.*—Woke up a little better but still full of it, aching everywhere. Last night late it was reported to me that there were several Mohammedans here who had been retained that I might hear their news. I had three days ago sent special messengers with orders that no Mohammedan Waganda were to be allowed into the vicinity of the fort. These men bored a hole in their hut and escaped during the night. I assembled the men this morning and addressed them, telling them it was rumoured that the Askari at Kampala had refused to fight against the Mohammedans who had disturbed the peace of Uganda. I could not believe this to be true; but in case it was, I took the opportunity of requesting any man who had the very slightest preference for serving the enemies of the Government to the Government itself to step forward. They all expressed themselves strongly of their readiness to fight for the Government against any one. I then before the men requested Rianga Sagh, Commandant of the Fort, to explain why my orders in reference to absence of Waganda from fort had not been carried

out. His explanation was lame to a degree. I know him to be a bad man and absolutely untrustworthy. He said something last night in Arabic that I could not understand, but the old Bimbashi stopped him, so it was sure to have been something he should not have said. I now took the opportunity of publicly dismissing him and explaining the reason to the parade that there might be no mistake. Whereupon I dismissed them. I now send for the old Egyptian officer, Bilal Aga, unenlisted. He has not come, and after what has happened to his friend may refuse, or rather say he is ill. I shall, however, if his replies to my questions are satisfactory, make him Bimbashi, as he is the only possible commandant to this fort whilst he is here. His influence is so great, and his belongings so numerous (although he is the chief of the disaffected). I've been very ginger in the way I've gone to work over this. I would now see the Ferruks, the belongings of the Askari, of whom there are about seventy here at present, and enlist them, as they outnumber the Askari; but I cannot approach the question through my interpreter, as he's bang in with their masters, and also because in conversation some time back, when the idea of enlisting 100 slaves at half-price as reserve was mooted, the old Usbashi at Fort 3 said, 'Why should the Government buy our slaves any more than others?' I had to reply I was only suggesting some return as recompense for the loss, but since that was the construction he put upon it, of course, if I did enlist any slaves, I could not offer anything for them.

"I have accordingly, in order to give the cue here and to break the ice, sent to Grant to enlist some of the slaves whom he is bringing down from Fort 2. Their masters are not with them, so it is rather mean, but

advisable; I must strengthen my party and be stronger in rifles than the disaffected. It will be a great opportunity, after getting the slaves in hand against the will of their masters, to enlist them regardless of their masters; but I fear so much, if the news be true that the Protestants have attacked the Nubians on the island and the other Askari refused to fight, that Macdonald may have disbanded the lot, have allowed the Protestants and Roman Catholics to take matters into their own hands, and will wish me to disband my troops here. But how are we to get away with our ivory, cloth, rifles, etc., from this country, surrounded as we are on every side by enemies, if the Protestants and Roman Catholics have gone to Kampala, leaving North Uganda entirely to the Mohammedans? Every fort is threatened by Unyoro, Kabrega, Wanyema, or Wanyamwezi.

"All is as bad as it can be. Whether it is advisable for me to try and get through or watch things here, I am uncertain. If I do not go, I shall get no letter through, I fear. If I go, there may be worse troubles here, besides the possibility of being unable to get through. If I take Nubians through Makwenda's district, they either have to fight Mohammedans by my order, or Protestants, perhaps, of their own accord. This I could stop, but perhaps Protestants may fire on them. I shall decide after seeing the further development of feeling here amongst the 'belongings.' If I only knew for certain what line Macdonald is taking with the Nubians, well and good. My information is our road is entirely barred. Some of the Soudanese are playing with Mohammedans, but I think I shall be equal to them. No information from Macdonald. If I go down and the Mohammedans attack, we haven't 1000 to 1 chance, as the Maxim jams; I cannot

take more than 50 soldiers, and the Mohammedans number about 2000 guns.

"Grant at last arrived, and had succeeded in enlisting twenty-five slaves. His news was, they were pretty well in a state of mutiny at Fort Gerry, and there were three Askari as prisoners at Fort 3 awaiting my decision; but it also appeared the Usbashi at Fort 3 had successfully attacked the chief who had been harbouring Wanyamwezi and captured him and his wives without any loss of life. I shall go to Fort 3 to-morrow, and settle close to Fort 3 the friendly chiefs who have come down from the neighbourhood of Fort 2, and so I hope to have some useful native surroundings instead of the wretched devils here at present."

"*July* 1.—Marched to Fort 3. Settled the chiefs as I had determined. They were very pleased, being much afraid of Kabrega since the northern forts had had to be withdrawn.

"Then saw the old chief who had been captured with thirty of his wives. He said he had been ordered by Kabrega to harbour the Wanyamwezi. I told him to send his son and one wife, who could pretend to have escaped, to discover what road was now being used for the passage of this illicit trading and bring a report to him. If we were able to catch a caravan by his help I would give him a present, if not, he might expect the worst, and in the meantime would remain a prisoner."

"*July* 2.—Grant arrived from Fort 4. He had brought the Maxim, thinking it unsafe to leave it with the Egyptian officers in their doubtful state of mind. He says they are playing with the Mohammedans. I agree, but I think I shall be equal to the occasion. Dismissed from the service two Askari and a corporal, who had shown signs of mutinous behaviour. Consented to allow an Askari who, I thought, was calling

out wrong names on purpose while on sentry, to come back to the service. Find he don't know any better."

"*July* 3.—Marched to Fort 4. Latest information is that the Mohammedans have had several chiefs and many people killed; that they would not interfere with any people going to Kampala; that the Protestant Makwenda still occupies his country; and that the Mohammedan chiefs living near were most anxious to see me.

"I acceded to this, so far that the chiefs alone should be allowed to come to me, not into the fort. I shall go to Kampala to-morrow evening, unless the news changes, as I cannot understand receiving no information from Macdonald."

"*July* 4.—The old Bimbashi advises my taking force of Nubians in case of attack, but I hardly think they will attack. If they do, we haven't 1000 to 1 chance in any event. Packed things. Then heard by a letter from Arabic clerk (corporal) at Kampala that the Soudanese there did not refuse to throw down their arms or fight, but that Macdonald heard they were standing in with Mohammedans, and disarmed them. This may be believed, so Captain Macdonald is in no danger, and sufficiently master of the situation there to make it my duty to remain here until I hear from him. Determined to remain in readiness to take whatever steps may be necessary. Great disappointment to all porters."

"*July* 5.—Had rather an easy day, sorting letters and attending to sick. Sent out for native chiefs, as I hear Mohammedans are coming up and occupying Shambas adjacent to them. If so, they are certain to interfere with the chiefs. Informed by Bimbashi that letter had arrived from Feraj at Fort Gerry, saying the Askari were kicking up a row at the loss of their

slaves enlisted by Grant, and stating the slaves had been forced into the service. I immediately had the men out and asked them separately if they wished to be Askari or not. They all said they did of their own free will, except one, who spoke first. He said he had been told he must either be an Askari or a porter. As this was a d——d lie, I made him lay down his rifle and dismissed him the service. No further news."

"*July* 6.—Saw natives, who said the Mohammedans were occupying the Shambas near them, and had been advising them to refuse allegiance to us. Letter from the Mohammedans to Bilal Aga saying white men are coming up from Buddhu to invade the forts. The natives say nothing will induce them to leave us."

"*July* 7.—Walked to top of high hill overlooking Uganda to see if anything could be discovered. Heard one shot fired. Hankey-pankey among the troops. Decided to build house inside the fort."

"*July* 8.—Marched to Fort 3. On the way met party under Suleiman Effendi, who reported Waganda prisoners had escaped and Bilal Aga Bey aided it. Met Bilal Aga's slaves coming to Fort 4 to sell tobacco and disarmed them. On arrival summoned all the officers and tried Bilal Aga by court-martial. Heard the case for two hours. Terrible work extracting the truth. No clear evidence to prove Bilal Aga had any truck with the Waganda. Declared him innocent and shook hands with him. Curtain. I shall get rid of Bilal Aga as soon as I possibly can. Reduced Suleiman Effendi to sergeant for not going round his guards. He preferred to leave the service, so I get rid of one more moderate. I have neglected my letters terribly, awaiting some information from Macdonald. It is impossible for me to act without knowing his policy.

The natives of course lie. Pitched into a sentry, who kissed my toe after it."

"*July* 9.—Fell in the Askari and Ferruks and told them of the trial of Bilal Aga and its results, informing them how glad I was, since the penalty for giving information against the interests of H.M.'s Government, if detected, would be visited by death. Warmed them up over their duty. Sent a message to Feraj at Fort Gerry that no Mohammedans were to be allowed near the fort."

Suddenly on 10th July news arrived at Fort 3 that the Mohammedans, driven north by the Christian army, had appeared in close proximity to Fort 4; that their chiefs had sent a message stating that they were anxious for a conference with the Commandant; and that a large body was marching to the north. On receiving this news Major Owen conceived the bold idea of interfering between the opposing armies, and, if possible, forcing them to make peace. Accordingly he hurried to Fort 4, actually passing "quantities of Mohammedan porters" carrying baggage, and concluding that the main army was passing on his right.

At Fort 4 he found that the Mohammedan chiefs had fled on to the north, but that the Christians in close pursuit had arrived. The commandant of the Protestants was summoned to the fort. He told the news of the arrest of Selim Bey at Kampala, and the defeat of the Mohammedans in Uganda. He said that it was reported that the Mohammedans had joined the Nubians at the forts and the white men were killed, and that he had been sent by Captain Macdonald to see what had happened, and was glad to find that they were still safe. On the next day the Christian army of 10,000 men, "drums beating, spears waving, etc.," advanced to the fort and were encamped on its

southern approaches—the Protestants to the south-east, and the Catholics to the south-west. A big *shauri* was held in the commandant's hut. The events in Uganda were detailed at great length, and when Major Owen finally spoke and argued in favour of peace, after much discussion they replied that they were ready for peace if the Mohammedans would accept the decision of the Government in all matters and obey the King. A message was at once sent to Mr. Grant, instructing him to endeavour to see the Mohammedan chiefs and bring back all who were ready to accept terms of peace. The reply was that one big and several small chiefs had expressed themselves ready to accept anything. The Mohammedans were divided into three big camps, and other chiefs would probably follow next day. A later letter said that the chiefs were afraid and did not dare to come. Mr. Grant was instructed to keep in touch with them and make fresh attempts to bring them in; but if they would not come, to advance parallel to the Mohammedan army and to request Feraj Effendi, the Soudanese officer at Fort Gerry, to combine with him. Meanwhile, Major Owen would endeavour, by passing round on the left flank, to cut the army off from the Salt Lake and join him, so that a combined movement might be presented against any advance into Toru.

During these negotiations the Christians, who were eating up everything at the forts, became impatient of delay. The very meagre supplies of that desolate region were wholly insufficient to meet the new demand. The Mohammedan chiefs having failed to come in the next day, Mr. Grant started in the late afternoon to follow their army, intending to pass them by night with his seventy men, his porters, and the Maxim gun. Major Owen followed from Fort 4 to Fort 3, with ten

Askari and the whole Christian army. It was impossible to allow the Mohammedans to remain in Toru, to join either Kabrega on the east, or the Wanyema on the west, possibly to continue negotiations with the Soudanese garrisons, and in any event to lay waste the country of the friendly Chief Kasagama. Major Owen hoped to hem them in, cause them to surrender without bloodshed, and take them back to Uganda. Stringent orders were accordingly given to Mr. Grant that he was not to fire unless attacked.

At Fort 3 opportunities seemed to offer for further conference. It was reported that the principal chiefs and a large portion of the army were in the neighbourhood, and anxious for the interposition of Major Owen on their behalf, but that they were afraid in the presence of the Christians. They said their brothers had been killed, their women taken away by the Christians, and could they trust them another time? No; they would rather die where they were than return to Uganda to remain with these people. When the envoy was asked why they had not come in when no Christians were present, and whether he would swear on his beads that the chiefs were afraid, he said he was ready to bring them in, and left with that purpose. At midnight the answer came that they would come in the morning if an escort was sent for them.

On the next day, 15th July, it was difficult to pacify the Christians. News had been brought that a party of ninety Christians, which had left Fort 4 for Uganda, had been attacked by Mohammedans halfway and driven into "the foodless country" with the loss of several men. "They were dying to fight," and the opportunity seemed to be easy, since Mr. Grant had evidently headed the Mohammedans, who were returning from the north to rejoin the chiefs. A

shauri, however, took place, lasting three and a half hours.

"Three and a half hours' continued jabber. I first offered Mohammedans to go back to their own part of Uganda whilst I had their future decided at Kampala. They said they could not, as fighting would be certain to ensue. I then offered them Kwanga during this period. They said there was no food. They wished to stay in Unyoro, in deserted Shambas near, about 8 miles south of Fort 4. I agreed to this if they all signed to obey the King, accept decision of Government whatever that might be, not approach forts nor interfere with friendly natives, and either give up Luanda, one of their principal chiefs, or hand over fifty rifles. They said they dare not do the former, as they were all split up, and they doubted being able to persuade the others to my alternative, but if I would wait till to-morrow they would try. To this I agreed, much against my will, as the Christians are becoming discontented, without food, and anxious to fight or return to Uganda. They are very sick of this job; not allowed to fight, and treating with Mohammedans to bring them back to Uganda, the very place to which they don't want them to go, in addition to having no food. I have three difficulties to contend with: (1) Feeding 11,000 men in a foodless country when I'm anxious to catch these Mohammedans before they make for the Salt Lake or German territory; (2) that the Christian army will not consent to be separated; (3) the unreliable information received from natives. All would be so easy if only I had food; but I daren't go where I want, or anything like it, with this herd."

The rifles were ordered to be brought in by twelve o'clock the next day without fail. But on the next

day the rifles did not arrive. The Christians became more uneasy than ever before. They would have started at twelve o'clock, if the dearth of food had not obliged them to go so far for supplies, that a further delay till the evening was possible. Delay gave one more opportunity for the Mohammedans to come in; but they only took advantage of it to decamp and march towards Toru. Major Owen notes:—

"The Mohammedans have gone towards Toru instead of bringing their rifles as promised. I have treated them with the greatest kindness and confidence, even taking no hostage of their good faith by keeping a chief. This will be a lesson to me in the future.

"The Christians now will not be stopped from fighting. My orders are, that when the advanced guard come up to the Mohammedans, they are to accept any surrender and await my arrival; but if there is no surrender I cannot, after the way they have been badgered by these people, prevent their firing. There's no food for any one. There's the rub. I hope, however, not to have to attack, though I believe it would be best in the end; and it may not be a bad thing for our future to ensure a certain number of Soudanese showing they will fire against Mohammedans if necessary."

At 4 A.M. on the 17th July the army advanced 15 miles in pursuit. The Waganda refused to separate, and it was very difficult to feed about 11,000 men in a foodless country. The unreliable information supplied by the natives also added to the difficulties of the route. Scouts were sent out to amass food and to collect information, while Mr. Grant was told to keep touch with the main party and daily to send information as to his movements.

On the 18th July about 8 miles had been traversed,

when the Mohammedans were reported on the west. They had been flying all through the night in the direction of Toru, impeded by baggage, women, and children, their food-supply being cut off on every side. Yet amongst them were some Soudanese soldiers, who afterwards professed to have been detained against their will, and they were armed, some with guns, others with bows and poisoned arrows. In their desperation, if they once reached Toru the fate of that fertile province was sealed. If they were driven farther, they could either ally with the Wanyema, or would be at the mercy of the slave-dealers. In either event it was necessary that they should be brought back to Uganda, but this result could only be accomplished by a sharp lesson, and in addition the Christians were determined to fight.

The orders to the Christian army were that they might attack if they found the Mohammedans in force; but otherwise they were to surround them and claim surrender. The Protestants advanced in the van, with the Roman Catholics some distance behind in support. The Protestants mistook the detachment of Mr. Grant encamped on a hill and went off in the wrong direction. The Roman Catholics proceeded slowly, but, misled by the movements of the vanguard, made the mistake of attacking, contrary to instructions, from the east instead of the west, and consequently drove the fugitives towards Toru, and the strong positions of the fords of the Mpanga river and forest. Thither they fled in a wild stampede, casting their drinking vessels in hundreds upon the ground, and throwing away everything which could hinder progress through the thick grass or along the narrow tracks. Wild yells of fear and victory, the war-cry of the Catholics, loud shrieks of terror-stricken women and children, and the pinging

of badly-aimed bullets, growing more and more faint in the distance, echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding hills, until the sudden blackness of night rendered further pursuit dangerous and impracticable. The victors returned in darkness with 800 captured women and two prisoners. Forty Mohammedans and two Catholics were found dead upon the ground, and two wounded Catholics were borne back to the camp. The number of wounded Mohammedans was unknown.

That night the Christians camped in the open without the usual grass huts, without food, and in the pouring rain. Major Owen's evening was spent in doctoring the sick, and in trying, without instruments for extracting a bullet, to dress the wounds of the injured Catholics, while he listened to chiefs complaining that he started too early and halted too late, and tried to convince them that the army must either move forward quickly or starve. At night he sheltered in his own tent four Wanyoro women and two children—"Poor devils!"

To any reader who has with thought followed the quick progress of the events described in the preceding pages, it may illustrate the difficulty of guiding a campaign from Pall Mall, or a distant colony from Downing Street, to remark that, three hours after the defeat of the Mohammedans, letters at last arrived from Kampala, in which Major Owen received direct orders to leave Salt Lake Fort at once and return with Mr. Grant to Uganda, an order issued a month before in the midst of the apparent danger from the Mohammedan rebellion, and undoubtedly prompted by the most earnest desire for his safety. Major Owen replied that he would effect the withdrawal with all possible speed, but pointed out that the population of Usongora and Toru, the friendly Wanyoro who had been moved from the protection of Fort 2 to the protection of Fort 3,

and the whole population surrounding Forts 3 and 4, in addition to the Soudanese soldiers, would probably desire to follow to Uganda; and if they did not follow, or could not be admitted, they would either be enslaved or murdered by Kabrega; and that in any event the whole of Unyoro, Toru, and the northern frontier would fall into the hands of Arabs and hostile Mohammedans. As circumstances stood, he had also the Mohammedans to deal with, and no food sufficient for any other than the few Soudanese soldiers and the Christian army could be obtained quickly on the Uganda frontier.

"I have sent Grant round to Salt Lake to stop an attack there, and later to withdraw it. I have told the chiefs the burden of the scheme. They are talking and talking for hours. It has struck me, since writing Grant rough orders, that I might save all the murder and slavery that will ensue on this move by offering to run this myself. I hate handing all these people over to their fate. I feel very much like resigning rather than do so, spoiling all my chances for the future. Determined to give the Mohammedans a chance of coming in, though they have scorned it hitherto, and shall wait here to-morrow."

After the flight of the Mohammedans the army halted for two days. The Roman Catholics were weary, and scattered over the country searching for food or fugitives. All through the first day they returned in detachments with captured women and cattle, while their chiefs held interminable *shauris*, discussing the doubtful future. As peace was desired, and not war, one of the prisoners was sent to the Mohammedans offering peace, if the chiefs were prepared to go to Kampala and would bring in the rifles. The following day was granted them for compliance.

The lesson had been sufficient. The Mohammedans were completely disorganised and starving. Their chiefs hastened to comply, bringing the rifles and agreeing to go to Kampala. Arrangements were made for the march, and next day the return journey commenced.

"*July* 22.—March began. Went out to try and find zebra, but failed. Shot five pigeons and three guinea-fowl for the pot. We want it badly. I learn the Waganda are now taking to marry one wife and stop children. Since the slave-trade is disappearing, the call is not so great. With this and war they are considerably depopulated. Letter from the chiefs saying they had decided to send back to Uganda all Mohammedan women who wished to go. I left this question for themselves to decide, as I considered they were entitled to determine it. Speke's explanation about the first King of Uganda seems true. They are now trying hard to recover their lost history. I learn a large number of Mohammedans have already been killed by the Wanyoro."

"*July* 23.—Awakened by hearing Waganda marching by my tent. On inquiry I learnt the Christians were going to Uganda. Immediately wrote to Christian general expostulating at their being sent off without consulting me. Half an hour afterwards the chiefs were at my tent, and I was informed the Waganda had burnt their huts and started of their own accord, and that they had done this unbeknown to the chiefs. I am left with fifteen Askari and a few Christian Waganda in the midst of the lately hostile Mohammedans. Accordingly I talked to the Mohammedan chiefs on the subject. I said that it was most unmilitary. The Christian Waganda had gone 6 miles off, and if the Mohammedan chiefs liked to play the game low down,

they could come to-night, take me, and then say, 'How now? we want this and that.' They allow it. I spoke rather straight, and they seemed to like it. I said, however, that had I expected the Christian Waganda were going to trot off to anywhere they pleased, I should have brought more Askari, and that whatever they did I should not allow my authority to be set at nought. If the Christians were *tired*, I could finish the business myself; I had already sent for fifty Askari, Mr. Grant was bringing the Maxim, and I was perfectly ready to take care of myself. This had the desired effect. They said they were ready to do what I said and go where I liked. Kabrega all this time is not standing still. The ivory which ought to be ours is being given for rifles and powder to be used against ourselves. All the chiefs think the removal of the forts will be a serious blow to Uganda."

The plan was that the Mohammedan chiefs were to go to Fort 4, and thence to Kampala, whilst the remainder of the Mohammedans made their way to a district south-west of Unyoro, for the purpose of awaiting the decision of the Acting Commissioner. At that time Major Owen had no knowledge that a letter had already been despatched by Captain Macdonald, stating he had decided to drive the Mohammedans out of Uganda and allow them to go to any fate or place which chance might bestow. This letter had been sent by a Christian messenger who was unable to pass the Mohammedan lines without detection. It did not reach Major Owen for thirteen days, when he had already left Fort 4, and had necessarily made a decision and arrangement upon his own discretion, inasmuch as no orders or instructions had reached him, and he was ignorant of the policy being pursued by the distant government at Kampala.

On the march to Fort 4, news arrived that Kabrega was advancing with a large force to the north by Fort 3, assisted by some Waganda. He too must have heard rumours of evacuation, for it subsequently appeared that he expected to find the country adjoining the forts undefended. Possibly he wished to capture the Mohammedans as slaves or enlist them for a combined attack. His intentions were speedily frustrated. Orders were sent to Mr. Grant at Fort 3 to drive him back at once, Major Owen intending to despatch the Mohammedans under the charge of the Christians from Fort 4, and if necessary make a flank attack over the river Misisi. But after stealing a few women, Kabrega learned that his information was incorrect and returned. His sudden advent, however, was an earnest of events to be expected on the withdrawal of the Soudanese troops.

"*July* 25.—Letter to say Kabrega is between Forts 2 and 3 in force, and is on the point of attacking the forts; that he had asked some Christian Waganda chiefs to assist him, but they had refused, owing to white men being there. Wrote to Grant to go for them, give them snuff, and return *viâ* Fort 3 to Fort 4, and meet me there, whilst I took on the Waganda army to Fort 4, and, if the news true, make a counter-attack over the Misisi on Kabrega, detaching Mohammedans with the Christian chiefs to go to their Shambas *en route*. I dare not leave the Waganda army, or they would return to Uganda. Some have already gone for Uganda, and I think their chiefs were in the know. Anyhow I told them if they wanted to go to Uganda, to go; but that since they had agreed to proceed to Fort 4 with the Mohammedans, I was counting on this and I could not brook any delay. Let it be either one thing or the other. So to-day they marched in as direct

a line as I could guess, no one having been the road before. They have, however, a great many sick, and the food, of course, is terribly short.

"For the nonce I cannot withdraw Salt Lake Fort. Grant has Kasagama to look after. He can bring Kasagama down to Makwenda's, where he can make his decision whether to remain in Toru or come under the shelter of a new fort, for which Grant can select suitable spot and commence building work. I can take back the Mohammedans and return to join him. I think it better I should go myself to Salt Lake and take Grant too. I can then withdraw from fort to fort, commencing from Salt Lake, and taking what people like to follow me and dare not remain, either to Usongora, or Unyoro, or Toru. The Wanyema and Kabrega's people will then race for the dead carcass.

"*Shauri* of Protestant chiefs. It was agreed the Protestants should carry thirty loads ivory and the Catholics twenty loads down from Fort 4. The Catholic commander has cut it with his men. He told the Protestants that all his people were camped just in front. They now find the Catholics have gone to Uganda. Got lots of bananas, thank goodness. All the natives have retired to caves."

"*July* 26.—Lost my watch on the road. With the whole army following in single file, it looked like 1000 to 1 against finding it whole. Sent back two Askari quite 3 miles. They found it still going. Large presents of potatoes and bananas taken from the Shambas where we camped, and sent by Protestant chiefs to me. This is to remind me, doubtless, that one good turn deserves another, as we are approaching the fort and they hope to get some salt, which I haven't got."

"*July* 27.—Marched into Fort 4. Found Grant.

He said Kabrega's people had come close to Fort 3, stolen some women, and returned. He hears they are collected the other side of the Misisi. Protestant chiefs complained of Catholics having decamped after promising to carry ivory, and having left them to do it all. I quite think the Catholics have behaved confoundedly badly. Protestants agree to remain until the Mohammedan chiefs come up. Please goodness, that's to-night."

"*July* 28.—Mohammedan chiefs not arrived, so I can't start. It's a terrible nuisance, delaying my arrival at Kampala, all through the Christian chiefs not keeping the Mohammedans with them as they promised. Paid visit to the Protestant commander; told him I hoped he was enjoying himself with no food, and that it would make him keep promises in future. Some of the Mohammedans came in. They said the others had gone on with their people. Agreed that all Mohammedan chiefs should be sent on to meet me at Sikuala's, and from there accompany me to Kampala. Sikuala's is about two hours beyond Makwenda's. Mohammedan chiefs say they had commenced eating the roots of banana trees when peace was signed. Shall start to-morrow, *viâ* Laekula's Shambas."

"*July* 29.—Started, after waiting two hours for Christians to send carriers for Tom Nubey, my interpreter, who is too ill to walk. After a march of 18 miles camped in Shambas belonging to Laekula. Two nasty swamps. Little food. I got fever very bad on march, and had to lie down and drink brandy and quinine. Poured with rain. One Askari, one woman, and children not arrived. I sent two lots of Askari for them. Man brought in numbed with rain. Two more parties, one with lantern that night and another in morning, so far have failed to find the woman."

"*July* 30.—Little water, no food, except a little at Laekula's Shambas, where Laekula lives, about 5 miles from last Shambas. Saw him. He gave me some fried fish; I gave him some quinine for fever. Halted after about 16 miles at Mackay's Kionga. This chief, who is under Makwenda, says Laekula came and drove him out of his Shambas, and occupied them till he heard of advance of Protestant army. The feeling between Protestants and Catholics is anything but good. One woman killed by hyæna on way."

"*July* 31.—Food reported to be so far away, I decided to start at 2 A.M. with sick Waganda. After marching 14 miles, however, we reached plenty of potatoes at Shambas of Protestant chief, Bilati. We had a terrible swamp to cross half-way, called Navikassi. Ibrahim says reason of Gordon giving up Khartoum was that two Martini-Henry rifles were brought to prove the success of Dervishes at Metemmeh, hence his belief in defeat of English army and consequent surrender. Says Kassala road to Khartoum no good; way is by Berber. This of course is well known.

"They have had no rain here for four months. This is as it is in Unyoro. People will move to a place N.N.E. and chief remain, until rain has enabled him to grow more food. Doctored all the people. Protestant chiefs very down in their luck. They wish to know whether in the English army, if one regiment left the others, they would be punished, for they said their custom was, when a matter of this sort occurred, to burn their houses, take their goods, and make a big man a small man. I told them, if they asked me as a soldier and a man I thought the behaviour quite inexcusable, but for an official reply I could merely advise their representation of the case at Kampala, where I should also report my view of the situation. Had the

army been put under my command I should have insisted on their immediate return, but I had no authority in this respect. I merely assumed command on the supposition that, since they had been given Government rifles, it was the wish of the Commissioner that the Waganda should assist me. I had already told the Waganda I had received no orders in regard to them, and was by no means ready to assert myself to this extent."

"*August* 1.—Marched 19 miles through an arid and totally foodless country to Kisongora's Shambas."

At this place a messenger arrived on 1st August with the letter of Captain Macdonald on the subject of the Mohammedans, and letters showing that Sir Gerald Portal, in the absence of news, had not fully understood the position of affairs in Unyoro and Toru and the difficulties of the food-supply—subjects which led to some letter-writing and to a subsequent complete understanding. Sir Gerald Portal had been disturbed by the position of Major Owen after the death of Shukri Effendi, and by the attitude of the Wanyema, but on hearing that the threatened storm had not burst, he wrote on his way to the coast from Kabras:—

"All's well that ends well; and as this episode ends with a concentration of all our forces and responsibilities within Uganda itself, you have rendered the whole country a great service. I am awfully glad you are all right again. Take care of yourself, keep well, and the best of luck to you."

And again, on 26th July, from Mummia's:—

"I have just had my great anxiety about you relieved by a letter from Macdonald. Thank God, you are all right, and going strong. Poor old chap, you have had a cursed time out there."

On the next day a 6-mile march led to Makwenda's,

and also to lengthy *shauris* with Christian chiefs and such Mohammedan chiefs as had arrived.

After a day's halt, occupied in choosing a site for a fort, 2 miles south-west of Makwenda's and within 2 miles of the lake, and waiting for the arrival of Mohammedan chiefs, Major Owen hurried forward towards Kampala. When 20 miles had been covered, news arrived that Captain Macdonald was not waiting at Kampala, but had preferred to come out to meet the returning forces and settle pending questions away from the capital.

In view of the squabbles between the two parties of Catholics and Protestants in Uganda, and the necessity of avoiding any tampering with the Soudanese soldiers by the Mohammedans as a third party, that settlement was not too favourable to the Mohammedans. They were offered the choice of migration to German territory, where Captain Langheld had expressed his willingness to receive them, or to give up the chief rebels and their guns and to live dispersed amongst the Christians, or to be driven out of the country to the south by force. These offers were at once despatched to the Mohammedan chiefs, while Major Owen returned with some additional Askari to join the Protestant army. At the suggestion of renewed war, however, that army had quietly melted away. The Protestant general alone remained with fifty followers, the Catholic arrived with thirty.

The Waganda had evidently so little stomach for more fighting that some delay occurred in forming a single strong column for the attack, if necessary. Fortunately the necessity did not arise. The Mohammedans themselves settled all difficulties by the policy of scuttle. One chief and his followers fled hastily to German territory, another to Kabrega, and a third to Koki,

whence Lieut. Villiers diverted their line of march into the territory of Germany. So ended the Mohammedan rebellion which had placed Major Owen in so dangerous a position. Night by night he had lain down to sleep with the soldiers scheming and muttering around him. At any moment a dastardly blow might have ended the authority of Her Britannic Majesty in the lands of Toru, Usongora, and Unyoro, by the murder of the one European who held those soldiers in check, and with coolness, energy, and daring maintained his power, one amongst so many thousands.

CAPTAIN E. R. OWEN ON *FATHER O'FLYNN.*

CHAPTER V

PLACING THE NEW FORTS

IN July 1893 the policy to be pursued in Uganda was the completion of the withdrawal of the forts in the west, and the continuance of the settlement of Uganda proper, by the endeavour to make the Protestants and Roman Catholics dwell together in peace. In this manner concentration was intended to be effected; and in dealing with concentration the possibility of expansion, and the breaking of the barrier between Arabs and Mohammedans, of which Major Owen had so long seen the importance, were not forgotten in the plans of Captain Macdonald, the Acting Commissioner.

Far in the north at Wadelai there was still in existence or supposed existence a garrison of Soudanese under Mulah Bey. This garrison might have to be relieved, but an expedition sent in that direction would probably meet with hostility from Kabrega, the King of Unyoro. If diplomacy could not obtain Kabrega's support, force would have to be used, and therefore, as the Soudanese garrisons were to be concentrated, it was advisable that they should be placed in Singo, the province lately assigned to the Catholics upon the frontiers of Uganda. In that province the forts could be so located as to afford an easy means of communication with the frontier of Unyoro, and a suitable point of attack.

The time was not yet ripe for immediate action. The line of communication by means of the forts had to be formed, soldiers required to be drilled, the state of Uganda must become more settled, though no lasting peace or undivided control of the head waters of the Nile could result until the King of Unyoro was either frightened or defeated.

The first points to be considered were the removal of the garrisons and the location of the new forts. While Mr. Grant was despatched to bring down the Soudanese and their followers to Fort 4, making provision for supplying Kasagama and other friendly chiefs with guns and powder, if they did not choose to move within the protection of the forts, Major Owen was detailed alone to march over Singo and discover the best sites for the new forts, in a direction tending from Makwenda's, where already a fort had been planned, to some suitable post upon Kabrega's frontier.

"*August* 13.—Long talk with Macdonald. Intends crossing to Lake Albert, meantime compelling submission from Kabrega by diplomacy or force. This is good. We didn't go to bed till late, planning arrangements against Kabrega."

"*August* 14.—I am to make outposts in Singo *versus* Kabrega, and survey surrounding country and take its position. Garrisons of forts to be brought to Makwenda's first and thence distributed. Feeding the people I don't look forward to."

"*August* 15.—Macdonald a good man for the job. He proposes advancing on Kabrega in three columns, and going to the Albert Lake if Kabrega deserts his capital. I have pointed out that there would be the Salt Lake and Toru ready for the Wadelai garrison to occupy on being brought down, thus costing

us nothing. I think this commends itself. I really think my original plan will be carried out."

"*August* 16.—Marched to Makwenda's, 16 miles. It is proposed to have potatoes dried and bananas dried. Then, on arrival of the people from the forts, each Askari is to be told off to Shambas to supply his family, he and he alone being responsible. Afterwards a market must be formed by buying shells for cloth, and giving out sufficient shells each day for the *posho* to a Swahili, who will account for it and be allowed a percentage amounting to about ten shells per day. Arranged storing potatoes, etc., water-supply, and taking over stores; finished letters; measured fort. With reference to Ciccoculi, the chief on Kabrega's frontier, if after travelling round I have any idea of holding it as salient position I may have to fight, as they are reported to possess 2000 guns."

"*August* 18.—Checked cloth and attended sick all day. Fisher (missionary) dined."

On 19th August Captain Macdonald and Major Owen left Makwenda's, and after three days' march eastward, over the 34 miles between Makwenda's and Kampala, reached the capital on 21st August. A week was spent at Kampala in inspecting forts, *shauris* with King Mwanga, who is described as "most affable, with a cruel, sensual, and at times vacant face," and a visit to Port Alice, the site selected by Sir Gerald Portal for the Commissioner's residence on the borders of Lake Victoria Nyanza, 22 miles distant from Kampala. On 28th August, with a small party of twenty-five Askari and twenty-three followers, Major Owen again reached Makwenda's, whence his exploration of Singo was to begin.

Makwenda's was situated in a good food district and formed an advantageous site for a depôt. Thither

from Fort 4 the Soudanese were to be brought previous to their division amongst the new forts. Preparations were accordingly made for resting-places during the march, grass being burnt, bananas collected, trenches dug, and cattle-sheds built. The lines of the garrison encampment were also drawn out. Thence, on 3rd September, Major Owen and a flying detachment left for the purpose of selecting sites for the proposed new forts, but unfortunately the rain which had been so wanted earlier in the year in Unyoro was now falling daily, with intervals of very hot sun, making the march irksome and difficult. The diary continues as follows:—

"*August* 31. — Gave Makwenda a mosquito-curtain. He says he has very few guns and those much scattered. Doubt getting 100 from him. Says he can get 1000 loads of food in a day.

"Went duck-shooting on lake. Swarms of them. Scenery lovely. Lake full of fish. They throw a circle of spears where they see bubbles, to catch them, with great effect. Tremendous feed—three goats being killed on island. Makwenda gave me one goat and five fowls. Heaps of fowls here, and M. keeps his goats here. Excellent site for hospital. Got caught in terrible thunderstorm returning. Sky turned black, and Waganda began lying down in the dug-outs. Got back about 10 P.M. *To-morrow* I must *posho* porters and Askari for two days, see Laekula, inspect resting-places of Soudanese passing through, draw out lines for encampment and storehouse, collect *wimbi* from Fisher for cloth, buy bananas for storing, hurry up stores, sort medicines, sort and prepare provisions for march, pack one box, leave another, transfer papers to tin box, copy map, mend prismatic compass, get candles from Fisher and flour from Makwenda, draw

out lines for cattle-shed, have well dug, burn grass, drill Soudanese."

"*September* 3. — Left Makwenda's with five Askari carrying guns and ten rounds of ammunition, and three porters without guns."

"*September* 4.—Marched 18 miles to Kitabya in Kanguru's Land. Hardly any food. Bad swamps. Sketched. Donkey nearly drowned. Only marched 2 miles an hour. Rain. Succession of hills. The soil very rich."

"*September* 5.—Marched about 15 miles. Soil good, but mostly red loam, well watered by various streams and rivers. We were marching through range of fine open hills all day, fairly wooded and excellent grazing. Rained hard about noon. Camped at Msali's Shambas."

"*September* 6.—Marched 9 miles, Makwenda's district. Fine open country, very hilly, and many rivers. Unyoro visible through opening east and north-east all along. Food at halt, and for 3 miles before it. Very rocky round Kilimagwa Hill a few miles from halt, and much iron. Sketched. Rain after reaching camp. Lots of food here. Makwenda and Laekula with me. He says he is uncertain whether Ciccoculi will provide food for pay, but starts to-morrow to ask, and will inform me."

"*September* 7.—Marched 16 miles to Lumbya's Shambas. Sun terrible. My head very bad. Very hilly. Less swamp than usual. Guide disappeared, so information inadequate. Sketched. Left Makwenda at last halt. He wanted to wait for his people. Warmed him up well. I shall do so again; he's much too pleased with himself, and thinks my time is at his disposal when he likes. Fair Shambas here, but nothing like last halt."

"*September* 8.—Marched 9 miles to Petros, Chief of Ntute. There seems plenty of food. They say this is three days from Kabrega. Head better. First day since starting I haven't been wet through."

"*September* 9.—Started from Ntute in pouring rain, and marched 5 miles. My compass got rain in it and refused to act, but managed to take a back angle in afternoon when it had dried a little. All five of my chickens being carried were brought in to me as dead. Revived them all by the fire. They had appeared quite dead with cold rain. Standing out in the burning sun trying to extract information and receiving different answers every time is rather more trying than anything I know. I impress on them I'm taking all this trouble for them, and if they don't help me in every way I shall take no further trouble and tell the King why. That little Makwenda was full of promises and never keeps one. I'll report his conduct and get him a word of warning from his blooming Sultan. I walked to Lemba's Hill, a good position for fort. Kabrega's Hill was plainly visible, but mosquitoes frightful, and I fear it might not be healthy, though there is food, and Kitumbi river quite holds it safe. The breaking down of my compasses is sad. They're awkward enough to see a bearing with at any time, but now I fear they cannot be depended upon. Took a bumper of quinine, feeling rather more feverish than usual. This sun is terrible now, far worse than I've ever felt it; and getting soaked every day to conclude with is fairly trying."

"*September* 10.—Happening to hear of a road leading to the Kafu river, as well as another place for a fort, near Petros, I've returned. Took one bearing only, yesterday, which can stand. Camped 4½ miles from Petros's Ntute. Walked from arrival till dark to

the top of every likely-looking position. There are many with steep sides, but invariably a rocky impossible site on the top. Two roads appear to lead to the Kafu, one on either side from here. At present there is very little water anywhere about here. I was presented with two fowls wrapped in banana leaves and many vegetables of sorts. Lemba's Hill will have to be the place for the fort."

"*September* 11.—Marched to Lemba's Hill again *en route* to Bugani, Mrumma, and Fort 4. The mosquitoes here are too terrible. All the land very low—one large flat of low-lying land covered with trees and swamps as far as Kabrega's Hills. Feel so bad I cannot sketch as I should. I don't suppose so many different sorts of insects were ever seen as are collected in my tent, after having torn up this beastly undergrowth to get the tent in some shade. I must go and look at position again, as they give me a different hill as Kabrega's post every time."

"*September* 12. — Marched 7 miles. Lovely country though flat, covered with wild flowers and short, thick grass. Lots of food. Was very angry at finding the halt so soon, but Waganda declared there was no food farther on, unless we marched till 3 P.M. I think they lied, but shall see to-morrow. If so, there'll be trouble. They had yesterday roughly bridged all the rivers for us to cross. After plotting route went to look at Micah's position, nearly 5 miles away. He had a great feed for us and presented me with chickens, pombe, etc. The hill beyond his would do as a site, but there appears to be no road to Kabrega's except by Ciccoculi's district. There used to be one, but it is unused now. Kabrega's Hill is almost due north of this. The delay, viz. three days at least, owing to these Waganda breaking their promises, may

make me miss Grant at Fort 4. I sent letter yesterday per Waganda, telling him, if possible, to postpone starting till 18th if he could do so without complicating the food question. Poured, thunder and lightning as usual. Hear that Ciccoculi says he should like to come to arrangements with us, but must ask Kabrega first."

"*September* 13.—Marched from Micah's, 12 miles, to Katorogo's, Bugani district, very hilly and hard-going. There is not a great deal of food here, the Mohammedans have done so much harm. Katorogo a nice man. Determined to march out to frontier line to-morrow, 4 miles, and from there to Mrumma's, as there may be a position. It is only one hour direct from here to Mrumma's. Wind south-east, rain. Rivers roughly bridged temporarily, fine grazing lands."

"*September* 14.—Marched as I had decided, 7 miles, to Wanyika's Buru. Open hills, fine grazing. This position looks bang on to Unyoro and its population. The Kilongaro river running at the foot of this mountain is the boundary between Uganda and Unyoro, and easily crossed. An advanced hill joining the big one would be just large enough for an unassailable fort holding fifty. The food, I am sorry to say, is short; but I think that, with the help of Katorogo, it will do. This garrison should be composed of as many fighting men as possible, with few followers, as the fewer mouths to feed the better. They express themselves ready to try to supply food. Many of the people are Wanyoro here. From here Ciccoculi will be at our mercy when necessary. After choosing the above spot, marched on to Mrumma's. Nice chief, too, but food not sufficient, and position too far from the frontier."

"*September* 15.—Rained, wind south-east. *Sofari*

stopped by a huge snake, 15 feet long. I shot him. The Soudanese eat the fat. What won't they eat! The women put elephant fat on their locks, which lasts for months. The snake had a sort of hook on end of tail. Swahilis call it *chutu*, very *poisonous*."

Buru having been selected as the site for the advanced post, a course to the west was taken, in order to meet Mr. Grant with the Soudanese soldiers and their belongings at Fort 4. The second day a letter arrived from Mr. Grant, intimating that he was very short of carriers, not having been able to obtain any from Kasagama. Urgent messages had to be despatched to Makwenda's, and to Mr. Fisher, the missionary who had lately established his mission at that place, to send carriers, and others were asked for from Laekula, the chief of the district. On the 15th September Major Owen pressed forward to Fort 4, and in two days more, after a forced march of 27 miles, reached it in a torrent of pouring rain.

The Soudanese and their followers—4000 people—had just arrived, and as there was no food, the march forward had to be commenced without delay. Hastily dividing the force according to the forts they were to build and occupy, he detached a Soudanese commandant with one party of 1000 to march to Ntute along the road by which he had just arrived, while he himself advanced to Makwenda's with a party of 1627, and Mr. Grant followed with the rearguard.

The Askari, the porters, interpreters, women, children, and slaves formed a motley gang. 29 loads of ivory, with the money, viz. 10 loads of beads and 4 loads of cloth, a Maxim gun consisting of 15 loads, 110 guns with ammunition, wire, powder, an anvil, and tarpaulins, 23 cattle, 31 sheep and goats—all added to the difficulties of transport.

Orders had been given that the Soudanese and their followers were to come, and at once. They came. Men, women, and children marched and marched on. There could be no halt. Stragglers, if not butchered or enslaved by alert enemies, would probably die of starvation. Sick or diseased or covered with ulcers and sores, they must still march forward, over hill and through swamp, and across the Navikassi river. If they delayed, there was no food, although the late rains had helped to relieve the drought and scarcity of the last four months. Half the loads were left midway under an armed guard, and the carriers were employed in aiding the dying children. These they carried a few hundred yards and deposited in the grass by the path, returning to bring on those in the rear to the resting-place of the others if and when they could be found.

Some had marched for days from the distant Salt Lake Fort, with little food between Forts 3 and 4, and at the end of the long journey the women and children had scarcely strength to struggle on through the swamps and the cold, pouring rain. When after that eight days' march the gaunt soldiers marched into Makwenda's with their wives, children, and servants, eleven had died on the way, and eleven more were missing. The rearguard suffered greater hardships from having spent several more days on the road. Without pausing to consider whether this evacuation was necessary or not, some of the facts here given may serve as an illustration of the horrors of the slave caravans at that time being continuously driven between Unyoro and the western side of the great lakes of Central Africa.

Fortunately Makwenda had collected 1500 loads of food, and the people could rest and eat for a day, but

as Mr. Grant was approaching with the rear column, the numbers had to be quickly reduced. Accordingly Mr. Forster was detached with No. 5 Company (102 soldiers, 2 interpreters, and 168 followers) to the site of the proposed fort near Ntute. Four days later Lieut. Villiers started with another detachment of about 51 soldiers and 300 followers for Port Alice, and Major Owen, though very ill, left the same day to follow Mr. Forster, whom he found encamped at Ntute after five days' march. Leaving Mr. Forster at a site now named Fort Lugard, about 3 miles from Ntute, to build the fort and establish the garrison, Major Owen proceeded with a half-detachment and 300 followers for the frontier site at Buru, which he called Fort Grant. The collecting of palm logs, marking out the fort and lines, removing rocks and ants' nests, pegging and building, occupied the days following until the bulk of the work had been completed and the men had settled down in their new quarters.

"*September* 18.—Halted at Fort 4. It took me most of morning telling off officers, N.C.O.'s, and porters, according to their new locations, so that the largest number of followers may go to the Soudanese settlement proposed in Usoga and the new garrison at Port Alice, and the smaller number to Makwenda's, Ntute, and Buru. Carriers too are a nice business. Laekula came in to-night with some, so I shall be able to take on most of the loads to-morrow, I hope. Shall start myself to-morrow. The smell here is awful."

"*September* 19.—Sent them off—first the lot for Makwenda's, second the Ntute division, third the Buru division. I saw loads right and followed, marching about 9 miles to some Shambas, where there is hardly any food. Camped each lot separate. Grant

follows with Usoga lot. Goodness knows how they are to feed."

"*September* 20.—Marched to Mhende Hill, about 5 miles. Received black bull as present from Ciccoculi. Left as many loads as possible under guard. Sent back Laekula's carriers to Grant. Did just sketch."

"*September* 21.—Marched 12 miles. Guide said he knew the short road but missed it. Katawanga river deep and nasty crossing. Took another guide from Laekula to give the names of rivers, etc., and to accompany us to Singo. He has run away on arrival. Fortunately two messengers arrived from Kampala, bringing letter. I retain them to carry. We shall get no water to-morrow till Navikassi river; that's about nine hours' march, with all these wretched children and cripples. Worst news is, nothing had been heard by Kampala messengers about any carriers from Makwenda's. Have written Grant to come on and leave loads with guard to be brought forward when carriers do arrive."

"*September* 22.—Marched to Navikassi river, about 10 miles. Quantities of elephants. One drove forward the column. Went on at once and got a shot after terrible walk in swamp. Came on a herd within 30 yards, trunks only visible thrown up. Wounded one. I dare go no nearer, and I could not have seen if I had, so judged where the temple might be and fired. My small party ran at best speed. Waiting to see if they cleared, I found uplifted trunks coming towards me with terrible trumpeting, upon which I retired too, and was jolly glad to get away, as one has no chance in these deep swamps if they once catch sight of you. Elephants afterwards retired. Went back to camp and had another turn later, but they winded us, and cleared

before I could get to them. Wind all over the place. Did not get back till 8 P.M., very hard day. These same elephants scattered Grant and ten Askari."

"*September* 23.—Crossed Navikassi and marched to Bilati's small Shambas, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Navikassi took me myself twenty minutes to cross. It's thus about $\frac{1}{3}$ mile, as we bridged it last night. There's no food here. It's very sickening seeing these wretched devils struggling along covered with ulcers, etc. I am giving them very short marches. Only one death as yet, and that a very old man off his head."

"*September* 24.—Marched 18 miles, poured. Food here for big *sofari*. 5.30 P.M., and cattle, goats, and many people not in. I have sent to order rear-guard and people behind to camp, and come on in morning, though I am anxious for those that can to reach here, as I fear food is scarce, and here they can get potatoes. Usbashis report there is no serious illness of any in rear, so I shall not go back as I was prepared to do."

"*September* 25.—Two children reported dead. Damn these officers, they're not worth paying for. I must go back and see for myself and halt to-day to give the people a chance. I find ten are dead altogether. If it was not for the immediate dissolution of these C.O.'s and half C.O.'s and the unsatisfactory effects probably of reducing and changing officers in command at the last moment before leaving, I should certainly reduce half of them. Those who would take their places, however, are worse. I have given them a drubbing which will teach them a lesson though, I think. I shot three hartebeests on my return after having people buried, and was enabled to give out a good deal of meat to the sick."

"*September* 26.—Marched to Makwenda's, 8 miles. Two rivers about ¾ mile across and deep, besides water up to the knees for another mile. Could not get people in last night. Lost nine goats, interpreter lost twenty. Four people dead from the swamp, cold and rain together. Fisher and I went all the way back at night to first swamp, and finding people comfortably camped, thought it better to leave them till morning. On return found letter from Macdonald stating necessity for my returning again to Singo, and instructing Forster, who is to be at Ntute, in his duties. After the marching I have had lately, in fact ever since coming, and being wet through every day, I badly want a rest. It comes so much harder when I might have been saved a fortnight's marching if I had been able to do as I wished, to say nothing of the entire and unnecessary exposure of all these wretched people."

"*September* 27.—Villiers and Wilson here. Fisher and I went to swamp at night, after getting people in all day and feeding them."

"*September* 28.—The last of my lot came in yesterday. The total losses *en route* appear to be :—

FROM NO. 4 COMPANY.

Rehan Effendi, in charge of	1 Wanyoro dead, 2 lost.
Fadi Mulah Bokheet	1 Boy dead.
Fadi Abdullah	1 Girl dead.
Saboon Mulah	1 Girl dead.
Said Josara	1 Boy dead.
Abdullah Bokheet	1 Girl ran away.
Bilal Ranga	1 Girl ran away.
Abdullah Said	1 Girl ran away.

FROM PORT ALICE DRAFT.

Feyullah D'Enkowi	1 Girl ran away.
Ali Surur	1 Girl and 1 Boy ran away.
Said Jebora	1 Woman ran away.

FROM NO. 5 COMPANY.

Jardin Bukra	1 Boy, 1 Girl dead.
Juma Bilal	1 Boy, 1 Girl dead.
Mursal Hassan	1 Girl dead.
Fadi Zullah Sudan . . .	1 Woman ran away.
Abdullah Ibrahim . . .	1 Boy ran away.
Hamara (Interpreter) . .	1 Girl dead.

"Despatched No. 5 Company—100 of all ranks and 2 old Soudanese under Mr. Forster—to Ntute. I hope to catch them up before they arrive."

"*September* 29.—Grant arrived, says it is impossible to get his people here to-night, so will go back and camp with them. Walked part of the way back with him and got caught in rain. Have been so good-for-nothing with fever every day, when I finished what was absolutely necessary to be done every day, that I have simply had to chuck writing and voluntary labour of the lightest kind. Villiers rather surprised at the stately appearance of some of these old commissioned officers, and to hear that they were as big men as Selim Bey, also at the sight of all these people, says no one had an idea of the job it is."

"*September* 30.—Hope to get all of Grant's people in to-day, but fear it will not be so. This fever will not leave me. Walked up the hill and bought Shambas."

"*October* 1.—Am writing this now on 7th October. I have been so absolutely good-for-nothing with fever and touch of sun that I cannot do anything but sleep when I come into camp. I addressed the old unenlisted, who would not for a considerable time 'fall in' their belongings. I told them they would not be parted from their families, and that the Government was ready to provide a means of subsistence for their

many slaves if they liked to take it, viz. enlistment in the Reserve. This I addressed to the Mohammedan slaves too, telling those who wished to enlist to fall in. Enlisted seventy-six very good men."

"*October* 2.—Villiers got away with Port Alice lot, about 51 all ranks and some 300 followers. I started for Ntute, but only got 4 miles. Camped, very ill, food was sent for men."

"*October* 3.—Marched 13 miles. Dead beat. Could not write, head dizzy, racking headache, paining in every part, eye-sockets awful."

"*October* 4.—Marched 12 miles, keeping west. I could go no farther, but we got food from small chief. Very hilly march, rocky soil."

"*October* 5.—Marched 9 miles and then halted for the day to enable me to write necessary letters, as I cannot write after walking, I am so tired, seem so weak. Lion took child last night; they say it is gone. However ill, I'd like to have a go for it, but these people cannot spot whereabouts of feline beasts apparently."

"*October* 6.—Marched to Micah's. This is a short cut to my former route and makes the Ntute fort three days' hard marching from Makwenda's."

"*October* 7.—Marched 11 miles; beautiful rich undulating country, plenty of wood, not much water. Found Forster and party camped in very low place; they must be moved. Got back at dark after looking out for position, wet through."

"*October* 10.—Arrived at Petros and marched to Lemba's Hill, about 3 miles from Petros. I have decided this is the best place for fort, owing to doubt about water at the other sites. Named this hill Fort Lugard, native name is Nabata. Left Forster in charge."

"*October* 11.—Marched on with the Buru half-

company. Kitumbi river bad crossing. They had bridged it shockingly, so that the reeds caught one's legs and made it very hard to proceed. Donkey nearly drowned, one woman died. Lions are seen here, but they know not their whereabouts. We may probably get them when the grass is short. Wrote Forster on arrival names of forts: Buru, Fort Grant; Lemba's, Fort Lugard; Makwenda's, Fort Raymond."

"*October* 12.—Marched to Buru, about 8 miles, very hilly."

"*October* 13.—Gained information *re* rivers, frontiers, etc., after choosing site for fort. Learnt from big chief that Ciccoculi has no intention of bringing food. He has told Kabrega that he has driven us away and is preparing a large army to attack Kasagama. Wrote Macdonald. Wrote also to Wilson at Fort Raymond to hold in readiness seventy-five of all ranks, Maxim, ammunition, and rifles. Completed laying out the outside lines of this fort. All the site is cleared."

"*October* 14.—Decided to enlarge fort, it was too small; so now carry it back to rampart lines, thus increasing it 4 yards all round. Sent out porters and Askari for palm logs, etc. It's been hard to get rope made quick enough for the pegging. I found it was necessary to level to-day. Any number of enormous rocks to move, and ants' nests both above and under ground of great size to get out. I pegged out store and European house and levelled all, which took all day. Got out rocks and cleared large part of Soudanese lines. Make all work. The Waganda appreciate my discipline, I can see."

"*October* 15.—Worked hard at fort and completed clearing all Soudanese lines. Laekula arrived; long *shauri re* boundary between the Catholics and the Protestants, which ends in their saying they know

nothing about it. I fear I shall have to walk it all down, six days' work, which is very trying, as I may want to attack at any moment. Received parcel from Fisher—salt, pencil, and candles."

"*October* 16.—Got up early to explain lines of Soudanese, etc., to Feraj Effendi before my departure on boundary question. Drilled the men on my return. Consented to see messenger from Ciccoculi. I think he is only touting our strength, wanted 'my word.' I told him to bring food; if I had wanted to fight I should have done so whilst in Unyoro; Ciccoculi had best consult his own interests by bringing food and becoming a friend to the white man, who could and would defend him against Kabrega if he wished it. He said food would be brought. Boundary men did not turn up till 2 P.M., so had to postpone reconnaissance."

"*October* 17.—The casual and unfinished way in which the boundary question has been dealt with causes much difficulty. It is only by a miracle more fighting has not taken place on the strength of it. The feeling between the sects has become very acute. The only information is the Catholics have been given part of Singo. I am now asked to settle the boundary, and nobody has any idea what the order meant. Both claims are entirely antagonistic. To-day I have visited the doubtful Shambas and examined the Catholic claim."

"*October* 18.—Finished the Catholic view. To-morrow I take the Protestant line and see that. Mail from England arrived. Caught me on my return from deciding the boundaries of the Protestants and the new Catholic district. First I've had since I've been in Uganda, about ten months. Read letters and papers. What joy!"

"*October* 19.—Find Protestant boundary a decidedly better and more simple line than the Catholic. I must hear what the Commissioner attempted as a boundary, lest I upset what he may have told chiefs and never published. Had to plot sketch in before starting, as I was so late in last night and couldn't resist letters during the little light that remained. Returned to Fort Grant to find the wrong drill had been carried on, and instead of the houses being built on the lines I had carefully pegged out, everything all over the place. It's really heartrending. If one' back is turned for an hour everything goes wrong. Found Soudanese woman in Shambas strictly against orders. Gave husband fifty. Complaints from Waganda that the Nubians have been stealing. The fact is, they don't care a damn for the black officers, and I don't wonder, for most of them are useless."

"*October* 20.—I made them pull down all houses built in wrong places, which, I trust, may be a salutary lesson. Drilled the men, and badly they want it. Had *shauri* with Laekula. He informed me Ciccoculi was sending to his master to ask if he should provide food for white men. I shall be absolutely disgraced in the eyes of Waganda and Wanyoro if I allow such d——d impertinence to go untouched. I find Laekula is in with Ciccoculi, and they are intriguing together. Asked Laekula for food. He said there was none. I had given orders, if he refused food, that the men must see for themselves and if necessary take food. They had to do so and found lots of it. I'm sorry to have had to do this, as it's against my policy, but men cannot starve."

Laekula thenceforward supplied food, but said he wished to leave Singo, in order to get some property in Buddhu. That property was rumoured to be ivory,

and it was said he was taking down slaves, ostensibly as servants, who had been sent to him by Ciccoculi for sale in the West, under the very nose of the commandant. His conduct was known at Kampala, and on his way to Buddhu he was arrested. Warnings of Ciccoculi's hostile preparations were also sent to Captain Macdonald, the Acting Commissioner.

On 1st November Major Owen started for an inspection of his new forts, and marched quickly by forced marches of 30, 23, 20, and 18 miles in four days under incessant rain, from Fort Grant to Fort Raymond (Makwenda's), in order to catch a caravan reported to be leaving for the coast, and send letters by it. The caravan had already started. His work therefore was directed to enlisting "belongings" for the Reserve, settling squabbles between chiefs, studying modes of cultivation, the prices to be paid at the market, supplies of labour and runners, and building additions to the fort and lines.

"*November 7.*—Had a busy day. First the boxes from Kampala had to be opened—half a box for me, half for poor Raymond. The latter almost entirely consisted of tobacco and paper. I thought, to save trouble in repacking, I would take it over *in toto.* Was told by Wilson and the chief Zachariah they could get no *ferruks* (Soudanese belongings) to join the Reserve. I had, however, no trouble in enlisting 25. Many are suffering from jiggers (including my dwarf, who absolutely is a purveyor of them). I shall leave the recruits to get well before taking any more on. They make up our Reserve to 135, so that 15 more will suffice, and that is just what there are. Raised Ibrahim's pay to 60 rupees. Explained my wants to Zachariah, viz. finish store, build brick house, complete boma, women to work at cultivation, no sale of food

except at market, Waganda labour at one hand of cloth for three days, pay of Waganda runners a half doti of cloth for journey to Kampala and return. Men much improved in drill. Had in Kabrega's brother who has just escaped. Learnt the distance from Ciccoculi's and Petros to Kabrega's is only two days' march. He says Kabrega has thousands of guns, and that 500 Askari have just come down to put themselves under him. He has taken them on and given them all they want. He had 200 before killed and seized all their guns. He has many Martinis. Kabrega kills people daily, as he says 'for glory,' and they like it; 'if they see his face they'd die with pleasure.' Ciccoculi is the half-way warehouse of ivory; all ivory or trade goods, etc., going to Kabrega stop and are passed by Ciccoculi; he tries to stand in with both parties; he has five houses, they say, full of ivory. Dined with Fisher; most excellent dinner I've had for a long time—three vegetables. Reduced market dues by one-half. Don Juan, the donkey, is as clever as a monkey and most useful."

On leaving Fort Raymond, Major Owen in three days' march reached Ntebe (Port Alice), where Lieut. Villiers had established his batch of the Unyoro garrisons. M. Lionel Dècle, a French traveller, who had come through from the Cape, was staying at Port Alice, and there it was announced that Colonel Henry Colvile, accompanied by a staff of officers, had arrived at Kampala to take over the command of Uganda. Next day, "assisted by a bull and a pony," Major Owen and M. Dècle marched to Kampala, where Colonel Colvile, after a quiet march from the coast, was awaiting them. Colonel Colvile was not slow in taking action, for which the groundwork had been already prepared during the rainy season.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNYORO WAR

"I SHALL be absolutely disgraced in the eyes of Waganda and Wanyoro if I allow such d——d impertinence to go untouched," may have been the measure of Major Owen's personal feelings with regard to Ciccoculi, after experience of the continuous delay in providing food-supplies which that chieftain had invariably excused on the plea that he must consult his master, the arch-raider Kabrega, King of Unyoro.

But in November 1893, upon the arrival of Colonel Colvile at Kampala, far graver issues were added to the desire or necessity of coercing Kabrega. It appeared that the new Commissioner of Uganda was well aware that it was expedient that the interests of Great Britain, as defined and laid down by the Anglo-German Treaty, should be consolidated not only in Uganda, but also in districts of the Upper Nile Valley north of the Albert Lake. There were vague rumours of expeditions from the Congo Free State under Captain von Kirckhoven, and from the French Congo under M. de Monteil, which it was most advisable to allay or investigate. A mission to Wadelai could alone determine the position of affairs, safeguard the interests of Great Britain on the upper waters of the Nile, and lead to peace and security.

The Commissioner, however, in arranging plans for

sending a mission to Wadelai, had to take into account the recent course of events in Uganda, and deal with the position as it existed at that time, without losing sight of the interests of the British Protectorate in the future. There could be no doubt that the position of Uganda was very seriously threatened by the growing strength of Kabrega, King of Unyoro. The importance and the power of Kabrega have already been mentioned. Recent events had only served to aggravate the overweening pride of the capitalist of Central Africa. The forts guarding the trade route to the west had been evacuated. Emin Pasha had long since gone. Kabrega believed that he himself had caused the evacuation of the forts; the death of Shukri had never met with retribution; and exaggerated rumour told him that the Soudanese soldiers, hampered by a train of camp followers, women, and children, were either assembled as a disorganised rabble, hungry and discontented, on the borders of Uganda, or had been dispersed to create terror and fear in Uganda proper.

The Mohammedan rebellion of the earlier months of the year had left the Mohammedans remaining in Uganda with sullen and angry feelings against the Government, and had caused a large remnant of their army to migrate, with their belongings, into Unyoro, where the King had granted them lands and added their fighting men to the strength of his forces. What wonder then that Kabrega should consider that the time had now come when the ancient rule of Unyoro could be established once again over his hated rival King Mwanga, and the chieftains of Uganda, and that an opportunity had arrived for driving the white men out of the country? He had already tried in October 1893 to induce Ciccoculi to attack and raid the fertile district of Toru, which so lately had been protected by

the Soudanese soldiers under the command of Major Owen on behalf of Her Britannic Majesty. The condition of the country showed that by an advance through Unyoro the Commissioner might be able to kill two birds with one stone.

It was impossible for Colonel Colvile to proceed to the north by a circuitous route, and to leave Uganda at the mercy of the King of Unyoro and of the Mohammedan deserters; and it was equally impossible to proceed against Unyoro with a small force, which might soon be annihilated if the unknown strength of the Dervishes in the north should be enlisted on behalf of Kabrega. Even if a small force was successful, the warlike and disturbed elements in Uganda, uncontrolled by the presence of Europeans, and then in a state of considerable ferment, might at once commence a civil war and probably destroy the missionaries and the few traders who still remained in the country. Colonel Colvile accordingly decided to denude Uganda of its fighting forces and take them with him. This course entailed the assemblage of a large army and great difficulties of transport and food-supply, but under the circumstances may be defended as the wisest course to have pursued.

At Kampala during November the Soudanese Askari and Waganda were gradually collecting and preparing for the start, the chieftains of the Waganda undertaking that their people should accompany them on a campaign for one month.

Meanwhile, it was most important that the threatened raid of Ciccoculi should be checked, and that Kabrega should receive, if possible, an early lesson in the fact that he could not with impunity threaten the frontiers of Uganda. On 19th November Major Owen left Kampala with M. Dècle, and after marching *via* Ntebe,

Kitambula, and Kasuju to Fort Raymond, started thence with Lieutenant Villiers, M. Dècle, 150 Askari (each carrying 100 rounds of ammunition), 80 porters, and a bad Maxim, for a five days' march to Mrumma's district, within about six hours' march of the camp of Ciccoculi. Many of his men had only been enlisted a month, half had never handled a gun before leaving Kampala, but in spite of the difficulties of the country he had been speedily able to make them devoted to himself, to drill them in feigned attacks, and to ensure keenness and confidence in the progress of their work.

"*November* 22.—Organised Askari, Lendus, and porters to take on the expedition and decided I could start to-morrow. Gave each Askari and Lendu haversacks and four days' food to carry, Askari 100 rounds of ammunition on person, 3 magazines, 2 boxes for the Maxim, 4 loads of cloth, and 1 of tools."

"*November* 23.—*From Makwenda's to Kajangoli's*, seven hours, 10 miles. Terrible swamp. Makwenda had not warned Kajangoli, and the food was insufficient. All these chiefs fiddle away their time at Kampala, leaving men in charge, who sometimes have no power over their people. They don't look after their lands. This chief says Ciccoculi has taken away all his ivory."

"*November* 24.—*From Kajangoli's to Makonsu*, four and a half hours, 11 miles. Got in very late, as we started late. Swamps."

"*November* 25.—*From Makonsu to Chatu*, 18 miles. Fine game country, with elephants. Hartebeest and antelope tracks, but grass too long to see them. Bought a dog. Talked with Rehan about the road between Lado and Wadelai. He says 200 men would be sufficient; it's a bad road but feasible; that Mulah Bey has never come down; that he hates the

other Askari here. Am very much afraid secret of our attack is out, though I've done all I can to put people off. Porters willing, and Askari keen, but half of them have only had gun in their hands for a *week* and enlisted a *month*."

"*November* 26.—*From Chatu to Katorogo's*, 12 miles. First part of march fairly flat; after crossing Navititi river, the boundary, found large plateaus with rivers between, good grazing, and fine scenery, some 7000 feet above the sea. Took Katorogo's evidence about Laekula's little goings-on. He prefers to give it at Kampala rather than sign. It is conclusive of the charges against Laekula. Rain is ceasing, I think. Drilled and practised attack on a hill."

"*November* 27.—*From Katorogo's to Mrumma's*, 8 miles. Found Forster there with fifty. Mrumma by no means obliging, evidently been got at, but quite ready to guide us to Ciccoculi's, as he before promised. He told me it was 5 miles. I decided therefore to start at 10 P.M. Villiers being bad with fever just before starting, we had to wait a bit, and didn't get off till nearly 11 P.M."

"*November* 28, *Sunday Morning*.—After marching hard all night, saw the huts in the middle of bank of high grass and shrubs. The first shot was fired at us, 7.30 A.M., and we carried the boma about 10 A.M., and burnt it. Many other villages were destroyed by the natives. I think they must have buried the ivory. Have decided to look to-morrow. After the fight we camped on high hill north of Ciccoculi's and were again attacked. We had to carry this hill, which they disputed. Throughout it was patent that the tactics of advancing and charging were preferable to firing. Fought on and off most of day. After the work done yesterday and in the night, it's a bit too much, as

there's no chance of sleep. Ciccoculi has gone to Kabrega. A Soudanese and also Mohammedan Waganda were identified amongst the enemy, so that facts and information go to prove that many of these assisted the Wanyoro. All dog-tired."

"*November* 29.—Marched to Fort Grant, as Dècle was very bad. Anticipating a return of his rheumatic fever, I could not divide my force; so considerably against my will could not dig for the ivory, lest he should be left thus with no doctor's comforts or stretchers. The men were too beat to stand any chance of catching those running away."

"*November* 30.—Waited a day, intending to make another night attack. Unfortunately a black night, so had to give it up. Despatched Feraj Effendi and Rehan to try and take some prisoners and to get food. Party returned with food, but no prisoners. News arrived of intended attack in force by Kabrega on the fort. Placed outposts and destroyed bridges. Afterwards heard he didn't mean coming."

This account of the destruction of Ciccoculi's stronghold may be supplemented from the official reports. It appears that news of the approach had leaked out, and the chief and the women had escaped, but about 3000 men defended the village, shooting at first through the long grass, and finally retiring towards the chief's kraal. The attacking force, though unarmed with bayonets and wearied with the long marches, resolutely advanced, led by Major Owen, and reserving their fire, dashed at a run towards a slight eminence lying between the kraal and the bank of grass. The Wanyoro, aided by some Mohammedan Waganda and Soudanese slaves, rushed down the hill to reach the position first, but were anticipated. They fell back once again on the village, the Soudanese following in

hot pursuit. The pursuers were within about 150 yards of the kraal, when the main body of the enemy set fire to it and fled into the dense bush. The Maxim would not work, and the attacking forces were too exhausted to follow; but they had captured the kraal, killed seventy-two of the enemy, including several chiefs and the son of Ciccoculi, and taken ten prisoners, with a loss to their own side of one killed and two wounded. Fighting lasted almost throughout the day.

The effect of this victory was most decisive. The Soudanese gained confidence by finding that they were well led, that without stopping to fire they could gain more by advancing and charging, and that a large force could be defeated by a few men.

"Convey to your troops," wrote Colonel Colvile, "my appreciation of their excellent behaviour and my regret at the loss of one of their number, and communicate to your native officers my satisfaction at their good conduct, which shall be duly reported to England. This is the first occasion on which they or the troops under them have fought under the British flag, and I can confidently announce beforehand the pleasure which the Queen will feel on hearing that they, the latest addition to her army, are worthy to stand side by side with her oldest regiments."

On the enemies' side any proposed expedition against Toru had to be abandoned, and Kabrega's belief in the certainty of success was broken. His trusted General fled back to his camp, whilst Kabrega himself retreated beyond the line of the Kafu river, and throughout the ensuing campaign never dared to face the expedition in the open field.

Major Owen's forces now formed the advanced guard of the main body at Kampala. On the 4th December his despatches were received, and at a *shauri*,

attended by King Mwanga and the principal chiefs, Colonel Colvile declared war against Unyoro, sending notice to Kabrega in the following terms :—

"Mwanga, King of Uganda, friend of the British, has shown me your letter to him. You have asked to hear the truth about what the British say. This is the truth :—

"When we heard that our Soudanese troops in the forts in Toru were oppressing the natives, we sent Europeans to stop this, but your people more than once attacked us and killed one of our Soudanese officers, a big man. For this we have received no compensation. We have endured hostility and insult from your people for many months because we wished to give you a chance of showing whether you wished to be friendly or not. The time has now come for a settlement.

"I have already ordered the punishment of one of your chiefs (Ciccoculi) who has killed our friends, and have already prepared my armies to invade Unyoro, and within twenty days from this shall be on your frontier. So be prepared to receive the punishment which I have in my mercy so long withheld."

Orders were sent to Major Owen, who had proceeded to Fort Raymond, to prevent food being carried off, and to organise porters and transport. On 13th December the expedition, consisting of 7 Europeans, 221 Soudanese rifles, 156 Swahilis, and followers, amounting to 629 in all, started from Kampala. The Waganda army were to travel by a different route to Kaduma's, a district on the frontier. On 17th December, armed with a Maxim gun and 387 rifles, the force reached Fort Raymond, where Major Owen, with great difficulty, owing to the absence of shells for exchange, had collected 2400 rations of flour, etc. From Fort Raymond a continued march was made to the frontier. Major

Owen was in advance with his flying column at Fort Lugard when the army, instead of proceeding as previously arranged to Fort Grant, changed its route, owing to some wrong information from the Protestant General as to the fords of the Kafu. By this course a road was struck, leading chiefly through a poor and mountainous country and following on the same lines by which the Waganda army, eating up everything in its way, had already passed.

Major Owen thus describes the start for the front :—

"*December* 6.—Saw Makwenda and told him of my information that war was declared ; that he must provide for the preservation of Fort Lugard during the absence of the garrison, get wheat and provide carriers."

"*December* 7-12.—Have absolutely no time for writing diary now. Soudanese wives must be allowed food in our absence."

"*December* 13.—Went after buffalo. Got within 20 yards, but it was too thick to see a yard ahead. Bent double all the time to get through with my white helmet. Had to wear it under penetrating rays of sun. Caught in every bough. Alas ! I shan't be here when it's cleared. Had my hair cut a little by Fisher, as I have partially licked Kabrega."

"*December* 14.—Busy with fort."

"*December* 17.—Colvile arrived. Have had great work getting food. Saw them comfortable and got off after garrison of Fort Raymond and porters already despatched ahead, about 4.30 P.M., in spite of ulcers on legs which Dècle foretells will necessitate my being carried. Caught up the column."

"*December* 18-22.—Marched on with column. Arranged for food. All frontier devastated by Wanyoro. Reached Fort Lugard."

"*December* 24.—Killed a bull for Christmas."

"*December* 25.—Letters to say they are going to remain at Petros, and that I must meet them there, and they have no food, 'having made no arrangements.' Therefore, send out all porters and Askari to collect. In the meantime, I receive first a letter from Macdonald to say they march to Kaduma's to-night, then another from Colvile that they do so to-morrow and I must come to-night. Porters, etc., don't return till dark; we marched therefore at 6 P.M. and reached Petros at 9.15 P.M. Marched again at 2 A.M., so I just got half an hour's sleep. Had a mouthful of plum-pudding, and then away, getting boxes right, etc."

On 26th December the force crossed the Wasikero river in a N.N.W. direction into Unyoro, and the next day concentrated with the Waganda army at Kaduma's on the frontier. On 28th December the whole body, amounting to 16,135 men and followers, armed with 4209 rifles and 10,611 spears, advanced towards Kabrega's capital, reaching on the 29th the Kafu river, a stream 1000 yards in width, 2 to 7 feet in depth, choked with papyrus, and having on its north side a muddy swamp and dense bush. Several suggested crossings were examined, one of the best being found to be guarded by Wanyoro, against whom Major Owen's Soudanese fired a volley. This crossing was good, but on return to the main army he found a bridge had already been commenced close to the camp, and over this bridge the army finally passed. The bridge or causeway consisted of branches and logs, laid down in a cutting made in the papyrus, and covered with layers of papyrus, bundles of grass, and bands of banana stems. A sufficiently firm footing would thus be obtained, even though the causeway sank with the heavy weight of troops and baggage. On 1st January 1894 Kabrega's capital, on slightly rising ground at

foot of the Mparu Hill, was entered without opposition. Kabrega himself had fled, and was reported to be holding the forest in front with a large army. After a day for concentration, hunting for Kabrega began in earnest, although little result followed.

"*December* 31.—Advanced towards Kabrega's capital."

"*January* 1, 1894.—Reached Kabrega's capital. It is on slightly rising ground at foot of Mparu Hill. Most of it was burnt by Waganda before our arrival. Jiggers and smallpox being reported, we camped a mile away."

"*January* 2.—Halted and paraded the battalion, practising attack on the forest, which K.'s army is reported to be holding in front."

"*January* 3.—Marched N.E."

"*January* 4.—Marched to Kitangoli, a line of hills to our north. Enemy reported by Waganda in great numbers 4 miles N.N.E. Night attack planned. I am sent with a company to reconnoitre their position. After hard work through the thickest stuff I get observation and find that if the enemy are in front, they are in small numbers. Marched therefore direct to their camp, attacked, and found it evacuated. This saves the army a fruitless night attack, which was against my conviction, and fortunately led me to request reconnaissance."

"*January* 5.—Reached Bukoma forest. Sighted camp of enemy. I judged it 2500 yards off, apparently some 1000 of the enemy's rearguard. Orders given to wait till 7 A.M. to ensure seeing clearly, and *if* present, then to attack. Of course they were gone. *Shauris* every night with Waganda for about two hours."

"*January* 6.—Marched N.E. The latest is that the Waganda wish to go on two days ahead after the

cattle, we to follow easily, and if they fail, to proceed to Mruli for the ivory. The Waganda inform us at evening that many of their people have not yet returned from scouting to eastward to learn if the cattle have turned back, and they would like to remain for to-morrow. Two Waganda badly wounded to-day. Skull with the flesh on its eyes sewn up found in the road as a fetish. Kabrega has played his game well. He led us to the edge of the forest and hoped to lead us into foodless country, but we just stopped in time. We ought to have gone, as I suggested, for cattle and ivory at first and led him after us, not followed him."

"*January* 7-10.—Halted three days at Kibona."

"*January* 10.—K. reported. Let loose after him. Marched 20 miles to last river on road to Kabi. Skirmished on the way. Learnt that Waganda against orders had started over-night and met the enemy at Lindi, thus spoiling any opportunity of surprise. Slept out."

"*January* 11.—Started in pouring rain at 1 A.M. Attacked Lindi before daybreak but found it empty. These blasted Waganda started off and showed themselves. Saw enemy crowning heights 5 miles off. Men too beat to proceed, and if they had, Wanyoro would have bolted. Had sent back, after hearing of Waganda in front, to have force despatched to the west by night to cut off K.'s retreat to the forest. Instead of that, they followed us. Opportunity missed, it is sickening. Got lots of goats and a prisoner."

"*January* 12-16.—To capital. Halted. Waganda have a fancy for home."

"*January* 16.—Marched to Kitoba."

"*January* 17.—Marched to Kitanwa, the food district of Kibiro. Canoes and enemy viewed at Kibiro. I leave with half-company to-night to attack by moon-

light. Arrived at Kibiro about 11 P.M. Found it deserted. Found two canoes, one tusk, grain, etc., heaps of salt, fowls. The sight by moonlight was most weird—shrieking fowls, burning village, and the waters of Lake Albert."

"*January* 18.—Marched back to Kitanwa after completing raid and getting information from odd prisoners."

"*January* 19.—Wrote letters. Marched to Kibiro. Found Arthur and Purkiss off to catch some canoes. I start to-morrow, I hope, for Wadelai."

Kabrega being safely ensconced in the Bukoma forest, and the Waganda showing signs of home-sickness, it had been decided to march to Kibiro, on the shores of the Albert Lake, a place known as the centre of the salt-deposits, and situated close to the good food district of Kitanwa; to commence the forts destined for guarding the Unyoro frontier at the point most distant from Uganda; and to leave the main Waganda army to prevent Kabrega from leaving the forest. After a difficult march through thickly-wooded valleys, across the Chakira river, and through thick grass, the column had halted among villages and cultivated ground in the Kitanwa district, where plenty of food was obtained, including a large grain-store of Kabrega's. Thence Major Owen had advanced on Kibiro. On the following days, several brushes with the enemy took place; some canoes were captured on the lake, grain was stored, and the building of the new line of forts guarding the positions of Uganda was steadily commenced, the chief stress of the Unyoro war being ended. Meanwhile, Major Owen started on the more active work of the mission to Wadelai.

CHAPTER VII

TO WADELAI

WHEN the southern shores of Lake Albert had been thus reached, the chief objective point of the expedition —the mission to Wadelai on the White Nile, a few miles north of the head of Lake Albert—could be attempted. Major Owen, having been selected for this task, prepared for the march, and on 20th January 1894 started with a column of 337 men, including Captain Thruston and Mr. Purkiss. They were supplied with 228 rifles, a Maxim, 2300 rounds of ammunition, and 50 loads of trade goods. A steel boat, called *James Martin*, which with extraordinary difficulty had been carried in sections through the thick grass, over swamps and rivers, and up the mountains, during the long march, coasted along the lake parallel with the column. Mr. Purkiss as engineer in charge of the boat and Maxim, with a crew of eight Soudanese and twelve Swahilis, took command of the naval division, the Maxim, which was out of order, being placed in the bows of the boat. Skirting along Lake Albert by a road bounded on its eastern side by high hills, at a distance varying from 100 yards to 2 miles, Major Owen, on the first day, covered 15 miles, and on an island in the lake captured 200 to 300 sheep and goats and several prisoners. On the two following days other islands with cattle were sighted, but Mr. Purkiss

being obliged to run the boat before an adverse wind it was impossible to approach them. Many birds—flamingo, storks, ibis, black ibis, cranes and duck—swarmed on the shores of the lake. The country had become more open by the trend of the hills to the north-east, and this part of the march was conducted on a sandy road, hidden by a promontory from the lake, through a country covered with trees and much bush—"a very sportsman's paradise to look at." As yet, although Kabrega was reported to be in the north, there were no signs of the enemy, but the awkward promontory was a hindrance to combined movement of the land force under Major Owen and the naval force under Mr. Purkiss. As the orders were that they were to keep together as far as possible, some anxiety was felt at the enforced separation, until the land forces discovered both boat and enemy almost at the same time, in a manner thus described by Major Owen, in a damaged diary and an official report, which may be pieced together to form a connected account:—

"*January* 23, *Monday.*—I made up my mind to go straight to Magungu, if we failed to find Purkiss to-day. Soon after starting on march, I went in pursuit of a rather good head of buck, wounded him in the leg, smashing it. He took me a long way to the rear, until I thought I had come on the rearguard. It turned out however to be the enemy in considerable numbers. We had but just time to reach our own rearguard, a distance of 1½ miles, and to warn them to put men ambuscaded in the bush on the water's edge, as the enemy were evidently following our tracks. Just at that moment the boat was sighted, empty and moored to an island near. I ordered drums and bugles to play and flags to be waved; but although the distance was not more than 200 yards, the south-west wind was so

strong that Purkiss, who had appeared on the island, did not hear, though coming over to see who we were. Just when all the excitement about the boat was at its height, we were attacked with great vigour by the enemy. They had managed to creep up unseen in the long grass and were nearly successful in effecting a surprise. The Askari rushed at them with commendable dash, Captain Thruston and myself being then on the bank of the river, and though taken unawares, proved themselves equal to the occasion, so quick were they to retaliate. And it was just as well it was so, for it required the promptest action on the part of officers to bring them quickly into disciplined formation. This was effected with praiseworthy promptness by Captain Thruston. Matters were in doubt but for a few minutes, as the enemy evidently were aware of the advantage they had gained, and were in large numbers. They were beaten back, and once turned were soon beyond our reach. Prisoners report six killed and forty wounded. Two of my Swahili porters were shot through the hand—one by a Snider bullet, the other by a slug. Both these porters were immediately transferred to the boat. This force of the enemy was reported to have been sent by Kabrega under Chief Makika to fall on our rear. About 1000 spearmen accompanied the guns."

On the following day the boat was again lost. It appeared afterwards that a heavy gale sprang up and Mr. Purkiss had to put out to sea. On returning later in the day he coasted along the shore, but could see no signs of the land column. Progress was impeded by contrary winds and the dense mass of sudd growing close to the shore and between the islands and the shore. Fires lighted by the land column were not seen. Careful instructions had been given that the rendezvous

was to be at Magungu, near the junction of the Victoria Nile with the northern end of the Albert Lake. The boat party could not reach that place without leaving the boat, since all entry to the Nile was blocked by sudd. After coasting backwards and forwards for several days, on 28th January Mr. Purkiss descried three columns of smoke, and later three fires on the east side of the White Nile, some distance inland. This being a concerted signal, Mr. Purkiss wrongly concluded that Major Owen must have passed the Nile at Magungu, and be making for the Tyar crossing of the White Nile. Accordingly next morning the boat was taken down the White Nile to Tyar's village, where three days previously the natives appeared to be friendly. Mr. Purkiss landed with three men. Suddenly a native of the Luri tribes snatched one of the men's guns and ran off. Natives swarmed out of the huts and opened fire. The party was hidden from the boat and 80 yards distant from it. There was great danger of a disastrous ending, but one of the Soudanese, Farajullah Moru, calmly stood his ground, blazing away at the advancing natives while the others retreated to get their rifles. Unharmed they got back to the boat, but for an hour and a half had to pull against stream out of the narrows of the Nile under heavy fire directed from the cover of trees on the rising west bank. After clearing the narrows the coast was approached. Again the natives opened fire, but were quickly dispersed by the Maxim, thus allowing the tired rowers to remain at anchor for the night.

The last of the food on board had been eaten. Mr. Purkiss had no knowledge where Major Owen was, and decided on returning to Kibiro, which he reached on 31st January, with a crew thoroughly exhausted with hard work, little sleep, and little food.

Meanwhile Major Owen proceeded as was arranged to Magungu. He had received strict orders that he was to return by 20th February, and although most anxious to proceed to Wadelai without the boat, he could not get there and back within the time named. Further, he had been ordered to act in concert with the boat, and now no boat had appeared. In addition to this, owing to lack of news, he feared that the boat had been either capsized or successfully attacked by the enemy. Every effort was made by the land column to discover some signs of Mr. Purkiss and his comrades, but without success. Owing to the presence of the enemy, small parties could not go out into the bush; frequent attacks were made upon the column, the sick were increasing, and although potatoes and grain were obtained in the neighbourhood, and headquarters were taken up on the old site of Emin's fort, a rude earthwork and ditch about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the east of Magungu, the force could not indefinitely remain in that place. The anxiety of the commander may be better imagined than described. Perhaps for the first and last time in his life, Roddy Owen admitted that he was "in a hole." The effect upon his mind is shown by the unusually long remarks he has jotted down in his memoranda:—

"*January* 25.—Started out to forage, as no signs of boat. Sending a party down the river as far as they can reach towards our last camp, looking from every available point *en route* for signs of boat. We succeeded in finding a goodly number of potato gardens attached to the various small villages about, and much dried potatoes in grain stores, which I've bought. What is over after rationing men for five days, I shall bury. Shot guinea-fowl and returned to learn no news of boat.

"Prisoner taken few miles back by party looking

for boat reports that after our defeat of the enemy the other day, all people except Kabrega's army have crossed to the other side of river and to the islands. They now think we mean to stay. He says rain not expected for three months, and none has fallen for three months. This is as I found it, except that the drought in West Unyoro lasted from May till September last year. Prisoner says Askari at Wadelai have joined Dervishes and have descended on the west of the Albert Lake. If this is true, we may have our work cut out. I don't know what further to do about boat. I shall go myself to-morrow, and if there are no signs I fear the worst—plays hell with everything. Without boats and means of return, I am absolutely unable to carry out the greater part of my orders. Wind S.W."

"*January* 26.—Started off with half-company to make a last hunt for Purkiss. Marched 20 miles. For two hours and a half made determined effort to reach the point of promontory, or rather island, off which he was last seen, up to our armpits in swamp-water and vegetation, cutting through brambles and trees, legs caught below the water in water plants and covered with animals. It was the hardest work I've had yet, and then to see no signs. Climbed trees too and surveyed the landscape off the island and junction of rivers (Niles), with like result.

"We also forced our way out to an island farther south, near our last camp, but jutting far out, without seeing the boat. Position serious. Got back to camp long after dark just in time to hear firing in front of us. The camp had again been attacked by the enemy, who crept up unbeknown in spite of sentries' extreme vigilance, and tried a rush. Only a little more dash, and with their feline mode of getting along unseen they would

be most awkward customers. Shot three guinea-fowl and six ducks—in two shots.

"If I was not tied to time all would be well. As it is, I must either sacrifice Wadelai or Colvile's scheme for my return at latest by 20th February. I'm in a hole, I must own. Attacks now will increase, and may be expected nightly if Kabrega turns out his army on us. We shall have expended all our ammunition before proceeding to Wadelai. I find the march from our last camp is quite 12 miles, and that the junction of rivers is about 2 miles above last camp. Thruston doing well. He is a good officer."

"*January* 27.—After last night's affair decided to move into Gordon's old camp, made by him. Earth-works and ditch still good. It will, I think, prevent our being surprised. Have sent Feraj Effendi with a company to collect food and get prisoners if possible. Wood is being cut with the only available axe for raft. The prisoner now says he can lead us to where the enemy cross, and if I send a party to-night to hide, he will call out to them to bring canoes for him, when we can catch them. I sent Thruston with half a company. The infernal prisoner never got any answer.

"Nearly completed raft. I consider my duty is to go forward, if I can be back within the prescribed time; otherwise no. No signs of boat. I fear the worst. Shall try in our very home-made raft to cross to-morrow with small party, and endeavour to get a canoe or two. Feraj Effendi returned from foraging party with plenty of food but no prisoners. I consider it just feasible to leave a post of fifty men here if wanted. We've made this place pretty strong now. Wind very slight from east."

"*January* 28.—Wind very slight from north. Despatched party under Rehan Effendi for food and

prisoners. The former arrived, the latter did not. Sent porters at reveille for logs and rope. Launched raft under hard work, buoyed by air-distended goat-skins. The only available wood, however, was too heavy. It sinks waist-deep with ten men in it and becomes unmanageable. Enemy sighted on north bank about 2500 yards away, with two flags and a bugle, watching us and awaiting our attack. They fired a shot as a signal of defiance. It looks as if they had a Snider. Rehan says they are Shulis, who are hostile and sly, but have no fellow-feeling with the Wanyoro."

On 29th January the three days were finished, after which he had decided to return, "as" (quoting his Official Report) "I could not possibly carry out my orders to return to Kibiro within a month from starting without the boat, and all arrangements of water-communication, which in my orders were made a *sine qua non*, from Wadelai and Magungu must, temporarily at any rate, be impossible."

Accordingly the column started to return, and after several brushes with the enemy, and the capture of prisoners and canoes, arrived at Kibiro on 1st February. As they approached that place, the boat was seen on the lake going to the south! Major Owen arrived at the main camp just at the time when Colonel Colvile had decided to send Captain Macdonald and Mr. Purkiss back to look for him. During his absence, the forts at Kibiro and Kitanwa had been nearly completed. The Waganda, under a native general, had succeeded in attacking Kabrega on 31st January, driving him with a small following to the north-east, and capturing guns, cattle, and slaves.

A joint land and water expedition to Wadelai having proved to be impracticable, Colonel Colvile decided that

a successful expedition could best be made by the boat alone.

"I have orders," says Major Owen, "to start to-morrow with ten days' rations only in the steel boat, taking Purkiss, ten Swahilis, and ten Soudanese, and run through to Wadelai, chancing the rather hot fire at 50 yards one may expect from either bank in the Straits of the Bahr el Gebel, planting a flag at Wadelai if practicable, but more particularly collecting information for further action. There's no doubt it's chancy work, but it's worth doing, and I like it. The boat only just holds us. We may expect, therefore, a rather hard time."

As the Europeans were told to remain in the boat at night, the prospects of comfortable sleep were certainly remote.

Major Owen has day by day written a full account of his experiences on this unique and dangerous expedition, and as no account of it at first hand has ever been published, his story as written by himself can best describe what actually occurred, and also give a clear impression of the creeping up to Wadelai, the dangers of the journey, and its issue.

"*First day, February* 2, 1894.—Started sailing on the *James Martin* at 10.30 A.M., wind S.W. but slight. Hope to reach Katulla island to-night and get through the following night. Wind improved after about 8 miles, and before we reached Mtawa point was sending us along at eight knots. It again slackened, however, and some 2 miles before reaching Katulla, we had to take to the oars. Got in about 7 P.M., surrounded by snorting hippos, and hearing the hurried dash of the crocodiles into the lake on our approach; for this little spot is but a few rushes and mimosa bushes, with just sufficient clearance for the twenty men

to sleep on. Purkiss and I slept on boat, continually disturbed by the hippos, but they didn't attack."

"*Second day, February* 3.—Wind slight from N.N.E. Changed to S.W., nice breeze, but had decided to await our chance at nightfall. I doubt the crew facing the gauntlet twice. Once may be done, and that must be on the way back *only*, if possible. If they had to do it twice, they might not come to the scratch on the second occasion. Give the men a good rest this morning, that they may, if necessary, be able to row all night. Wind freshening from E., we started 3 P.M., hoping thereby to arrive at the promontory off Mpata at dusk. I believe, from what I can see, the lake head here is very narrow. Being seen here may cause word to be sent of our advance and lead to a hostile attitude being taken up by all the riverine population. We moved along with varying wind at about three knots, reaching Mpata promontory about 4 P.M. About 6 miles before fetching the farther or north side of the Nile mouth we had to pull, and from there to Wadelai, no wind enabled us to proceed otherwise. The Soudanese were tried at rowing from time to time with but little success, so the porters had hard work. At about 10 miles from Wadelai firing began, directly we were discovered, and continued with varying power till reaching within 5 miles of Wadelai."

"*Third day, February* 4.—We had about 8 miles from Wadelai put into a small creek on the west bank to enable men to feed, water, and rest, thinking from the hostile attitude shown our best advance would be by night. Hearing, however, from the Soudanese of an island a few miles farther, we decided to go on. Firing recommenced again, and shots were falling excessively near the boat. I put into a position that Sideri had said was formerly an island, which temporarily screened

us from fire, and thence commenced my endeavours to gain a hearing. I had not allowed a single shot to be fired in return yet, thinking, as was the case, that the natives seeing our guns naturally concluded we were hostile and acted accordingly, whereas if they learnt otherwise, all would be well. The result has been a complete transformation scene, and after gaining a hearing, and gaining their confidence by a near approach without firing, I decided to go on to Wadelai."

"On reaching the broad expanse of water where the villages begin in the suburbs, we dropped anchor and waited for circumstances. I saw large numbers of the natives immediately set off with their guns, as if to cut in behind us, whilst others proceeded to hide themselves in the long grass between us and Wadelai. I, however, approached closer, in spite of Purkiss's warnings, having made up my mind either to find it so hostile as to be driven from it (and goodness knows then what would have happened, or how we should have got back), or, if after great effort they understood we were friends, to land. Eventually two men, former interpreters to the Nubians, put off in dug-outs and told us all Askari had gone towards Lado, with a European who had come from the N.W. with a British flag, and that he had another European. I therefore let the boat float down to landing on east side, when after due delay the Chief Ali of Wadelai came down near the river. I met him and had a big *Shauri*, surrounded by hundreds of those who had fought us all the way up, now like lambs. I gave him three joras, he gave me a fat sheep, telling me all the food was taken by locusts. He expressed himself as ready to do anything I liked, and signed a treaty which was duly witnessed. He told me his country extends to the head of the mouth of the Nile, after that chiefs friendly to Kabrega. This treaty

was only completed at dark. I let men sleep close to boat ashore, we on boat; but mosquitoes too terrible all night. Three shots being fired we put in for our party, and could hardly get them, tide being so stormy here."

The treaty was as follows:—

"Treaty made at Wadelai, in the Nile Valley, this 4th day of February, in the year 1894, between Major Owen for and on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc., her heirs and successors, on the one part, and the undersigned Ali, Sheikh of Wadelai, for his heirs and successors, on the other part.

"I, the undersigned Ali, Sheikh of Wadelai and its surroundings and belongings, do, in the presence of Headmen and people assembled at this place, hereby promise:—

"1. That there shall be peace between the subjects of the Queen of England and my subjects.

"2. That British subjects shall have free access to all parts of Wadelai and its surroundings and belongings, comprising two days' march on both banks of the Nile northwards towards Lado, two days' march eastwards from Wadelai towards Shuli country to Mampanango, southward as far as Chief Tukondi on left bank, and shall have the right to build houses and possess property according to the laws in force in this country; that they shall have full liberty to carry on such trade or manufacture as may be approved by Her Majesty; and should any difference arise between the aforesaid British subjects and Ali, Sheikh of Wadelai, as to the duties or customs to be paid to Ali, the said Chief, or the Headmen of the towns in this country aforesaid, by such British subjects, or as to any other matter, that the dispute shall be referred to a duly authorised Represent-

ative of Her Majesty, whose decision in the matter shall be binding and final; and that Ali, Sheikh of Wadelai, will not extend the rights thus guaranteed to British subjects to any other persons without the knowledge and consent of such Representative.

"3. That Ali, Sheikh of Wadelai, will at no time whatever cede any of his territory to any other Power, or enter into any Agreement, Treaty, or Arrangement with any foreign Government, except through and with the consent of the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of England.

"Done at Wadelai, this 4th day of February 1894.

"Signed—ALI, His X mark.
"RODERIC OWEN, Major.
"REHAN RASCHID, Eff.

"Countersigned by Mr. Purkiss, who watched the proceedings from the boat, immediately on completion of the Treaty. Signed—WM. J. PURKISS.

"We, the undersigned, do swear that we have truly and honestly interpreted the terms of the foregoing Agreement to the Contracting Parties in the Arabic language.

"Witnesses to Signatures:—
"Signed—THOMAS MARTIN,
"HADAD, His X mark."

"*Fourth day, February* 5.—Chief too ill to come, with bad leg. Sent chief interpreter, etc. I enlisted fifty of our former enemies, one officer, four N.C.O.'s, and signed contract that they would remain Her Majesty's troops while wanted, and preserve the flag. I have planted (flag) on the east bank, and shall do the same on the west bank when the

enlistment is concluded. They agreed to terms, etc., viz. Askari *posho* and half Askari pay until proved Askari.

"This done, started in boat to site of Emin's old fort, west side. Planted post there. Saw where a heap of ivory had been burnt by Emin. Rest of ivory dropped by Emin and Soudanese in river and into Albert Lake, near Mahaji Sukkir.

"I now proceeded to question some of the interpreters whom I had sent for. They said that no Europeans had been in the neighbourhood; and on further cross-examination of them and others, it was positively stated that none had been here since Emin Pasha; that the Askari, with the exception of Mulah Bey, who, with the greater portion of them, had some time previously joined the Dervishes, had been talked over by some Arabs, and had left about April 1893, going in the direction of Lado.

"The Soudanese who joined the Dervishes from Wadelai number, all told, over 10,000, and with them is a large quantity of arms and ammunition.

"This interpreter told me he anticipated the close proximity of the Dervishes now to Wadelai, as many of the native population in the Mahdi country and from Fatiko were running in to Wadelai.

"On hearing this, I was recommended by Rehan Effendi to get to the boat at once, as he said these Luris told the Soudanese, when he was at Wadelai before, that the Dervishes were a day away when they were but a few miles distant.

"To this I had no objection, as I had publicly declared in the morning my intention of departure in the evening, lest they might consider that my anxiety to avoid the sun in the hard pull up stream we had before us and night travelling betokened fear, or in any way showed want of confidence.

"Current very strong indeed. Managed about 1 mile an hour, and pulled all night, porters and Soudanese relieving one another, Purkiss and I doing same at the wheel. Hippos all about make things rather weird. Did not, however, get through narrows till long after daybreak. Tried to get into conversation with riverine population who fired at Purkiss. They were very shy of showing themselves however. I told them our peaceful disposition. They seemed much surprised at our return. It was, however, plain that Wadelai had not sent down to inform all his people of the treaty, or they would have come out to us. Also, why, if Dervishes just coming to Wadelai, and other Mahdi tribes running from them, do they not run too, unless they are friendly to them? They only said to us, the Dervishes were near us. We pushed off, Rehan Effendi suspecting them. Porters, etc., pulled awfully well all night. It's a rum game; we could never have reached by day."

"*Fifth day, February* 6.—Sun, as usual, awful. Put in for breakfast at Kabunga crossing; some banana trees surrounded by swamp on east bank. Rather discomposed by hippo passing right under boat. Had been told Shulis would attack us. They had, however, little time, as we fed and departed. Chose excellent site for fort. We had hopes of reaching island in mouth of Nile for the night, but wind dropping it was impossible. West bank said to accept Kabrega as their ruler. I did not, therefore, give them a chance to fire; but as men had had much hard work, pulling day and night, must give them rest, so we put in, forcing our way through rushes to country reported to be uninhabited, some few miles from the junction of the Nile with the Albert Lake, on the east bank. Very careful about outposts and placing sentries, as fires seen not

far off, though no population hereabouts reported. The mosquitoes were too terrible, and the hippos and crocodiles as attentive as usual. Why we don't die of fever I don't know. One sleeps without fire in the thick of swampy rushes, the only alternative to being eaten by mosquitoes being to entirely cover one's head with the blanket. We got off before night, and were satisfied to see a visit of these gentlemen (Shulis) to our camp shortly after our leaving. One fairly carries one's life in one's hand. One bullet through the boat and down we go! Both banks' population hostile, and the river sometimes only 150 yards broad, and the natives armed with rifles. However, by careful manipulation I've done them so far."

"*Sixth day, February* 7.—Pushed out with head wind. It was impossible, as I had hoped, to get last night past the mouth of the Somerset Nile to west side of lake. So put into island of which Purkiss knew, jutting out nearly across the lake, about 1 P.M. Fires seen all along S.W. of us ashore. Men slept ashore. Again lay in boat moored in swamp, which was up to men's necks in reaching the sand on the shore. Mosquitoes so bad couldn't sleep. About midnight put out to south side, where the mosquitoes were not so bad. I wonder where mosquitoes get blood when we're not here!"

"*Seventh day, February* 8.—Started with wind south for Mahaji Sukkir, the old station of Emin, now on the S.W. Purkiss thought it impossible to reach, as the old boat won't beat and drifts so to leeward. I felt, however, we could, and was against the idea of going to Kibiro, as I was most anxious to ascertain the feelings of the population along the west shore, reported to be now under Kabrega. The sea ran high, and I was informed by Rehan Effendi that

two of Emin's steel boats have gone down off Mahaji at different times, as there's no shelter when the weather runs high. After two tacks, however, the wind changing slightly in our favour, we fetched a village in a small bay lying slightly S.W. off Natya Hill, and attempted negotiations with the inhabitants. They said we must remain where we were, or fight if we came farther. Surrounded as we were by hippos dancing within 40 yards of the boat, I had my doubts; but in view of Colvile's wish to ascertain the feeling of inhabitants hereabouts, I told the natives, through Kiga, I had come to offer them the friendship of the British Government if they liked to accept it and treat us as friends. Coming closer, we succeeded in driving off the hippos and gaining a hearing with the natives. The information I received was from two Lurs, who had formerly been friends to the Soudanese, the remainder of occupants of the village making for forest. They told me that the big chief around Mahaji Sukkir here was one Oomah; that he it was who had betrayed the people when the forts were taken away, by handing them over to Kabrega; he was given arms by Kabrega for the purpose, and killed them nearly all; those that remain are never allowed in the vicinity of Mswa and Kavalli's, lest they again become imbued with a leaning towards Nubians; Mswa no longer exists, and there are but few people between Mswa and Mahaji; they all fear Kabrega; if he was killed we should be welcomed; none of Kabrega's army have crossed from the other shore here lately. Apparently but little food; buck and elephant run visibly over the hills. I offered them a refuge, but they said they had their women. So after pointing out that Kabrega was running away from us in all directions, and that we couldn't stoop to follow an enemy that continually runs away, thereby owning

himself no longer king, and that they had better make up their minds to treat well any of our army or belongings who showed themselves, whilst there was yet time, I left. Having armed oneself with all the news, it was unnecessary to proceed to Mswa. This country only awaits our destruction of Kabrega, whom they sorely fear, to come to us. When one considers how they have been treated, the withdrawal of fort after fort leaving them to their destruction, how can one expect them to put any confidence in our stability or promises? So has it been in S.W. Unyoro, Toru, and Usongora, as I too well know, to our shame. We can now go for Kibiro, and jolly glad I shall be to get out of this stinking boat, which has been the home of twenty-five beings for ten days—unwashed, eating putrid fish, etc., crowded like sardines too. Reached Katulla island, I suppose about 7 miles from Mahaji Sukkir. I landed first and got a new bird, which they say is lovely eating, with first barrel, and two geese with second. Four crocodiles scuttled into the water close to me, but this is always the case. I missed a hippo, 200 yards out to lake, quite an inch over his head, but he was showing little more than his nose. Up till now I've been afraid to fire, lest natives think we are fighting them. Here, however, they know it, and we are. Comfort to sleep on land, and no mosquitoes—only sand-flies."

"*Eighth day, February* 9.—Wind changing to N.E. We started at 11.30 P.M. last night. It lasted for an hour, then fell. We rowed for some time, but eventually a nice S.W. wind got up and we fetched Mtawa. Going round the west side of the island, we sighted canoes as anticipated. I might have given them some nice volleys at 250 yards; but on asking Purkiss, he said we were sure to catch them, so gave

chase. Wind slackening, they gained on us, and I opened with Maxim. It refused its office, except one at a time, and they were enabled to reach the land. We collared three canoes, plenty of fish, chickens, and a female prisoner only, as without a land force one cannot get at these people. They go like hell for shore, and run off with their canoes. Shall start to-night for Kibiro, after dinner."

"*Ninth day, February* 10.—Started 7.30 P.M. last night, rowing. Shortly a small swell without wind increased very much, and later, the wind getting up, we ran in near shore and anchored, as we'd a head wind and tossed terribly. This continued with but small abatement till the morning. Then we determined to start and try our luck at beating. At each tack we made about 200 yards. Eventually, just reaching a small promontory, we started pulling. Then a light wind from S.W. sprang up, and we reached Kibiro about 2 P.M."

The expedition thus reached Kibiro on 10th February as ordered; and finding that Colonel Colvile was at Hoima, another fort now in course of erection along the line between Kibiro and the Kafu river, Major Owen proceeded thither to report his success.

So ended this adventurous expedition. The race with the French and the Belgians for the head waters of the Nile had been won. The British flag had been hoisted at Wadelai. Though with the Germans and the western portion of the Congo Free State the boundaries of influence had previously been determined, no recognition or arrangement of the British sphere of influence to the north-west of Uganda had ever been made with either the Free State or the French. Now, however, there was an army under the British Commissioner in Unyoro, and troops enlisted under the British flag, at

the head of the Albert Lake, and on the waters of the Nile. The Congo Free State might reasonably recognise British claims when, by the Anglo-Congolese Treaty of 1894, the territories of Bahr el Gebel on the east of the Nile, with a line of demarcation extending from Lado, a district north of Wadelai, down the river to Mahaji Sukkir on the Albert Lake, where Major Owen had landed, were obtained on lease by that state for the life of King Leopold only, such territories to revert to Great Britain upon King Leopold's death. Thus the boundary with the Congo Free State was definitely established, and a wedge interposed between countries effectively controlled by France, and the head waters of the Nile.

But even after the return from Wadelai, work still remained to be done. Whatever might be the ultimate results of the conquest of Unyoro, one immediate effect was that behind the new line of forts lay a large tract of country including Toru and Usongora which had to be protected and had practically become annexed to Uganda proper. Part of this district was still occupied by hostile Wanyoro, the other part contained the forts so recently evacuated. As if to justify Major Owen's opinions, rumours arrived that the Germans were close to the Salt Lake District. It was unadvisable that any tribes or Arabs retreating before them should be driven into British territory, or that such territory should appear to be not only undefended but recently deserted. Major Owen was consequently entrusted with orders to restore garrisons once again in the Salt Lake Fort and Fort Gerry, and afterwards to return through Ntali's country to catch the mail for the coast.

For the accomplishment of this work and to save time, he insisted upon going by the hazardous route across country from Hoima to Salt Lake, in preference

to a march round by Fort Grant, which would have taken nine extra days. The expedition, led by Major Owen and Lieut. Villiers, started on 18th February, through an undulating country with much wood and fair supplies of food. It soon became apparent that the country was hostile. On the second day of the march the enemy showed themselves, firing shots at the camp, but no further results ensued, except the rescue of two enslaved Waganda. In the night the shots continued, and the whole camp had to be on the alert, lest a sudden attack should be made. On the third day the south-west watershed of the Albert Lake, with successive hills and rivers, was reached. The natives found shelter in the thick forest and the broken hills, so that great care had to be taken to prevent straggling. Occasionally the quick eyes of the Soudanese detected them in their lurking places, and in the course of the day one Waganda prisoner was rescued and two Wanyoro captured. On the fourth day more prisoners were taken, of whom one had tried to spear a Soudanese officer, as he passed in a narrow track through the long elephant grass. Fortunately the broken hills, affording shelter to the enemy, gave place to an open undulating country, intersected with rivers, but a new difficulty arose in alarming inflammation of Lieut. Villiers's eyes. The column had to halt for a day, and thenceforward could only proceed at a slow pace, the sick man being carried in a hammock.

It was not until the 26th of February, after a most anxious march, that a camp between the old Forts 1 and 2 was reached. The view from this camp over the rich Toru country was very beautiful. In front lay grand rolling downs leading up to the Toru mountains, and far above these, in distance beyond distance, like an immense barrier between the Congo and Uganda,

rose the snow-capped peaks of the Ruwenzori range, softening down on the south into the Wamba mountains, and on the north, where the Albert Lake lay at their feet, into the Magamboni hills.

Although Lieut. Villiers's eyes gave increased cause for alarm, it was impossible to return to Hoima with the 1000 followers through an almost foodless country. Nothing could be done but to halt for a time, and then proceed by very short and slow marches. The country had to be reconstituted in consequence of the events succeeding the evacuation of the forts. It was found that the evacuation had, as Major Owen expected, led to invasion and all the horrors of revenge. At Kabrega's instigation, the Wapidongo tribe had at once invaded Toru. Kasagama, the ally of the British, was driven out. Three Nubians had been killed. A horde of slaves had been collected by the invaders, and with these and a number of women the enemy had hastily retreated when they heard that Major Owen was again approaching the country. But no pursuit was possible under the circumstances. It was only practicable once again to endeavour to lay the foundations of law and order by settling the boundaries of Kasagama's country and the lands of neighbouring chiefs.

As the Government did not intend to trade in ivory, opportunity was given to Kasagama to restore himself to his former position by giving him a monopoly over the ivory and salt trade of the district. He was empowered to employ twenty licensed Wanyamwezi hunters, and to use the salt of the Salt Lakes for the purchase of food. Half the ivory he might retain; forty frasilahs per annum were to be paid to the Government, and in return for the salt he agreed to supply food to the forts and to maintain order amongst the smaller chieftains.

After the settlement of Kasagama, garrisons were

told off for the Salt Lake and Fort Gerry. In token of their new position they were given the British flag. Thus the country was definitely secured for Great Britain, although its future fortunes were no longer to be directed by its first commandant. For him the time for returning home had at last come. The delay caused by illness and the difficulty of movement rendered a journey through Ntali's country impossible. With slow steps, the expedition must bend its course towards Uganda, and at last, after long delay at the Mpanga river, on 5th March reached the site of the former Fort 2. Major Owen sadly says:—

"Only a year ago I raised the flag here amidst every sign of joy and light, and now all is overgrown with weeds and shadowed with darkness."

Fort 3 too was found all grown over, and the paths so frequently trodden between Forts 3 and 4 were now hidden and impassable. By slow marches the party proceeded to Fort Raymond, sending on a messenger to Mr. Fisher from Fort 4 for some food and immediate assistance for the sick man. The rains had begun to fall, rendering the crossings of the Navikassi difficult; but finally, on 13th March, Fort Raymond was reached and Major Owen could thankfully note: "Sick got in at 10 P.M., but we can halt to-morrow, so it will be all right; and now Villiers is safe."

In two days Major Owen had arrived at Kampala, and in three days more, after bidding good-bye to the staff and the Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, and also to King Mwanga, "who was much afraid, thinking there was some secret object in the visit, but expressing his opinion that the result of the war was beautiful," he started on the journey to the coast, reaching Mombasa without losing a man in forty-seven days, the quickest time hitherto known.

At Mombasa the s.s. *Juba* had been detained for his arrival. On 7th May he again reached Zanzibar, where he received from the Sultan the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar, and on the 24th May came to Cairo. The last entry in his diary before leaving Cairo for England is: "Wired Ribblesdale for Ascot enclosure tickets for Athlumney and self"—a return to civilisation after an absence of one year and six months.

CHAPTER VIII

CHITRAL

LEAVE of absence in London, on the racecourses, and among the birds, after eighteen months without meeting more than a score of white men, or any white woman! Those who under such circumstances have seen once more the white cliffs of Dover, mingled once again in the orderly rush of English life, gazed on the fair complexions and the well-draped forms of English-women, heard the chit-chat and the routine remarks of Englishmen, and fallen, slowly or quickly, into the round of London life, can appreciate the joy of the wanderer when he returns to the well-known streets and clubs, the well-loved home and friends, the pleasures and pastimes of England. Change there will be—change in the traveller, worn with experiences unsympathised with, not known, not cared for; change in the friends, bound with new ties, worked deep in the new or deeper in the old grooves; change above all in the children, altering so quickly year by year. Yet the feeling of novelty soon passes away. The same life, the same pursuits, the same talk, are once again resumed. The marches, the dangers, the fevers, all become a vague mist—a dreamland of strange and distant memories. But even so, the memories call, and call strongly, in no long span of time. At the desk and in the free air, in town and on the moor, in the country-house or on the

yacht, ever and anon the memories steal forward and cry: "Come back to life, adventure, movement, and if possible, fame."

It is hard to say whether the more difficult task is to school and repress those calling memories or to answer to their call. The strain depends perhaps upon each man's circumstances. Roddy Owen, at least, had no doubt. In the summer of 1894 he remarked, when going to a London dance: "I am draining this cup of London society to the dregs, and with all my might. But it leads to nothing, I am afraid. I shall be off on work as soon as I can. Good luck, good-night." Are there not men who are like a flash of lightning in the memories of many, blazing for the moment but not forgotten? One can recall lightning-flashes better than most events of life, and almost in memory count them and the times of their appearance. To many people Roddy Owen must have so appeared, too quick for some to gauge the earnestness of his purposes, the sensitiveness of his feeling, and the power of friendship he could bestow.

Be that as it may, Roddy Owen soon departed from London society and clubs. On 5th January 1895 he was gazetted a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order, and on the same day left for Dublin, started with a draft of the Lancashire Fusiliers, and sailed from Southampton on a troopship to Bombay, thence proceeding to Karachi and Quetta, where his regiment was stationed.

The high rugged sand-hills of Quetta were reached on 6th February. At that season of the year some of the hills were covered with snow, relieving "the otherwise intense monotony of the arid scene. The sun on the hills was wont to turn some of them quite red, and with the snow lightly covering their slopes and tops,

gave a weird and unusual appearance to an otherwise uninteresting spectacle."

Two days after his arrival he left for Sibi, to buy ponies for himself and the other officers, and was at once appointed steward of the Quetta races, correcting the programme and judging at horse-shows. He was, however, anxious for more life than could be obtained in an Indian garrison town, and wished to join the concluding stage of the Waziristan campaign.

On the 25th February he started for Dera Ismail Khan, close to the Waziri frontier, but not receiving the desired orders proceeded north to Peshawur, examined the Khyber Pass, and then journeyed by Sialkot and Lahore to Calcutta, already well known to him from his previous stay in India as A.D.C. to Lord Ripon. In his very brief diary of these railway journeys he notes with delight that he found in the Government House stables "little *Sarus*, my darling little pony, that I gave Charlie Burn."

The object of going to Calcutta was to obtain, if possible, permission to proceed to Chitral, where troubles were already threatening. It was not possible for an officer who had been five weeks in India to override the claims of long service in that country; but, as he writes in a letter, "I'll go somehow, and if not allowed as soldier, shall try and get another month's leave from my regiment and General, and go as special correspondent to the *Pioneer*." Leave was given and arrangement made for services, which the editor of the great Indian newspaper subsequently acknowledged with the words: "On behalf of the *Pioneer* I have to thank you heartily for doing our work so well."

Accordingly, on 19th March, he again proceeded northwards to Peshawur:—

"The journeying was amusing—all bustle and sur-

mise. Wives taking leave of their husbands, tears, laughter, the jingle of swords, and curses bestowed on well-meaning but unfathomable servants in more languages than one, presented a picture amusing to the cynic, a little sad to the sentimental, and wholly enjoyable to the fortunate man blessed with humour."

At Peshawur and the neighbouring town of Nowshera all was excitement and preparation, the railway and commissariat departments being engaged in completing arrangements for the mobilisation of 15,000 troops in ten days.

Chitral and the Pamirs are now names known by the events of the last few years to millions of the subjects of the Queen. To many people, when these names first became prominent, the broad question seemed to be whether or not the time at last had come for a grim struggle between the Empires of Russia and Great Britain, with the unknown quantity of the Chinese Empire in the background. Although for many years the Indian Empire had been close to Chitral and the Hindu Kush, very little was generally known about the country. The Russian Empire had been pushing on. It could not do otherwise. Then rumours began, and a fever of excitement arose. It became apparent that India must either move, or allow Russia to obtain actual or alleged points of vantage upon her frontier, or place a narrow band of Afghans as rulers over a wild and hilly district which never had endured, and never would peacefully endure, an Afghan yoke. The answer was found in the Pamir Delimitation Commission, the Chitral Expedition, and the opening of Chitral.

This small country, nominally under the suzerainty of Kashmir, is situate on the route to the passes of the Hindu Kush, in a district north of Peshawur on the

Afghan frontier, and north-west of Kashmir, where a British Resident had long guarded the interests of India. In 1879 the Government of India had indicated their policy with the words:—

"If we extend and by degrees consolidate our influence over this country, and if we resolve that no foreign interference can be permitted on this side of the mountains or within the drainage system of the Indus, we shall have laid down a natural line of frontier which is distinct, intelligible, and likely to be respected."

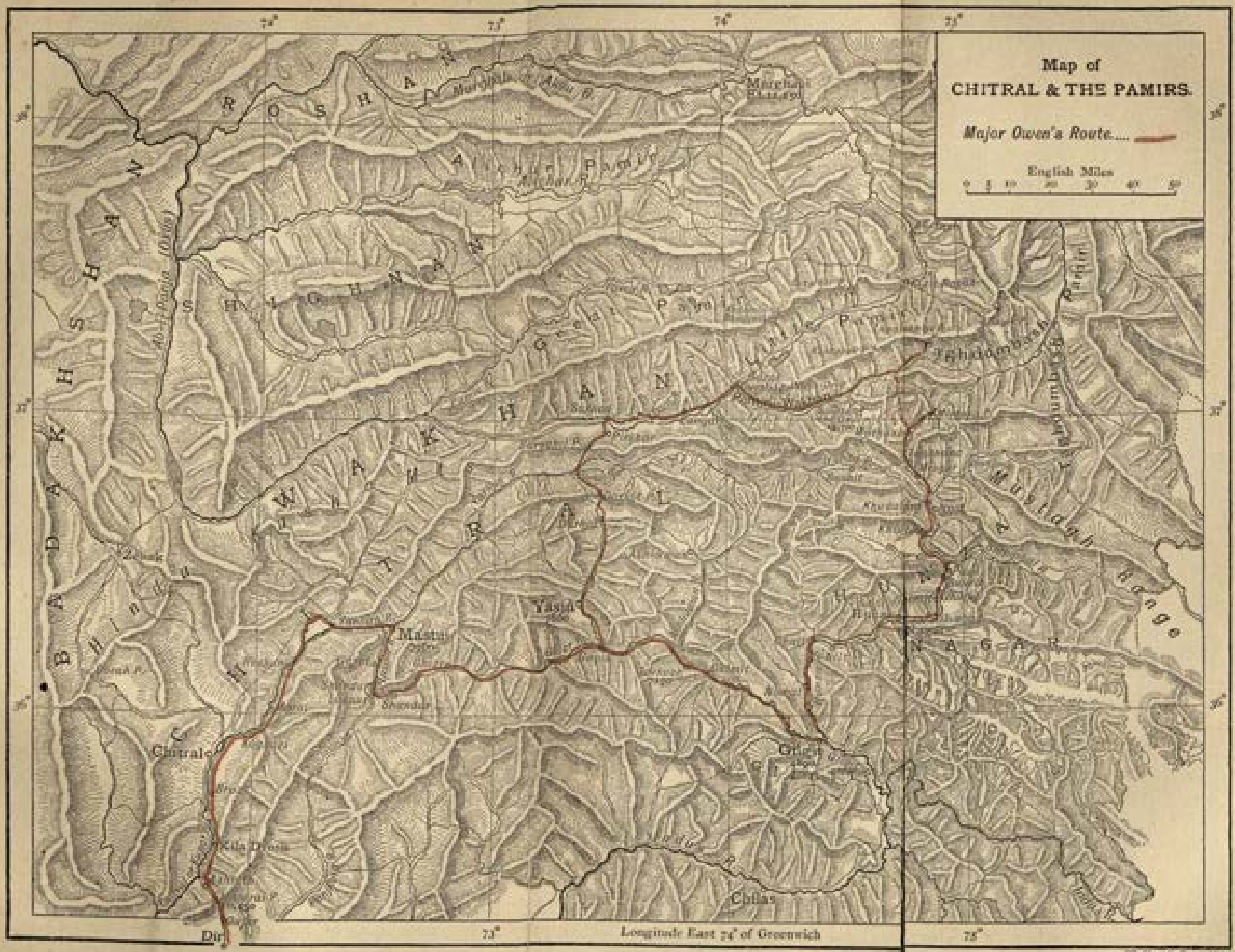
In furtherance of such policy an agency was established at Gilgit to watch the tribesmen of Hunza, Nagar, Chitral, and adjoining states, and to guard against an advance by Russia or China against Gilgit through the passes of the Hindu Kush. It was withdrawn in 1881 and had to be re-established in 1889 and strengthened in 1892. In that year the Mehtar, Aman ul Mulk, ruler of Chitral, died. His son, Afzul ul Mulk, seized the throne. In three months he was killed by his uncle, Sher Afzul, who suddenly crossed the Dorah Pass with a small party of horsemen from his refuge in Afghanistan and surprised the fort of Chitral. In another month Sher Afzul fled back to Afghanistan on the approach of Nizam ul Mulk, a guest of the British, and a brother of the murdered Afzul.

Nizam ul Mulk became Mehtar, and was recognised by the Indian Government. He was a weak, unpopular youth, surrounded by chiefs thirsting to seize his territories, and only bolstered up by the presence of a British Resident at a time when the Afghan boundaries had not been settled; when Umra Khan, the Chief of Jandol, was hovering on the southern borders of Chitral, in company with a half-brother of the Mehtar, one aspirant to the chieftainship; when Sher Afzul, another

aspirant, was also thought to be ready for a descent from Afghanistan; when the Chitralis were prepared to join any ruler except the recognised Mehtar; and when the Pamir question with Russia was still unsettled. For two years the Mehtar Nizam exercised a precarious rule, and then the storm burst. The wretched creature was murdered by the half-brother who had been residing with Umra Khan. The half-brother was not strong enough to hold the Mehtarship; Umra Khan moved into Chitral to see what he could devour; Sher Afzul suddenly came down from Afghanistan to look after his own opportunities and joined Umra, and the British Agent, Dr. Robertson, was cut off and besieged in Chitral.

On the 7th March 1895 this news reached the Indian Government, and on the 14th Umra Khan was told to quit or to suffer the consequences. Scarcely had this message been sent when news arrived that a small force proceeding on the Gilgit road to Chitral, under Captain Ross of the 15th Sikhs, had been attacked in the Koragh defile; that Captain Ross and more than fifty men had been killed; and that a few days later two British officers, Lieutenants Edwardes and Fowler, had been surprised and captured by order of Umra Khan.

There were no means of communication by heliograph or wire. Small bodies of men were sent to collect what intelligence they could in a very disturbed and desolate district. Finally, Colonel Kelly advanced on 25th March from Gilgit towards Chitral, in spite of heavy snow and awful passes; and General Sir Robert Low, moving from Peshawur and Nowshera, crossed the frontier on 1st April with the Chitral relief force, to prevent a tragedy very possible under the circumstances, and in the event very narrowly avoided.


Map of
CHITRAL & THE PAMIRS.
Major Owen's Route.....
English Miles
0 5 10 20 30 40 50
74°
75°
36°
35°
Mastuj
Yasin
Chitral
Gilgit
Chilas
Dir
Longitude East 74° of Greenwich
By permission of the Royal Geographical Society

London. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This short account may recall the general aspect of affairs on the frontier and the purpose of the Chitral Campaign, on which Major Owen was now proceeding.

As in Uganda, so in Chitral, the whole difficulty was the question of a road. If the policy of a road between Peshawur and Chitral had been recognised and paid for so soon as the original objects (1) of controlling the external affairs of Chitral in a direction friendly to Indian interests, (2) of securing an effective guardianship over the northern passes, and (3) of keeping watch over what went on beyond those passes, had been adopted as cardinal points in the consideration of the all-important northern frontier of India, much trouble, many lives, and millions of money might have been saved.

The shortest route to Chitral Fort was by the Malakand Pass, a defile where opposition might be expected, although in the result the Swat tribes of the valley were not hostile to the advance, and the Khan of Dir proved an ally.

Once through this pass, which Sir Colin Campbell in 1852 had contented himself with threatening, there were other obstacles, the Swat and Panjkora rivers and the Jhanbatai and Lowarai Passes. How the force under Sir Robert Low overcame these difficulties and reached the fort of Chitral after the siege had been raised through the gallant defence of the garrison, and after the arrival of Colonel Kelly by the eastern route from Gilgit, and how one British Government decided on evacuation and another on retention and the making of a road, are matters which have been much discussed and described. The brisk articles in the *Pioneer*, headed from "Our Special War Correspondent," written by Major Owen at the time, and reproduced in a connected form in the following pages by permission of the Editor,

give an account of the march to Chitral, and in some measure show Roddy's special work and activity in the Campaign.

"THE FORCING OF THE MALAKAND PASS

"By the last day of March 1895 the whole 14,000 men who formed the division were concentrated at Mardan, the advance commenced, and the order was issued for the forcing of the Malakand Pass. This was done on 3rd April.

"Picture the stony bed of a mountain river running in a ravine almost east, finally bending north for a few hundred yards and ending under a steep column—a ridge running parallel to the river, with spurs jutting out at irregular intervals, between which are rough and rugged watercourses—the east end of the ridge, where the pass is, rising sharply some 500 feet above the ravine, and farther to the west, the rest of the ridge towering perhaps 1800 feet above the stony river-bed below.

"At 8 A.M. on 3rd April Waterfield's (2nd Brigade), supported by Kinloch's (1st Brigade), advanced to this ravine. The enemy in their thousands lined the ridge, and their position on the rocky heights presented a formidable appearance.

"On the previous night a reconnoitring party of Guides Cavalry had been fired at. It was, therefore, with due caution that an attempt was first made to turn the position. To this end the Guides and 4th Sikhs advanced up the extreme west of the spur. The enemy were quite quick enough to take every means to checkmate this movement, and each knoll was disputed. Not content with waiting at the top, they

had advanced and intrenched themselves in *sangars*, stones piled up to form a stout wall, well down the spurs and slopes. As the Guides and Sikhs were seen to be winning their way over the physical difficulties of the ground, and halting to collect and get a breath before dashing over a *sangar*, one could not help sincerely admiring their steadfast tenacity of purpose.

"Meanwhile, three batteries were massed to cover the troops ascending the precipitous heights, at first at a range of 4000 feet, and later at about 1300 feet. Several machine guns were present and aided in the attack effectively. The guns were directed on the *sangars* where the people were collected around the village on the immediate left of the pass, as it was impossible to fire on the enemy opposing the advance of the Guides and Sikhs.

"At 10 A.M. the Guides Infantry reached the enemy half-way up the mountain-side, just as the artillery, taking up a position 200 yards from the mouth of the pass, and laying the guns at 1300 yards, were bursting shrapnel into the brown of them. These people collect in the *sangars*, from which they take a deal of moving. The Maxims playing from right and left of the gorge created an ideal picture of a civilised attack on a savage enemy.

"The time the completion of the movement of the Guides and Sikhs must take had been underestimated. It became evident they could not compass their long detour to the village to co-operate with the direct attack if one brigade complete was to be got to the top of the pass before night. Accordingly at 11.45 A.M. Sir R. Low sent orders to General Waterfield to attack direct with the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Gordon Highlanders.

"The K.O.S.B.'s went up the hill in two columns

from the foot of the pass, the Gordons ascending a spur on their right to turn the enemy's left; the ground between the K.O.S.B.'s and Guides being filled by the 60th Rifles, and that east of the K.O.S.B.'s and Gordons by the Bedfords and 37th Dogras. The ascent, by reason of the extremely difficult ground worked over, looked slow to impatient observers below, who did not realise what a retarding effect a steep slope covered by rocks and thorn-bushes has on troops encumbered with rifles and ammunition, especially when they must occasionally stop to get breath and return the fire of the enemy and here and there rush a *sangar*.

"Whilst the K.O.S.B.'s and the Gordon Highlanders, in two columns, Gordons on the right, dashed up the hill, General Kinloch was enabled to push up the Rifles lower down and to seize the old Buddhist road, which I daresay 1500 years ago presented a better appearance.

"The 'Sweeps' soon made the best of their way. Gaining the heights they turned to the right, and had the satisfaction of sharing with the K.O.S.B.'s and Gordons the honour of the close fighting which ensued, and which they one and all so zealously courted.

"Stirred up by fanatical Mullahs, the opposition was composed of Ranazaies, Utman Khels, and Adinazaies, their numbers about 10,000. That they fought obstinately cannot be denied, whether sitting under the bursting shrapnel of the mountain batteries or under the ping, ping of the Maxims, or fighting at the point of the bayonet against the British troops. It was a good performance, and the fighting value of the Swatis has risen tenfold in the estimation of the Field Force. Whether the courage of the enemy was due to love of country or to fanaticism, they stood up to the fire to the last moment, throwing rocks if they did not possess firearms, and inflicting a loss of sixty killed and

wounded—a loss probably greater than has been experienced in any frontier expedition since the Ambeyla War in 1863.

"It is one thing, however, to defend a strong position, another to storm heights 3000 feet high, under a burning sun, over terrible ground, in face of a galling fire. In every case the figures of commanding officers could be discerned well ahead of their men, an especial mark for the enemy, who could well enough distinguish the officers, particularly of a native regiment. The popular Colonel of the 60th had a personal encounter with a stalwart Pathan, who suddenly jumped up from behind a rock, and making a dash at the nearest soldier, tried to wrest the rifle from his hand, forcing Colonel MacCall to persuade him with his rifle to desist. Our casualties were 15 men killed and 7 officers and 26 men wounded. The loss of the enemy is estimated from native sources at nearly 1000.

"Soon after 2 P.M. the crest was won. Captain Nixon of the Intelligence Department and I managed to drag our horses up to the top, for ride we could not, and a nice job we had in doing it, tearing away thorny obstructions, thoughtfully and scientifically placed for our edification by our hospitable hosts, and arriving with the rear parties of the K.O.S.B.'s. This regiment pushed on over the ridge, and occupied a knoll overlooking the Swat Valley on the far side. Captain Nixon accompanied a party down a ravine filled with slabs of stone to the plains below, to reconnoitre, whilst I returned to telegraph, after seeing the 37th Dogras fairly on the scent. Being fired at while resting, they had found a path to the right of the British troops, and were in full cry after the retreating enemy, stumbling over boulders towards the Swat Valley whither the enemy were taking their flight. The two

companies actually bivouacked that night at Khar village, 3 miles off in the Swat Valley, unmolested, but were rapidly withdrawn by General Kinloch on learning their position, the intention being simply to hold the heights.

"On these heights, while the 2nd Brigade returned to Dargal, the 1st Brigade remained under arms all night, very short of grub till the middle of the night and very cold, but the Sappers soon made the road passable for mules, and they came up as long as the moon lasted. The 4th Sikhs, at the end of their stiff climb, after clearing *sangars* on the way, came on a village full of the enemy at a point more to the west of the point where we imagined the enemy's right to rest. Having successfully cleared them off, they too bivouacked on the hills for the night. The victory had been decisive; the enemy had been shown, no matter what their position, it was not impregnable."

"THE ADVANCE ON KHAR

"On the 4th April General Kinloch's, the 1st Brigade, moved down from the pass at 2 P.M. towards Khar, the 2nd Brigade marching up in their place. On the way to Khar the former brigade unexpectedly came in for a fight again.

"The road lay on the side of a high range, and narrowed at about 2 miles from the foot of the pass to a small defile a few hundred yards long. Here the enemy was discovered in strong occupation of *sangars*, waving their standards, and apparently far from suppressed.

"General Kinloch ordered some King's Royal Rifles and Bedfords to seize the defile, whilst No. 3 Battery opened on the *sangars*. To seize the mouth of the

defile and guard the flank was the work of a moment to the Bedfords. The guns of No. 3 Battery came into action, and the 37th Dogras and a company of the 15th Sikhs passed on and cleared the ridge. Then the Rifles, Bedfords, and guns again moved on and took up a position some 800 yards behind the ridge, to cover the exit of the long train of baggage from the defile. The Dogras and Sikhs had been sent forward to hold the enemy in check and came in for some hard fighting. Finding the shrapnel too hot for them, the enemy tried to work round our left of the ridge, and finally concentrated their attack on the Dogras and Sikhs.

"Along the foot of the spur runs the valley covered with partly grown crops. To meet the apparent attempt at a turning movement, if the enemy were to debouch into the valley, since they were hard pressing the Dogras and Sikhs, a squadron of Guides Cavalry was sent round in the nick of time to meet them. No sooner had the Guides taken up their position than large numbers of the enemy swarmed down the spur, round the hill held by the Dogras, into the open. Here was a chance, and the Guides dashed at them. The going was deep, and the horses had had a rare bucketing to get to the valley, but this did not prevent a good charge, and at least thirty Swatis paid the penalty of their rashness and fell under the sharp sabres of the Guides. Captain Adams's horse, Lieutenant Baldwin himself (in the hand), six men, and seven horses were wounded, and one horse killed.

"It being now nearly dark General Kinloch occupied Khar for the night. All slept under arms, but no night attack was attempted. The loss of the enemy was estimated at about 500. Their numbers must have been at least 5000, if not more. Amongst them

were some Bonerwals, while Mir Afzul, one of three brothers of Umra Khan, was in command."

"THE CROSSING OF THE SWAT RIVER

"On the morning of 5th April no enemy was visible. The 1st Brigade remained at Khar to fill up supplies, while the 2nd Brigade passed them on the road to the Swat river, which Sir R. Low rode forward to reconnoitre as far as Thanna village. Whilst many had surrendered, this village, occupying a strong position on the side of a hill 1½ miles from the left bank of the river, still showed a hostile attitude, and took close order with flags and banners waving.

"Supplies being in great request, the villagers were told that, unless they dispersed on the morrow, the 2nd Brigade would advance against them, their homes would be razed, and any hostile action in the meantime would result in their being summarily dealt with. On the 6th they had dispersed.

"In one of the first reconnaissances I forded the river, and earned the honour of being the first white man in European clothes to set foot on the far side of the Swat river. This I need scarcely add was done without danger.

"On the afternoon of 6th April a reconnaissance, under General Blood, was made again to the river, opposite Ramorah, one of Umra Khan's forts. Several fords had been discovered, but in the evening some of Umra Khan's horse and foot appeared, and occupied the villages at the far side, as well as a ridge commanding the place proposed for a bridge. Their presence was ascertained by a company of the K.O.S.B.'s being fired at while proceeding to see if the enemy were still in force.

"On the 7th April it was decided to throw a force across the river, and occupy the villages on the right bank. The enemy showed great confidence, opening fire on the Sappers working at the crossing, and at the infantry covering party. At 11 A.M. the K.O.S.B.'s received orders to line the left bank and cover the crossing of cavalry. They waded through the boggy ground, intersected with innumerable small canals, and took possession of the ford in the centre, while the cavalry advanced.

"The Bengal Lancers, the best-horsed regiment in India, dashed into the rapid stream half-way up their saddle-flaps and forged their passages. Directly the enemy realised the cavalry could approach they deserted the ridge and villages, and fled up the valley towards Uch. This valley is some 2 miles wide and extends northwards for about 8 miles, but the road to Bajour and Umra Khan's territory turns sharp to the west. The going for cavalry was excellent, but the enemy had got a long start, as the river where it was forded ran in five branches. But a long gallop enabled the 11th Bengal Lancers to prove the effectiveness of the lance as the queen of weapons for cavalry. At least 100 of the enemy remained on the ground; and if they had not had so distinct a dread of the mounted branches, the Lancers and Guides would have been able to account for many more during the pursuit. Amongst the first to turn for home was Umra Khan's brother, Muhammad Shah Khan, with his escort of twenty-five horsemen. So good a start did they get that they were enabled to escape through the Kalgola Pass, and for the last 3 miles we could not gain on them, our horses were so beat, whilst knowledge of the country served them in good stead. The pursuit was continued for 9 miles

from the river, past Uch, right up to the Kalgola Pass, the Lancers losing one man killed, and six wounded; three horses killed, and eight wounded.

"After the passage of the cavalry, the K.O.S.B.'s, 4th Sikhs, and 5th Sikhs forded the river, stormed the fort, and occupied Chakdara village.

"The next day, 8th April, the 2nd Brigade, under General Waterfield, led the advance, followed by the 3rd, under General Gatacre; whilst the 1st, under General Kinloch, will remain to keep order in the Swat Valley, as the communications lengthen."

"THE CROSSING OF THE PANJKORA RIVER

"We had no incidents worthy of record till we reached the Panjkora river, where a cavalry reconnaissance was pushed up some 7 miles in the direction of Munda, Umra Khan's birthplace, and one of his chief strongholds. The weather is lovely, and if we do kick against the delay occasioned partly by want of supplies, it is no hardship to camp with a lot of good chaps in one of the loveliest of valleys, with the unexplored in front of you. One cannot help feeling anxiety about Edwardes and Fowler, the two officers now in the hands of Umra Khan, but I hardly think he is sufficiently barbarous to maltreat them, even to force our hand.

"We are in what is shown in the map as the Province of Talash. It is indeed the old Province of Udyana, the historical corner from which so many languages have lately been submitted to the Oriental Congress of Vienna. On this head, as in others, Major Deane, our political officer, has gleaned most valuable information; and though in the hurry and bustle of camp life, the latest shave and the latest fight

appear the only matters worth a thought, there are other subjects perhaps more lasting and more real in their value to the progress of civilisation, at least from a scientific point of view, and for the appreciation of the history of the past. A great field for archæological research presents itself in this ancient stronghold of Buddhism, where Buddhist ruins catch the eye at every turn, studding the mountains, and exciting the curiosity of us all. Most interesting would it be too to trace out the line that was taken by Alexander the Great. It is supposed one of his columns marched through Buner, another through Peshawur. Upper Swat inscriptions have lately been published in the *Journal Asiatique* by M. Serrat; but as every one knows who has travelled in countries untrodden and unsearched by the European, it requires close knowledge of the country and unremitting energy and application to evolve the distinctions and differentiate amongst nomad tribes, from generation to generation, blending, as they often do, one with the other, not only socially, but in their languages. To elucidate facts which may form the base of history requires time, but it is worth doing.

"Little time, however, is afforded us to satisfy a thirst for discovery, and the many interesting questions the opening of this new country will bring forward must be settled by those with more time on their hands than the Chitral Field Force. On arrival at Sado, near the Panjkora river, we found the stars seemed to be against us. The river had risen, owing to the melting of the snows in the uplands, so as to be unfordable, and also to cut off attempts at finding out for certain the intentions of Umra Khan.

"The work of bridging the river was commenced first by Captain Parker, of the Derajat Battery, above camp, and later by Major Aylmer, R.E., V.C., below it.

The native workmen of the former on completing the raft let it drift, and then ran away; but on the 12th of April Aylmer had made a bridge by means of stone supports and heavy logs formed as rafts, with boards collected from the dismantled forts to walk on. The completion of the bridge was very necessary. On the 11th the baggage guard had been fired at from the villages on the farther bank, the enemy receiving a hot reply from the 4th Sikhs, who killed twenty or thirty. Accordingly, when a passage could be effected, on the night of the 12th the Guides Cavalry crossed with orders to attack and burn all the villages within reach at daybreak, and turn the enemy out of the positions from which firing had taken place.

"Major Aylmer hoped the bridge would have been fit to pass troops and transport across by noon on the 13th, but unluckily some heavy logs came down the river and catching a centre raft dislodged it. Several of the working party were carried on it down the rapid stream, eventually being rescued. In the meantime, Colonel Battye, with his Guides, had destroyed the offending villages on the farther side of the river. At about 2 P.M. two columns of the enemy were reported by the Guides to be advancing on them. This proved to be true. The 2nd Brigade was immediately turned out (the 4th Sikhs were on the march in ten minutes) and took up strong positions — K.O.S.B.'s on the right, and Gordons left and right centre, with 4th Sikhs and 23rd Pioneers in middle. Nos. 8 and 2 Mountain Batteries shelled the enemy at about 1200 yards, and the Maxims played from both flanks. Two companies of Guides had occupied ridges at right angles to the range, where they were being attacked from the N.W. A section of Guides occupied a knoll farther south, parallel to the remainder's position.

Between them ran a deep gully partially covered with scrub. In support the two other companies remained at the foot of the hill, bordering the right bank of river, and were in communication with our force till it became necessary for them to mount the hill and join their comrades. In the meantime, whilst the enemy attacked the main position from N.W., they also sent parties to cross the saddle and work round west of the detached party, whilst others poured down the nullah, separating the Guides.

"The Guides were loath to retire, and for two hours continued a conflict, while the enemy's forces kept increasing and spreading. Even when they received orders to retire they did so with every sign of regret, in perfect order, and with a callousness they did not attempt to hide, not from any slovenliness or carelessness, but as brave men who know what they are about, and have no fear of the result. Colonel Battye was killed as he was leaving the spur for the few fields of cultivation here dividing the spur from the river. The inclination to linger and give the last blow to their antagonists showed itself then still more, and one can well feel for them, and recognise the spirit that burnt to avenge the death of their colonel. No. 2 Mountain Battery, under Major Shirres and Captain Parker, during the retirement had dug deep into the *sangars;* the Maxims, under Captain Peebles and Lieutenant MacAllister, had poured a hail of bullets wherever the enemy could be observed; and a company of Gordons was now advanced to the edge of the river to prevent the turning movement down the centre, on which they were able to deliver volleys, whilst the left of the infantry held the turning movement from the S.W.

"When once a retirement is begun, the moral effect of success and advance amongst savage tribes is

tremendous. All previous punishment sinks into insignificance; they do not harbour consequences, they only consider the one phase of winning, and will brave much to reach what they are pleased to consider a beaten enemy. Thus it was they pressed the Guides so hard, in spite of the latter's well-directed volleys, and the flame of fire vented on them from the left bank. Standard-bearers danced on the spur-brow, running backwards and forwards under a withering fire, which could and did have in many cases but one result. Not content with this, they descended and crossed the front within 50 yards of the Guides. Before leaving the spur, those who had no firearms actually threw boulders and stones, so close were they. The enemy had now worked round towards the north in very large numbers, and Martini bullets were whizzing about us on this side with considerable frequency. It was expected a night attack would be attempted, and a probable effort to rush the Guides' camp would follow the day's hostilities. In view of this contingency a company of 4th Sikhs and two Maxims were pushed across in rafts, whilst Captain Adams (now in command of the Guides through the lamentable death of Colonel Battye) and another brother officer crossed to inspire their comrades of the Guides Infantry under Campbell. Earthworks were thrown up on the right bank of the river, where a clear field of fire for 200 yards was possible, whilst four companies of Gordon Highlanders and No. 2 Derajat Mountain Battery covered the Guides' position from the left bank, and one company of Gordons stayed at the bridge head lower down the river.

"The casualties of the Guides throughout the day had been Colonel Battye and three killed and ten wounded. The enemy failed to act as was expected at night, though they kept up an intermittent fire, and

tomtoms sounded frequently. Six star rockets were fired by Captain Parker's battery at about 1000 yards at dark, the first setting alight the grass and scrub above the Guides' position and making it impossible temporarily for the enemy to come to close quarters, no doubt, too, exercising morally a very deterrent effect. It is said they lay in the wet rice-fields to the number of some 2000, unable to make up their minds to face the miracle, and eventually concluded that people who were able to turn night into day were an uncanny lot and best left alone.

"We were all glad in the morning to find a more determined attack had not taken place, for a night attack is never a desirable thing. A great loss must, however, fall on the brigade in the serious wound of Captain Peebles, a most promising officer, just placed in charge of all the Maxims. This officer had made a *spécialité* of the work, and had invented several great improvements. He was standing with a knot of officers when he was hit and mortally wounded by a Martini bullet.

"On the very morning of this encounter Lieutenant Edwardes, one of the officers captured by Umra Khan, was descried wending his way through the camp. An assistant of Major Deane, Shah Bahadur, had gone two days previously to the camp of Umra Khan. The latter expressed himself as glad of the opportunity of negotiation with the Government, and despatched Edwardes with letters to Major Deane, containing the following briefly:—

"*Q.*—What have I done that Government is angry with me?

"*A.*—Why haven't you complied with 18th March Government ultimatum?

"*Q.*—What condition does Government impose?

"*A.*—We want Fowler and prisoners safe and sound, and we intend marching through your country, and you must help us to keep the road open to Chitral.

"*Q.*—How long will Government be angry with me?

"*A.*—So long as you don't oppose us we leave you alone.

"This is the pith of the negotiations. During the transmission of our replies the fighting above described occurred. It is believed that Umra Khan himself did not take part, but that he was aware of what was transpiring, though perhaps unable to prevent it, is certain. The enemy consisted of Mohmunds and Utman Khels, egged on by their wild fanatical *mullahs.* The cessation of hostilities to-day is ascribed to their disappointment at failing to cut off the Guides. It is possible, too, Umra Khan may have expressed his wishes to them. Whilst Umra Khan is making up his mind whether he shall comply with the Government intentions, the bridge will be completed and both brigades in a condition to advance. Getting the camels here over the rough and narrow path of the Kotal is a matter of time. One falls and all are delayed; another breaks the connection string which is attached from one's nose to another's tail; all have to halt for this to be righted. So with the mules; the load of one catches a rock and is dragged off or gets loose, and this stops the whole line.

"In the valley crops are ripening; a tinge of yellow now takes the place of the succulent green, whilst the large number of animals are making an alarming breach in the well-grown and handsome supply. We are lucky, indeed, to have it at hand. If these people are ready to fight when their crops are standing, how much more would they under other circumstances! Walnuts, mul-

berries, peaches, apples, and grapes appear indigenous to the soil of the country, and doubtless many other fruits. But little game has been seen—I should say the tracks, for there has been enough noise to drive anything away. On the Malakand Pass I found tracks of markor, whilst several of the polecat tribe have slipped across the path. A few pigeons and curlew may be seen in the river-bed, but so far no paradise for sportsmen presents itself."

"THE BATTLE OF MIANKALAI

"All the 4th Sikhs crossed on the morning of the 14th. On the 15th I went on a reconnaissance with Captain Robertson and Captain Rawlins to Rubat, some 9 miles up the left bank of the Panjkora river. It poured, and we had a bad road, owing to the height of the river, which covers the lower one. Our escort didn't turn up till we had completed the journey and nearly returned to camp, but the people were quite friendly. The country between Shahmadgai and Rubat to the junction of the rivers is quite a beautiful valley and full of grain. The rain which continued throughout the night was destructive to the telegraph arrangements, and looked like doing away with the bridge. Happily not so.

"On the 16th General Blood started with a squadron of Adams's Guides to reconnoitre in the direction of Miankalai, and, if possible, to force the enemy to show their strength. In this the reconnaissance was most successful. I imagine their force to be about 2000. The 11th Bengal Lancers, the 3rd Brigade, and No. 2 Mountain Battery followed later over the bridge. About 2 miles from Miankalai the enemy opened fire on our advanced party, and we came to the

conclusion that being shot at when walking away is considerably more disagreeable even than when advancing. The 11th Bengal Lancers, through a misunderstanding in the orders, did not arrive until later, and by this time the enemy had collected in force on a position west of Miankalai and Munda, at a fort directly up the valley in front of the position, which appeared to have been the harbour for a great part of their force the previous night, as men were seen leaving it in great numbers and joining those who issued from Munda and Miankalai. These places were then hidden from our view by the rising ground in front.

"The 11th Bengal Lancers were ordered by General Blood to keep out of sight, as we hoped to tempt the enemy into the valley, when the cavalry could have once more been brought into action. The river winds from Munda directly down our line of advance. But once bitten twice shy. They made a better arrangement than in exposing themselves, though, had the ground been better adapted to cavalry, it might have been possible to have got into them as they crossed to advance along the cultivated slopes on the right bank of the river, and again when they retired. At first it looked as if they meant to come to close quarters, for they advanced almost shoulder to shoulder in successive lines, their right flank covered by the high hills of which they were in possession on the right bank, and their left by the river. In addition to these, a column had been seen to move round the left bank of the river behind the high hills here skirting it.

"These movements were in their infancy when the 3rd Brigade arrived in the following order of march:—25th Punjab Infantry, 24th Gurkhas, Seaforth Highlanders, and Buffs. The Gurkhas and Seaforths were sent across the river by General Gatacre to crown the

top of the slopes, destroying the several forts situated high up at the foot of the mountains, and pushing the enemy forward, whilst the cavalry were to advance along the valley and attack the enemy when they crossed the ford. No. 2 Mountain Battery (Derajat) came up and took up a position with a clear field of fire on the left bank, above the ford used by the infantry. It perhaps might have been better had the cavalry waited until the infantry had pushed well forward on both flanks and driven the enemy from the snug and invisible position of vantage where they ensconce themselves on such occasions, until the whew of a bullet tells you that you are being potted at. Apparently divining our intentions, the enemy split up, and until driven out by a volley or a shell their whereabouts in many cases could not be divined. They were evidently lying in wait for the cavalry, for so soon as these had gone about half a mile, a very hot fire from the slopes on both banks from a well-concealed enemy told us we should get a warm time of it—and we got it. To the left front the enemy were now clearly seen in great numbers, and since they showed no sign of retreat—at present the Gurkhas had only just reached the other side, and had had no time to make an impression—there was no object in proceeding, at least until the infantry had advanced. Colonel Scott, therefore, took up a position in rear of a village, with his advanced party in a large nullah under Lieutenant Maclean, and waited the advance of the Gurkhas and the Seaforths, dismounting his men to fire volleys, which they did with great success. In this short time the Lancers and Guides had twelve horses wounded, three of which are since dead. The Gurkhas and the Seaforths pushed steadily on, halting and firing volleys with precision, and fort after fort was

seen to be dismantled, whilst the enemy kept firing and running away, evidently not intending to get to close quarters. This was unfortunate.

"The order now came that when the Seaforths had reached a big fort in their line of advance a halt was to be sounded, and they were to bivouac for the night and the cavalry retire. Whilst the cavalry were dismounted and firing, as described, there were apparently but few of the enemy anywhere near, but immediately a patrol was sent out, sharp firing low down on the slopes almost directly below our infantry showed they were still hoping to revenge themselves on the horse soldiers, at an advantage, for their previous defeats. The halt was sounded at 2.30 P.M. to enable us to make good what had been gained, as all hope of getting to close quarters seemed fruitless. Four Gurkhas and two Seaforths were wounded. The rear lot of the enemy were seen to be retiring to the west along the river, which just beyond Miankalai bends westward. Some few horsemen were seen during the engagement on the slopes near Munda, and probably Umra Khan was present. The enemy have evidently lost heart, and have not the same determination that characterised the defence of the Malakand.

"The next morning we were still full of hope the opposition would be renewed, but General Gatacre's brigade, who had been timed to be at Miankalai at 8 A.M., were sorely disappointed to find Munda Fort unoccupied and the large village close to it empty. Two brass guns, about the size of a 12 and 18 pounder, were found, some grain, Korans, and empty ammunition boxes. The scene of Fowler's and Edwardes's late abode was shown us by the former, as well as Umra Khan's Council Chamber, Musjid, Seraglio, rice-stores, and other interesting possessions of this highland free-

booter. Umra Khan had absconded the previous night with his treasure, also some 200 stand of rifles and ammunition, it is supposed towards Asmar. A squadron of Guides was immediately sent on, under Captain Nixon, to Barwa, distance about 9 miles. Here he found three more guns and some grain, and the Jhanbatai or Binshi Pass easily surmountable, but Barwa too was tenantless.

"I myself then rode back to Sado to telegraph, but my pony having got loose when being led, galloped towards Miankalai, so I didn't reach my destination for three hours and a half. After despatch of telegrams and an excellent lunch with the 15th Sikhs, who are quartered at the bridge head, I returned to find the camp in the most charming situation under a grove of trees, with what is very similar to clover under foot and with the river running down below us. The 2nd Brigade were quickly getting to work to put their future quarters in order. Munda Fort, of course, will be held and made practically impregnable, whilst a hill station is being sought in the neighbourhood to preserve the health of the troops. General Waterfield's command will comprise the line from the Panjkora river to the Jhanbatai Pass, both inclusive."

"THE JHANBATAI PASS

"From Munda, General Gatacre with the Buffs and Gurkhas continued his march towards Dir, camping the first night at the Fort of Barwa, already mentioned, about 2 miles south of the foot of the Jhanbatai Pass. On the 20th his advanced half-brigade reached the top of this pass, where they camped after a real hard day, clearing the road for the passage of their transport.

On the 21st they continued the march to Dir, arriving there without opposition on the 22nd. Since then General Gatacre has been busy preparing the road to the foot of the Lowarai Pass. To the top from here is about 14 miles. Major Aylmer has had to build a bridge over the Baraul river, while the Buffs and Gurkhas have assisted the Sappers and Miners in their work. Had we been opposed in the Jhanbatai or Binshi Pass it would have gone hard with us, and our loss in time and men would have been great.

"The present political situation is as follows:—Swat is settling down. The neighbouring tribes on either side are at present quiet. There is no fear, so far as can be seen at present, of any combined fanatical movement. A good political move was made in securing one flank in our march up through the Khan of Nawagai's country, who, though he has set himself against hostile action, at the same time has given refuge to many of Umra Khan's former followers from Miankalai and the Jandol Valley. The great point for congratulation is that by the concentrated move at the commencement on one point, viz. the Malakand Pass, an immense number of men who might, and probably would, have felt bound to oppose us were given the opportunity they wanted to break up and go to their homes. The enforcement of tribal responsibility in each of the countries through which we have passed, for not permitting other tribes to come against us, has helped to keep away gatherings. The attitude taken by the Khan of Nawagai prevented the gatherings who came to assist Umra Khan from being larger, and those who came together after the fight with the Guides had not their hearts in it. There is little doubt, by the way, that some Afghans took part, from the region of Asmar, in the Guides affair. Umra Khan remains on

one side to be dealt with, and it is not known at present what will be done regarding him.

"The Khan of Dir, who had for years been exiled from his country by Umra Khan, has been successfully used as a political card. He was sent ahead from Swat to make arrangements with his old tribesmen, and by this an unopposed passage through a very difficult and enclosed country from Jandol to Dir has been secured. He made bridges and supplied food. Through him a brother of Umra Khan was shut up in a fort and the family captured, thus helping materially in the return of Lieutenant Fowler. He was directed, though he had not captured his own fort of Dir, to send men to Chitral to assist Dr. Robertson. He secured Drosh Fort, and the arrival of his men in Chitral has undoubtedly had much to do with, if it was not the chief reason for, the flight of Sher Afzul and Umra Khan's men, and the raising of the siege. Sher Afzul is now being pursued by the Khan of Dir's men. The road beyond Dir appears to be most difficult, and it must take at least a fortnight before the troops reach Chitral. The Expedition so far has been most successful in accomplishing its object, and now we can move more at our leisure. Colonel Kelly, bar accidents, must be there before us, and probably has arrived. The Chitral garrison made a most successful countermine against the mines made by the enemy, and we hear have blown up some thirty or forty of them."

"THE FUTURE OF CHITRAL

"Only one fear presents itself to all. A rumour has spread that Government purposes retiring on the relief of Chitral, leaving the country and not opening the road. In this case the troops will feel their work has

been done for nothing, as it is probable the prisoners would have been delivered up in any event. The Politicals are apt to think that a soldier's point of view is always in favour of fighting and extension. That the advantage of a strategic position enters more deeply into their souls than a civilian's is probable, but then a strategical position brings strength, and strength brings food and trade, and, last but not least, peace, on which these two rely for their development.

"It does not require a Moltke to look at the map, and to indicate that natural causes, supplemented by our environment, point indubitably to extension to the Hindu Kush as our only possible frontier. Do not then let us throw away the enormous sums which we have already spent, and by which we have attained that end, when a withdrawal may force us to re-enact at no distant date what has so lately, and is still, engaging the interest and anxious thoughts of our statesmen and our soldiers. Should a Russian invasion of India ever take place, and, as is probable, Persia and Herat be the theatre at first upon which eyes are fixed, all the more vital to our success must be the security of our right flank. The time and expense spent in keeping touch with the tribes and preventing the preparation of hostile combinations in that quarter would not be thrown away. We must not delude ourselves into the belief that by relinquishing the route we now occupy, we can leave the country as we found it, or the people with the same feeling towards us as before we visited their thresholds. We leave an open sore, one that will not heal up easily. Our retirement will be ascribed to the results of the Pamir Commission now meeting, coupled with the Russian occupation of Shighnan and Roshan. All the prestige we have acquired (and we cannot scoff at this article, often more useful

than the power for which it does duty) by our recent advance will be lost to us, whilst the influence of the Russians will proportionately increase, and we should retire from a most important point after preparing an excellent military road before them. We shall leave an objective to Russian officers, who, however disinclined to interfere with our rights, must inevitably be drawn to Chitral by the love of adventure, and for the information of the Intelligence Department, if by no stronger motive power. They would find a people as ready to their hand as material for soldiers as they at present are to ours—a people who cannot fail to wonder at our retirement, still more at our allowing the Russians the *entrée*, and who will surely ascribe it to the increasing strength of Russia's power in Asia, and the outcome of their occupation of Shighnan, which all understand has been brought about against the wishes of Great Britain and the Amir, who are powerless to stop her.

"These native tribes are fully aware of the acuteness of the friendly rivalry existing between ourselves and Russia. When it transpired that Shighnan and Roshan, an immense tract of country containing ruby mines and more valuable land than that of Hunza, had been handed over to Russia, the natural inference was that we had decided we could easily, and would hold the Dorah Pass and all approaches to Chitral, and that so we could afford to allow Russia in Shighnan. That Chitral was our most vulnerable point, that we must defend it by holding the Dir route, in view of Russia's close promixity, that in return an arrangement had been made by which the Russians undertook not to go south of a line drawn from Lake Victoria, through the Benderski and Orta Bel Passes to Aktash and the Chinese frontier, that thus there need be no cause for disagreement or necessity for our keeping a large force

to guard these more eastern passes, were points of a settlement which the uninitiated could understand. If we hold Chitral, this arrangement is worthy and sensible for both nations; if we retire from Chitral, we should never have permitted Russia in Shighnan and Roshan. Shighnan is the key to Badakshan, and Badakshan is the key to Chitral, and Chitral is the key to the plains of India. No one is better aware of this fact than Russia. It may be urged that in order to reach Chitral, Russia has to pass through Afghan territory, but Russia is not afraid of Afghanistan. She is not situated as we are with reference to that country. She deems it most probable that we should use all endeavours to prevent a rupture between herself and Afghanistan, a country which we are bound in treaty to protect. Russia has nothing to lose by an advance. She could only be beaten back to return again, whilst we want none of the country north of the Hindu Kush, unless it be as a means of preventing Russia's access to the passes. Hence, if we retire from Chitral, we leave a strong temptation dangling before the eyes of Russia, in the shape of an excellent road to India now carefully prepared for mountain guns, and also that open sore I alluded to, to assist them in securing the adhesion of at least some of the tribes to their cause. Is it to be supposed for a moment that if we retired from Chitral, and Russia occupied it, or even made a political reconnaissance towards Dir, attended by Kirghiz tribesmen, whom she has enlisted and pays well, and others who are acquainted with both sides of the Hindu Kush, we should remain motionless in Peshawur, or say in Swat? Not likely; more expense, an advance or a Commission would inevitably ensue, and the whole business would have to be done again under more unfavourable circumstances."

This history from the pages of the *Pioneer*, which is roughly written in similar terms as his diary, gives Major Owen's account of the Chitral Campaign.

On 19th April intelligence arrived which, for the few days prior to the arrival at Chitral, took Major Owen out of the position of a Special Correspondent. His great desire to share in the expedition as a recognised combatant was fulfilled by the news that on 17th April he had been officially attached to the K.O.S.B.'s, a recognition of his services published in Divisional Orders which enabled him to do military work with the 2nd Brigade and gave due title to the Chitral medal.[1]

During the campaign he had been the first mounted man to reach the top of the Malakand Pass, and the only correspondent taking a part in the storming. He was also the first man dressed as a European who had been known to have crossed the Swat river. On 4th April he had been able from his position in the front to indicate the approach of the enemy at the right moment, and showing the way had joined in the cavalry charge of the Guides. His action was thus described in the *Times*:—

"The most remarkable feature of the day was the extraordinary moral effect of a small handful of cavalry. Towards evening the 1st Brigade was in the undulating ground near Khar, and the enemy, several thousand strong, on a neighbouring spur; a brisk interchange of shots was going on, the brigade intent mostly on covering the arrival of its baggage, and not caring to take the offensive so late in the day. War correspondents

[1] An India 1895 medal with "Relief of Chitral, 1895," clasp has been sent to Roddy Owen's relatives by the directions of the Secretary of State for War, "to be kept as a memorial of his services in the Chitral expedition."

have often before been useful, and on this occasion Major Roddy Owen, who represents the *Pioneer*, was singularly so. He was peering round the hill in search of the enemy and general information, when he descried a dense mass of the enemy, estimated at not less than 2000, leaving the hills and making as if to turn the flank of the infantry. Major Owen at once informed General Kinloch, and the General promptly ordered out the small handful of the Guides Cavalry which had managed to struggle over the pass. Perhaps there were thirty sabres at the outside under Captain Adams, and these were boldly launched at the enemy. The effect was extraordinary: those 2000 men fled to a man. As every animal flees to his lair, so these fled from the unaccustomed plains for their native hills. But, desperately tired though the cavalry were after a dozen hours in the saddle, and though deep was the going through high-standing crops, yet to nearly every sabre fell one or more victims, not the least forward in the charge being the above-mentioned War Correspondent. Next morning the entire valley was empty and silent, and we afterwards learnt from the villagers that nothing was talked of but the demon troopers of the Guides, who had so suddenly and unexpectedly been loosed upon the enemy. In the charge Lieutenant Baldwin was slightly wounded in the hand, and seven horses and five men were killed or wounded."

He also went in the front of the charge of the Bengal Lancers on 7th April:—

"For 9 miles," he mentions in a letter, "we pursued the enemy; I waited several times, having twice emptied my six-chambered revolver. Had only two natives near me... We killed many; but if they had thought only of big men instead of killing small fry, we could have left these to the infantry. When my horse was

nearly beat I demolished one of the big men of the enemy and collared his horse. Mine then followed me loose for the rest of the pursuit."

The collection of news, continual wiring to Calcutta, writing accounts of the battles, and taking part in all the military operations, had rendered his work by no means light. In such a campaign as that in Chitral a correspondent would run as much risk as a combatant, particularly if his unattached position and power of movement enabled him to remain at the front, and as far as possible take an active part in every fight.

On the 21st April he started with Captain Younghusband for the advanced outposts, riding to Jhanbatai through the mass of baggage of the 3rd Brigade and Seaforths, jammed in the Jhanbatai Pass, under torrents of rain, and on the next day in continued rain to General Gatacre's camp at Dir. Thence the two officers proceeded to the advanced guard of the Buffs at Ashreth, after crossing the rough and steep Lowarai Pass.

On 18th April the siege of Chitral Fort had ended. By a sortie of the 17th the garrison drove the enemy from the Summer House commanding the fort and destroyed their mines. It was known that the Khan of Dir, Colonel Kelly, and at a greater distance Sir R. Low, were advancing to the relief. Accordingly, Sher Afzul fled away to the mountain fastnesses of Kohistan, where a week afterwards he and his brothers were captured by the Khan of Dir's men. On 20th April Colonel Kelly and Captain Borradaile arrived after their adventurous march from Gilgit; and on 27th April Captain Younghusband and Major Owen, riding alone, covered the whole distance of some 44 miles from Ashreth to Chitral, and first of Sir R. Low's Relief Force and first of Europeans by this route since

M'Nair had gone up in the costume of a native doctor, entered Chitral Fort.

The journey and welcome are thus described in the *Times*:—

"From Ashreth, Major Owen and I determined to push on straight through to Chitral, 44 miles distant, trusting to the rapidity of our movements to get through safely without an escort. Passing along over much the same description of rough hill road as before, and with the same holly-clad hills on either hand, with pine forests higher up, we reached Kila Drosh towards mid-day. It was a lovely morning, clear and bright, and with a cool, fresh breeze after the previous night's rain. Nothing could be more beautiful than this smiling Chitrali village, with its waving cornfields, its masses of shady trees, and its smooth green plots of grass. And it was difficult to realise that it had so lately been the scene of deadly fighting, and that even now among the snowy mountains which rose behind it, the prince who had made such a determined bid for the throne was flying for his life. But smiling though the aspect of the country was, the appearance of the people was very different. The place was almost deserted till gradually a few collected round, as we sat under the shade of a tree, and asked for a change of ponies and some milk and eggs. And the look of these people was deeply depressing. They looked utterly crushed and exhausted, nervous, and in the utmost terror of one. Later, on my return, when they began to find their tongues a little more, they told me that Umra Khan's men had carried off everything they had, and even Sher Afzul had not spared them, driving away with him many of their women. Added to this, they were in the most mortal dread that the British force advancing across the Lowarai Pass was coming to exact a terrible retribution

on them for daring to besiege the representative of Government, and a report had been spread abroad that every village was to be burned and the inhabitants massacred for three days.

"The whole way to Chitral it was the same thing—beautiful, smiling villages, and depressed, terror-stricken inhabitants. The valley above Drosh was for the greater part barren, and the road, where cliffs ran down to the water's edge, extremely difficult, in one place being merely a gallery let into the side of a sheer cliff. It was only at intervals of some miles that villages were passed through; but wherever there were villages they were wonderfully beautiful. At dusk we reached Chitral. We looked down upon the fort nestling among the great plane-trees which nearly surround it, and thought of the desperate struggle which but little over a week before had raged around it. Finding that the officers had removed from the fort to a native house higher up, we pushed on there. We climbed some rough steps and entered a low doorway. 'Take care of your heads,' said the servant who was leading us. 'Look out for the step down there.' But these warnings were unnecessary for me, as I knew so well each little crevice in the house, in which I had myself lived for many a long month. Then a door was opened, and we found the little party of officers, whose deeds are now known throughout the world, just sitting quietly down to dinner.

"Englishmen are not effusive in their speech, however much they may feel, and the remarks that passed between us at first, as far as mere words go, were of the most ordinary description. But as dinner progressed—and included in the dinner was a long-delayed Christmas pudding which had arrived that very day, and a bottle of 'hospital comfort' brandy which Dr.

Robertson insisted upon having out for the occasion—we got to talk more freely, and gradually to express our feelings of admiration as the officers told us of all the long struggle they had gone through and the terrible privations they had suffered. There was Dr. Robertson with his arm in a sling; Captain Townshend, of the Central India Horse, who was in military command throughout the siege, and who had for the last two years had the training of the Kashmir Regiment, which formed the greater part of the garrison; Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch, in medical charge; Lieutenant Gurdon, the Political Agent in Chitral; Lieutenant Harley, in command of the Company of 14th Sikhs; and lying on a bed in the same room was Captain Colin Campbell, of the Central India Horse, whose appointment was Chief Inspecting Officer of Kashmir troops on this frontier, and who was in command in the action of 3rd March, when he was wounded in the knee. As would naturally be expected, all of them had a worn and 'set' look, as men would have who had just gone through a period of such continued, unceasing strain. But they were well and cheerful. They chaffed about the expensive thing a siege was when it came to eating polo ponies worth two or three hundred rupees each, and laughed over all the devices they had thought of for outwitting the enemy, prolonging truces on every imaginable ground so as to gain time and afford some little relief, and making the enemy believe that they were a great deal harder up for supplies than they really were. But after a few general remarks the first thing they spoke of was poor Baird. They recalled all the soldier-like qualities of their lost comrade, and all his quiet tact and never-failing amiability of character with the deepest feeling. But perhaps the most noticeable point about him was

his calm, equable disposition, which never altered, down, it seems, to the very moment of his death. He was wounded in the stomach and was brought into the fort, only to live till the following morning. Yet, though he knew he was dying, and though he must have been in great pain, Dr. Robertson told me that he kept perfectly cool, and that his last words to him were: 'Good-bye, sir, I hope your plan will succeed,' thinking of his profession to the very last."

Major Owen describes this journey very shortly and with provoking absence of detail:—

"*April* 27.—Y. and I rode through to Chitral, distance about 44 miles, changing horses at Drosh, arriving 8.30 P.M. Garrison fit. Excellent dinner. Took notes and saw scene of siege in morning. Started 2.30 for Drosh. Poisonous ride. It got dark at Broz and I had to go 16 miles more. Guides of a sort; turned them out of bed at Drosh. Well received by Governor; his bed in open given me. Eggs, milk, honey."

"*April* 28.—Found my mule at Drosh, left Harley's. On to Gujar over Lowarai Pass. Rather beat, heavy fall from mule. Dined with O'Leary and slept on snow with greatcoat."

"*April* 29.—Rode into Dir. Remained at Dir three days."

"*May* 4.—Rode into Bandai. Got in rather late with baggage, 17 miles."

"*May* 5.—Rode into Jhanbatai, 6 miles. Found two companies 4th Sikhs under Quin. Left baggage there to come on and rode over Jhanbatai Pass. Breakfasted with 4th Sikhs at Chashma and rode on to Munda. Put up with K.O.S.B.'s."

In two days over an unknown, difficult, and broken road, lately occupied by hostile forces, on rough ponies

and horses, and across the Lowarai Pass, he thus accomplished a journey of about 110 miles to Chitral and back. From Munda he once again rode forward, and entering Chitral Fort on 14th May, brought to a close his share in the Chitral Relief Expedition.

CHAPTER IX

THE PAMIRS

As Special Correspondent of the *Pioneer*, Major Owen felt that his work would not be accomplished without a visit to all the places connected with the expedition and the collection of such statements of eye-witnesses as he might be able to obtain. Consequently on 18th May he started with Captain Townshend and the Mehtar's foster-brother from Chitral to Gilgit, in order to survey the route taken by Colonel Kelly's force over the mountains. This journey was completed in twelve days, the last 68 miles from Gupis to Gilgit being covered in a long day's ride lasting from 3.30 A.M. to 7 P.M.

On the road he collected the accounts of Lieutenant Moberly (37th Dogras), and Captain Bretherton (Commissariat and Transport Officer to the Gilgit Agency), who for eighteen days held the enemy at bay at Mastuj, and of several other officers. He also saw the place where Edwardes and Fowler were surprised, the house to which they retreated and where they defended themselves, the caves from which Ross and Jones fought the enemy and made their sortie, the scene of Kelly's fight at Nisa Gol, where Borradaile, Oldham R.E., and Beynon charged the enemy with eleven Kashmir Sappers, the Shandur Pass where Lieutenant Gough and his Sepoys

carried the guns through the snow, and the strategical forts of Ghizr and Gupis.

After a brief stay at Gilgit—"a rattling week"—Major Owen decided to visit Hunza, a native district punished by an expedition in 1891, but in 1895 on requisition from Gilgit furnishing a contingent of friendly allies to Colonel Kelly's force. He started on 2nd June, and with his usual rapidity on the road got through in one day to Baltit, by dint of riding from 5 A.M. to 8 P.M., in spite of "wretched ponies and no food but mulberries." At Hunza and the adjoining town of Nagar, the most northern outposts of the Indian Empire, the traveller was hospitably entertained by Mr. Miles, the Resident, and the Rajahs, and enjoyed the national game of polo. On 11th June he left Hunza. Having forty-four days more leave he started off without a passport, without knowing a word of the languages of the districts through which he would pass, to anticipate the Pamir Commission and cross the great passes of the Hindu Kush into the Pamirs.

The following account of the journey from Gilgit to Hunza and Murkush, and thence over the Killik Pass, along the Pamirs, and back across the Baroghil and Darkot Passes to Gilgit again, is compiled from Major Owen's memoranda, note-books, and letters. These papers are disjointed, but practically afford an account of the expedition by Major Owen himself:—

"I love reading, if not writing, above all being lazy. After a week of champagne and laziness, following my arrival at Gilgit on 27th May, I decided to visit Hunza and see Nilt, and started on 2nd June. On leaving Hunza, I rode Baird's grey to Nomal, about 18 miles, and was there met by a wretched devil of a pony with a sore back. The Jemadar gave me tea and mulberries. Half-way to Chalt another tiny pony met me. At

Chalt I had more mulberries and tea, and slept ten minutes. A better pony took me on to Nilt. The headman of the village showed me the scene of the fight, a terribly strong place. I then went on to Thol and had more tea. No further relays had been arranged, but as I got away at 4 P.M. I determined to have a go for Hunza, about 30 miles off. The country was most wild and picturesque, with villages every few miles, situated in the most impracticable-looking spots. It was necessary to turn out the people and explain by signs my requirements as I went through, with only half or three-quarters of an hour's delay, when I required a pony. On reaching the Sepoy guard at the bridge over the Hunza river I was stone cold, and it was just getting dark. They said Hunza was 12 miles off. I had to walk it all, except the last 3 miles, having had no food since 5 A.M., bar mulberries. The Rajah of Hunza, on hearing of my coming, sent ponies, and I was very glad to get in. Miles put me up and was most kind. The next day I was frightfully stiff after riding such devils, and so took things easily. The Rajah or Mir, his brother, and the Wazir came to see me, and were very civil and anxious to please. They imagine they are descended from Alexander the Great. I arranged they should work my relays of ponies to the Killik Pass and one day beyond. They promised everything, and proposed I should buy ponies beyond the pass to carry my things along the Pamirs, so as to avoid difficulties of transport.

"On 4th June there was polo in the evening, after a galloping match with riders carrying bows and shooting at a white paper mark on a heap of earth. The band played, the natives sat on rocks all round the polo ground, and we sat on a carpeted dais with the Rajah. I played polo, first on a pony of Miles's, then on one of the Rajah's.

The dust was terrible. They played awfully well, with short, heavy-headed clubs. They gallop like blazes and reach anywhere—in fact, are fine riders. We played for about three-quarters of an hour without stopping.

"The next day Miles and I rode about 10 miles to visit the Mir of Nagar. We were received in a new house he is building, situated, it is needless to say, on the summit of a mountain.

"After tea he was anxious we should play polo, so after an excellent race of about twelve starters, three times up and down the ground, which is about 200 yards long by 50 broad, I did, and so could not get back to Hunza till about 10 P.M. on a lovely moonlight night.

"On 6th June we visited Aliabad to see the company of Kashmir Rifles there, and on returning in the evening attended a nautch by invitation of the Mir. It was a wonderfully weird scene. Around the space the people were seated on a natural gallery of huge boulders, while a great fire lighted everything with a lurid glare, the dancers commencing with sword and shield dances and combats and ending with an excellent impersonation of a cock and bull.

"For three days more there was nothing to do but wait for baggage, which had not caught me up; but at last, on 11th June, I got off with Miles *en route* from Hunza to Gulmit, 23 miles. We went along the right bank of the Hunza river. The bed of the river varies from 100 to 500 yards in breadth. Four weeks earlier it would have been fordable, but now we had continually to mount and remount galleries in order to avoid it, proceeding at the rate of about 2 miles an hour. The scenery was very fine, as we passed between the high ranges of mountains, sometimes sheer and straight, of brown crumbly material, sometimes of granite rock.

In many places there were trees and grass on the top of the mountains. Gulmit is a fine open valley, 1½ miles broad, with considerable cultivation, which might be extended. There is a fort on an excellent site which should be occupied.

"A very easy march of 8¼ miles took us on 12th June from Gulmit to Pasu. We passed the two pretty villages of Gulki and Baurit. At Baurit there is a lovely lake of brackish water about ¾ mile long by 200 yards broad. It is supplied by underground springs and there are no fish, but in winter there are duck. We forded the Pasu glacier stream, which is said to be unfordable in summer in several places. There is no need to go on the glacier; ponies can always ford the stream, though it is rapid, unless there is some unusual torrent. The Karakoram range lay on our right, with great falls of blue sand and in parts a little grass. It is irregular to a degree, with jagged towering tops sprinkled with snow.

"The village of Pasu is an oasis, which was formerly much cultivated, but the quantity of stones and boulders thrown down from the glacier is now a great hindrance. A flat valley about a mile in breadth leads to the Batur glacier, 3 miles from Pasu. The glacier is formed from the Batur mountain, a huge sugar-loaf of snow. It has a succession of ice furrows and ridges, in irregular and grotesque shapes, with huge gulf-like holes at intervals, and masses of stones, large and small, and gravel on the surface. The glacier may be avoided in winter by fording the Shingsal river once or twice. But that was now impossible, and we had to take the glacier route. The crossing is arduous, but now apparently, and as the natives said always, possible for ponies, though they have a very rough time of it. I took a bad fall, fairly landing on my nose, with my full

weight. It bled profusely, and I cannot understand why it was not broken. After crossing we mounted a high ridge, and on descending there is an excellent position for a whole brigade, though grass and fuel would only be procurable in small quantities far up the mountain. It is an absolutely impassable position, and so far as I could learn, unturnable from the north, though a goat path exists over the hills on the west to the position. The remainder of the march to Khaibar—about 10 miles in all—was easy and quite possible at this time of year for laden animals. Just before reaching Khaibar there is a strong position, with a gate which the Hunza men used to hold with five men, in support of a position farther to the north.

"On 14th June we went on from Khaibar to Khudabad, and thence to a camp in the bed of the river. Marching on the right bank, we passed Nost on the opposite bank. The river breaks out into five channels and widens to about a mile. The ponies were just able to cross one of the channels without swimming; the path was a little too bad for them, but could easily be put right. Khudabad forms a kind of centre of several diverging Nalas. From here we marched over two terribly difficult and even dangerous ascents and descents to a gorge through which the Hunza river runs, reaching camp about 5.30 P.M.

"Starting at 4.15 A.M. on 15th June from the gorge, we reached the Misgar river, which runs into Hunza, and crossed it by a rope bridge. At 11.45 we got to Tophkana, a small stone hut with *sangars* attached. These defences are now, I suppose, no longer used, or, as our guide informed us, 'by the kindness of your Highness no longer required.' After marching over stones along the river-bank, we reached a crossing where the river was divided by a strip of shingle into

two streams and gained a view of the Killik and Mintaka Passes of the Hindu Kush, divided by mountains partially covered by snow. The same road leads to both, passing the foot of one to reach the other. I sat down for twenty minutes. It was raining and hailing, and I found it very cold in a silk jersey, silk and flannel shirt, and thin Khaki coat, 12,000 feet above the sea. At 4 P.M. we reached Murkush, a grazing ground with two rough houses for goats and goatherds on the right bank of the river. There were, however, bush trees and fuel. There has been a quantity of fuel during the last march, and indeed all through, except at Khudabad, for a small party.

"The next day I rode up the Mintaka Pass, Miles going back half-way. At first it was rather steep, then grass and easy going, until reaching a bend where the river has to be crossed, and then again easy grass going. My men took me over a succession of rocks and boulders until I was able to see the summit of the pass bending round to the north. At its foot is a considerable glacier which is skirted on the left on surmounting the pass. It is altogether an easy pass, and the one in my opinion of all others most likely to be used in an invasion.

"The ponies promised by my Hunza friends had not arrived, and I decided, after having tried to find ibex in the morning, to leave on 17th June at 1 P.M., and proceed towards the Killik Pass, if they did not appear. So I left Miles and proceeded, meeting the old Munshi with two or three followers, including the brother of Kassim Beg, Khan of Aktash, after I had gone about 4 miles. The Munshi said they had four ponies, forty-eight seers of grain, and sixteen of rice at Kukturuk for me. This was satisfactory. Kassim Beg, whose brother was turned out by the Russians,

was a terrible-looking old scoundrel, but he gave me some rather interesting information about the Russians. We passed a quantity of Ovis poli horns being sent by the Khan to the Mir of Hunza. He offered me a beauty, but I could not take it, as I had no room."

"'Having decided to cross the next day, I made all preparations before the evening of 17th June. In camp at night the moon shone over the mountains, and I gazed on the vast grandeur of the Himalayas. I have seen, and felt too, the smallness of all one's interests, pleasures, and above all oneself, as night draws near, seated round the camp fire in the great pine forests of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; have felt a void in one's own soul in contemplating the monotonous prairie of North America and plains of Africa; but I know no spot where surroundings, though silent, are so awe-inspiring as these mountain ranges, torn by the weather into a thousand fantastic designs, of every colour, of every shape—some a succession of spiral towers windowed with snow, others vast and solid, rude in their colossal stolidity, arrogant in their remorseless stare and unquestioned individuality — unless where crowned by masses of snow giving an air of lightness and life to their structure.

"'All is deep silence, except when from the far distance the sound of a rushing torrent reaches the ears, or again when, with a roar as of thunder, some mass of ice or snow loosened from its holding shoots down the precipices, carrying with it in its headlong course rocks, stones, and pebbles, so to readjust, as Nature's agent, by a simple means of replacement, the deepening of the river-bed by reason of the action of the water thereon. But it is impossible for me to describe these scenes, the shingle slopes, the alluvial fans, the narrow gorges.

They must be seen as they are to be appreciated. Dante's *Inferno* describes some, not all.'[1]

"On the 18th June, at 5.15 A.M., I said good-bye to the Munshi and the Beg's brother, started up the Killik Pass for Kukturuk, and arrived at the top at 8.15 A.M., riding most of the way at a walking pace. The road up is all passable for baggage animals, and indeed, except for a few rocks, all that could be desired. On the top we had to cross small isolated pieces of snow, where my pony occasionally put a leg on a soft place and sank to the knee. It was very cold, and the wind simply bitter. At 9 A.M. we halted to have a mouthful under the shelter of a huge rock. To the east lay a large valley leading direct to Mintaka, so that a road to one pass means debouching on to both. About 1½ miles farther on two valleys lead off—one S.W. to Hunza, the other to the Wakhjir Pass and Bozai Gumbaz. One mile more and we are at Kukturuk. Here the Hunza boys had made a small round hut full of holes, fixed by a skeleton structure of crossed thin sticks, which fold up and can be carried. A large hole, 3 feet in diameter, in the top, completed my discomfiture, for the cold was simply intense. However, it was meant well, so I insisted on a cow-dung fire being lighted in the middle, and immediately started to ride out about half a mile to the Tagamansu Pass.

"From Kukturuk there is a large valley to the N.E., on the left or north of which are a range of passes leading to Bayik, Aktash, Kizil Rabat, Kashgar, etc. One of these passes is the Kukturuk Pass, and close to it lies the Tagamansu or Mukman Pass—the one most used—a nice green ascent, with a road leading direct to

[1] These two paragraphs are taken from a letter by Major Owen to the *Pioneer*.

Kizil Rabat. At this pass I met Kassim Beg, whose brother I had previously interviewed at Murkush. Kassim had been Khan of Aktash, whence he was turned out by the Russians. He and his escort rode back with me to the hut, where we drank tea. He informed me about the Russian outposts, and also said two Russian soldiers had arrived, wishing to know who I was and what I was doing. They were part of a patrol, and had orders to scour the country from Bayik to Bozai Gumbaz, and to turn back any strangers without a pass. I had thought of going to Bayik, but if I did, I knew that there was no road thence except to Kizil Rabat, and I should be bound to clash with the Russians. I had already seen as much of the Tagamansu Pass as I could learn by riding up it, and had also information from Kassim Beg's watcher at Bayik. It is an easy pass, suitable for laden animals and leading direct in two days' march to Kizil Rabat. If the Beg's brother went with me, they might draw conclusions from his companionship which it would be unwise to incur. I therefore determined to see the Russian soldiers in the morning, get rid of them by a note to their officer, and proceed with all speed, *vid* Bozai Gumbaz, to Sarhad, to see what was happening in that direction.

"The next morning I interviewed the soldiers. One came from beyond Bokhara, the other was a Kirghiz. These men were fed, clothed, and caparisoned by the Russian Government. They had enormous stirrups, weighing about 15 lbs. each, were armed with rifles and twenty rounds, and one of the men boasted a white sheepskin and a grenadier or cossack hat, with striped crimson and yellow coat. I took the name of their officer, asked them some questions as to their pay, photographed them in a group with the exiled Kassim

Beg, which is amusing, and dismissed them with a note to their officer, in which I said—

"'I hear from your soldiers you wish to know my name. It is Owen. Since my idiot of a servant has left my cartridges and injured my camera, I do not think I shall stay long. Therefore, so sorry, shall not have the pleasure of seeing you.—(Signed) R. OWEN.'

"I then purchased from the Hunza men four very moderate ponies at fifty rupees each, and had to pay seventy for one, whose leg my man Abdul had broken in the ride to the Tagamansu the day before by pulling it up sharp at full gallop. These arrangements being made, I started with Abdul and four Hunza men at noon. After about 5 miles we passed on our left Reldore Nala, leading to Irshad and Chapursan, and reached Kushdoorgusht, where the Kirghiz keep goats. We then turned from the north-westerly line into a narrower valley farther west, about 400 yards broad, with grass and water in it, to the foot of the pass.

"I intended to camp the near side of the Wakhjir Pass and cross in the early morning, but the men went on too far, so I decided to cross and try to reach the other side before night. The pass is over 17,000 feet above the sea, and we were very nearly stuck there without fuel, which would have been serious. A splitting headache and indigestion made this march the most unpleasant I can remember. In ascending the air was so rarefied I was simply catching for breath like a drowning man. The snow had melted during the day, with the result that some of the ponies, fully loaded as they were, fell. It was only by unloading two and getting the Hunza men to tackle their loads that we reached the west side. The snow chiefly lay in patches. We had sometimes to make a detour to avoid it, and sometimes we crossed

it, in one place for more than a mile, the snow being 7 to 12 inches thick, with ice underneath. As evening came on the cold was intense, but at 7.30 we managed to get to a valley 15,000 feet above the sea, and camped there. At its head rose the Harg Nala, with a glacier running along the foot of its southern snow ridges. In the valley runs the river (native Wínahen) marked in maps as Aimagan or Lower Oxus. When we reached our camping ground I was fairly settled. I am hardly ever myself now since Africa.

"The next day, 20th June, we continued to the west down the flat scoop or upland valley called the Pamirs, the width being about 3 or 4 miles from the slopes jutting out from the mountain masses on the north to similar slopes on the south. We are now about due north and south of Hunza. An enormous castellated snow mountain, the most picturesque I have ever seen, lies between us and Hunza. The Hunza men do not recognise it, though it looks higher than the Hunza mountain itself, and so lovely, nothing but enormous folds of white. The range running west along the valley consists of great ridges of snow mountains connected each to the other by a vast solid plaster of earth about three-quarters of the way up. The mountains do not directly descend to the river, but lie back with long grass-covered slopes between them and the river. Nalas in numbers lead down from the mountains to the river, but for another month will not pour the melted snow into its waters. At present only a few little streams from the south assist it, none from the north. The bed varies from 50 yards to a mile in width, but the river now is usually one narrow stream 20 yards broad, though occasionally dividing into more numerous and less wide channels. The track along its bank is a

natural one, nice flat going nearly all the way, over various coarse grasses, except when sometimes it is necessary to negotiate the wave of a hill or end of a spur. We marched to about 3 miles from Bozai Gumbaz, where we may be stopped. My impression is the Russian soldiers galloped back to Kizil Rabat and sent patrols by the Upper or Aktash road to Bozai Gumbaz to intercept us. My informal position makes it most advisable no rencontre should take place, and perhaps they are unaware of the new treaty, or have no intention of abiding by it until the Commission appears to demonstrate that the paper contract is *fait accompli.*

"Early the next morning we passed two Nalas passable only for men, leading to Irshad and Hunza, and arrived off Bozai Gumbaz, carefully leaving it on our right. There are about four little stone erections, and one larger one, situated near the river at the foot of the south side of the northern mountain range, which here runs out and apparently blocks the passage, but in reality leaves room for our road to the west, and another excellent road running north-east to Kizil Rabat and Aktash. The river Oxus is formed into the shape of an accentuated S, and the valley opens out into a large amphitheatre, with slopes leading from the surrounding hills to the river-bed. I shot three sand-grouse on the banks. The Russians will be surprised to find the cartridges. We halted at 1 P.M. by a beautiful little stream, where the bend of the river hid us well from Bozai Gumbaz or its neighbourhood.

"After our halt the river-bed and valley much narrowed and several spurs had to be crossed. These spurs jut out from the northern range to our right, which, since passing Bozai Gumbaz, consists of dark jagged rock shining as if rain had settled on its surface, and of

huge shingle slopes at irregular intervals. We have to go very slow, as the loads on these wretched ponies get displaced and a little grass-feeding on the road is essential for their life. We are still nearly 14,000 feet above the sea.

"On 22nd June we had left the main river, which winds to the south round a long shallow mountain separated from the big range, at a point where a Nala, passable for laden animals, ascends over the Hindu Kush to Irshad. Our march led over a salt moorland with still water pools and spongy soil in parts, until we crossed the Turam Tarab river. This river, about 20 yards broad and easily fordable, runs from the north towards the main river, which we again met at Langar. Langar is noticeable for two rough stone buildings on a promontory, whither people come from all sides to worship, as at another Mecca. Beyond Langar the valley narrows to a deep gorge. Grass became more scarce, the aspect of the country changed, stunted trees appeared on the river-banks and on the slopes of the northern mountains, but all else was bare. We met a caravan of Wakhis, with yaks, cattle, and goats; fine fellows and very civil, with whom we talked for a quarter of an hour.

"Our route lay along the bed of the river, and then over some bad bits of road with sharp ups and downs. I walked forward and discovered Hasheen following and signing that the ponies had been taken another way. There appeared to be no grass or water in front except after crossing two or three large spurs with deep depressions between. We reached the last but one, and there still seemed to be no other road thither. But as there was a little grass visible in the bed of a river running from the north, I went towards it, lest they should have come round that way, and sent Hasheen in

the other direction to look out for them. He left the lantern and apparently understood he was to return. I waited an hour, but no sign of him. As it was now nearing eight in the evening, I thought I had better follow him as quickly as possible. I went in the direction he had taken, and in the darkness just caught sight of the ponies descending into the valley. He had found them and quietly joined the rest without thinking of coming back. I might have remained there for days. We just got down to and across the south side of the river, which was very rapid, before night, sending the ponies up the hill to a patch of grass I had noticed during my solitary climb.

"Next day I sent an old Hunza man forward to the Afghan post at Sarhad, with instructions to see the officer in charge of the Sepoys, inform him of my arrival, and let me know whether I should be detained if I stayed for a day. If this was likely to be the case, I meant to cross the river to the side towards the Baroghil Pass and so avoid any collision. While waiting to start I examined the country and interviewed some Wakhis who were passing. I saw a river called the Durra or Dara, of considerable volume and rapid, joining the main river from the north, and a road which I ascertained had three branches—to Aktash, to the Great Pamir, and to the Aljchur Pamir. I could not quite discover whether this road led to Aktash without passing through Bozai Gumbaz, but ascertained it was very easy. Grass was very scarce, though there was a quantity of small weeds, like carrots in leaf and taste. I persuaded the sick pony to eat a little grass, and gave the animals a pound of rice each as a treat. They are overloaded and have no grain, and unless I take trouble with them, we shall never reach Sarhad, much less recross the Hindu Kush.

"The whole morning was spent in going up and down great hills jutting out one after the other on a line parallel to the river. We had to move to the north side and regain the main river on the side where Sarhad stood just as we came close to it. The ascent was very severe, overlooking Sarhad. Sarhad is situated near the channels of the river, entirely shut in by mountains, peak beyond peak. The river trends away to the south. On the north of the valley is the Sepoy camp of the Afghans, with houses scattered about. An old fort commands the approach from Baroghil, and another, or I think two, at a distance of 2000 yards, as well as the river.

"As there were no signs of my messenger I decided to chance it, and began to descend along a broad, but very badly kept path of broken rocks. Close to the bottom we met a mounted man whom I at first thought to be a N.C.O. of Sepoys, but who proved to be the headman of the village. I expressed my wish to see the officer, to which he replied, 'Of course you have a pass.' I had nothing of the kind, and was informed that the Afghan soldiers had orders to detain any one without a pass, and would certainly detain me until an order for my disposal was issued by the Amir. This was cheerful, and discretion I thought the better part, etc. I arranged to go to his house and await darkness for crossing the river, as the law is applied to strangers on the north or right bank. We had to cross a stream and go round by a circuitous route in order to avoid being seen by the garrison. As it was, we got within about 300 yards of the fort. I called into play all my stalking knowledge and reached the last position but one without being seen. I considered I could not get over this unobserved, and accordingly borrowed the headman's *choga* (cloak) and turban. No Afghan

could have discovered me in this disguise, with a three days' growth of beard, and my skin swollen and peeled in patches from the cold and wind. The ground was quite open, but a slight rise shielded me from the view of the Sepoy sentries. I was sorely tempted to mount the rise and take a photograph of their residence, but I was dissuaded, and the prospect of a sojourn in this dreary place and the possible complications and objections of Government decided me not to do so. Half a dozen villagers came forward, and I found the headman's house was quite close to the fort. I therefore suggested the time at my disposal would not admit of delay, and that it might be better at once to cross the river. They agreed to this, and as two of my ponies could scarcely move, produced a yak and a variety of tats. The river was divided into a number of channels, mostly rapid and over waist-deep. We were a very motley crew on its bank, and every moment I expected the Sepoys to be running down to us, clamouring for a pass. The wind was horribly cold. However, we dashed at it, and nearly came to grief. My pony got swept away by the current, and with some difficulty crawled up the farther bank. We all got safely across somehow, even the sick pony, more dead than alive. The speed with which my army put on their carried garments was a testimony to the coldness of the water flowing from the silent snow mountains around us. We had tea with some pleasure on the farther bank, and marched on 4 miles to a cow-dung fire on the slopes leading to the Baroghil Pass.

"Sarhad was passed, but I had purposely as yet not parted with the Sarhadis. They had, of course, wanted gifts, but considering the advantage of being shown the fords and secured from thieves during the night, I postponed the happy moment by the suggestion that

my money could not be yet unpacked from a load, and that I meant to hold an 'At Home' on the other side. All passed off splendidly. They gazed at me for a quarter of an hour, and I then turned in with an intimation of my requirements for the morrow. Some of them decamped during the night, alas! with my bridle, but at 4.30 A.M. the headman and two others were there with a yak, ready to accompany me on the first march. I sent back two of the Hunza men to report my arrival at Sarhad to the Mir of Hunza as I had arranged, and then started across the Pirkhar river, which drains into the Oxus, and past several small villages to the foot of the Baroghil Pass. Some of the inhabitants were quite smart, the ladies apparently invariably riding behind their lords on the same pony with considerable satisfaction.

"On approaching the Baroghil Pass there are three routes visible — the western leading to Chitral *viâ* Mastuj, or Laspur, and the Yarkun Valley, but closed for the time by the flow of the Jirsa river; the eastern, steep in ascent, and passable only on foot; and the centre, by which we intended to cross to the farther or Darkot Pass. The pass itself is easy. On the way up the pass there is a beautiful hot-water pool, with varied colouring, and another upon the top.

"After crossing, on the south side of this pass there is a village on the Yarkun, or Chitral river (called by the natives Suktarabad), whose bed here formed into a large basin and afterwards split up into about ten channels, over which we took our way. Large pasture undulations slope to its banks. An invading force would probably divide here, half proceeding to Chitral by the Yarkun river and Mastuj, which is quite an easy route from September to May, and half crossing the Darkot Pass, if they could, to the Yasin Valley. The Darkot

Pass would be a difficult nut to crack. We waited for some yaks before attempting to cross it, camping on the banks of the Yarkun, where once more we came upon horseflies and mosquitoes. Three yaks came in during the evening, which I hired.

"At 5 A.M., on 25th June, we commenced to negotiate the Darkot Pass, crossing the Dinkur stream and ascending a very rough route over stones and boulders to the foot of a long glacier. For a long time we could not find a way on to it, but at length managed that. Then we proceeded, sometimes over shingles, sometimes over bare ice, and sometimes over frozen snow, nearly to its summit. But near the top the snow became deep and soft, and the ponies could not move. It was impossible to proceed, but the yak men said they would not return if we went back. We could not do without the yaks with our wretched ponies, and I was forced to camp where we were on the glacier, without fuel or grass, on an isolated lump of boulder-covered ice about 40 by 15 yards, with snow all around on every side, 14,000 feet above the sea. The cold was very great. I offered to take any one into my tent who liked to come, but they all preferred their own method of warmth, curled up, with their heads entirely covered in blankets, to leeward of large stones and huddled close to each other. During the night I was awakened by an avalanche which sounded unpleasantly close. I told my boy Abdul with one of the Sarhad men to reconnoitre at midnight, in order to see if there was then sufficient frost to make crossing possible, saying that if there was not I would try again at four. They returned at 4 A.M., having evidently made no effort previously, and said they thought it was possible. Accordingly the loads were packed as quickly as possible and we started. It was a case of falling down

and trying to stand up again. Over and over again the yaks got stuck or fell.

"The yak men from Sarhad wished to return; it was impossible, they said; the danger was that there was much water beneath the snow on this pass, and if it gave, they would be lost.

"To reassure the Sarhadis from this idea, which was evidently founded on a sound basis, I pointed out that the holding close along the fissures was generally firm. This appeared to be a good guess, and we took a line alongside a fissure with sufficiently good results to enable us to proceed, at this juncture not unimportant, as all the animals were stuck, two lying right down with their heads on the ground. The strong feeling of self-preservation common to the servants of India was truly exemplified when, on my telling my riding-boy, now interpreter, cook and bearer, to lift a yak's tail, so as to assist it to move, he replied, 'It kicks.' Poor devil, so it might—the snow!

"No one knew the path, if there is any, as it was entirely hidden by snow, and no one else had been across this year with animals. It was hours before we reached the top and commenced to descend, at first gradually, and then over all manner of boulders, some deep snow in a gorge, and some very rough and steep bits. At last we reached grass, and finally Darkot village, in a small forest of stunted trees on the left bank of the Yasin river. From this valley there are three exits—the Darkot Pass over which we had come, the Ashkuman Valley to Garkuch, and the Yasin Valley to Gupis. The villagers seemed happy, playing hockey, etc. I asked who their big chief was. They answered, 'Gough Sahib,' at Gupis. They knew no other.

"The next day, 27th June, leaving the men to

Rodney Parker

1896.

follow, I rode through the Yasin Valley to Gupis, where I found Gough and dined comfortably. On the 29th I started at 5 A.M. and arrived at Gilgit about 8 P.M. The Pamir Commission under Major-General Gerard came in on 4th July. The fact that the Russians are to meet them at Bozai Gumbaz is pretty good suggestion of the Russian intention not to be ousted from that place, which together with Kizil Rabat and Bayik fairly holds the key to all the passes. *Nous verrons.*"

The boundary was subsequently laid down so as to include Kizil Rabat within the territory assigned to Russia, and this position necessitated her frontier being extended south, so as to include the crests of the Mukman and Bayik Passes, no other good natural boundary being found immediately south of that place.

CHAPTER X

THE DONGOLA EXPEDITION, 1896

AFTER this journey in the Pamirs, as fast as ponies, boats, and vehicles could take him, Major Owen hastened from Gilgit to Peshawur, and thence by rail, in order to arrive, within the time allowed by his leave, at Quetta. In that place he had to remain for nine months. Though the greater part of this time was spent in the ordinary routine work of a garrison, the anxiety to be moving in the race of life was ever present to him. Thus in November 1895 he was deeply interested in field manœuvres held by the General commanding the Quetta district, and showed great skill in handling his men and taking advantage over the opposing force by quick movement or keen foresight.

Manœuvres and shooting in the neighbourhood were varied by the passing of visitors, including the Shahzada, Lord Spencer, and Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay. The Shahzada Nasrulla Khan, after a prolonged stay in England, had been at last induced to return to his father, the Amir of Afghanistan. In October Major Owen accompanied the late Sir James Browne, General Galbraith, and other officers to the frontier, where the Afghan prince was to leave British territory, and wrote a description of the parting.

He says—

"After the General had inspected the corrugated iron goods shed which, by the aid of carpets and cloths, had been converted into a luncheon hall, the wild strains of Afghan military bands were heard, and the escort of some 250 cavalry and 200 infantry were seen to be approaching along the Kandahar road. There were some sixty Uzbeg (Turkoman) horsemen, conspicuous by their large black busbies, thirty or forty of the Barakzai (Royal family) Bodyguard wearing most effective sable caps, a detachment of Lancers, and another of red-coated Dragoons. The infantry also represented several corps drawn from different Afghan races, amongst which Ghilzais largely predominated. Both cavalry and infantry were armed with various weapons, ranging from the *jizail* and flint-lock to the Martini-Henry. When the special train drew up at the platform, Sir James Browne and the other officers were waiting to receive the Prince, with a Guard of Honour of 100 men of the 24th Beluchistan Regiment. Seated at the open window of his saloon was the Shahzada, arrayed in a richly-embroidered red tunic and red pantaloons, long patent leather boots, and an Astrakhan cap. Apparently it was not the Royal pleasure to stir from the dignified position of sitting within three yards of some fifteen British officers who had come to welcome him, his back turned towards them with no more ostensible reason than maintenance of his own importance. In this position he remained seated for some ten or twelve minutes, when an attendant with whom he had been conversing pulled back the carriage door and his Highness rose. He was received by Sir James Browne, and after inspection of the Guard of Honour, sat down on a sofa for luncheon. His demeanour throughout was extremely self-composed,

but could scarcely be described as affable. About 4.30 he mounted his horse and started for the border, accompanied by an escort of Lancers and a motley crowd of Uzbegs, Afghans, and Pathans. After a ride of about 4 miles one of the new Afghan boundary pillars was reached, where a Guard of Honour of some 300 or 400 men of the Afghan troops was drawn up to receive the Prince, and a salute of guns was fired by a detachment of Field Artillery. The Shahzada rode out alone to inspect the troops, and then conducted the British officers to a tent pitched close to the boundary pillar. After a few complimentary remarks on his safe return, the British took their leave, the Shahzada remaining seated as the officers passed out and shook hands with him. The haughty demeanour of this self-composed young prince set one cogitating on our relations generally with Afghanistan. What *quid pro quo* have we got in return for giving an immense subsidy and the privilege of making use of British territory for the conduct of an unlimited supply of guns, rifles, and munitions of war into Afghanistan, except a row of cheap boundary pillars on the southern frontier, which might be probably a source of trouble to the Government of India, and would scarcely deter the disorderly tribes of the border highlands from any violation dictated by advantage or pleasure?"

In November Sir John Dickson Poynder arrived at Quetta and wished Major Owen to join in a tour on the frontiers, and later to Burmah and Japan, but the continual hope of active service stood in the way of arrangements. The Ashanti expedition appeared to offer an opportunity. His old commander, Sir Francis Scott, asked him to be Chief Staff Officer in the expedition then preparing. But though the General at Quetta and the Commander-in-Chief in India gave

consent, there was difficulty as to an officer from India arriving in time. Leave could not be given him to accompany Captain MacMahon, R.E., as Intelligence Officer in a demarcation commission on the boundaries between India and Afghanistan from Chaman to the intersection of Persian territory. It was not till February 1896 that the chance arrived for two months' leave in India only. Going to Karachi, he heard there of the Mombasa expedition under Colonel Pearson, and offered to take service. Colonel Pearson immediately applied by wire for his appointment as Chief Staff Officer. "I thought of course I was safe," Major Owen wrote, "so went to Bombay to get things square before leaving. Chief wires he cannot allow me on Indian leave to proceed to Mombasa. Done again! I returned to Karachi to see the expedition start and wired a short account to the *Pioneer*."

So keen was his desire for active service that he went to Bombay, and having applied for home leave, started before receiving it on 14th March 1896 for Aden, "prompted by the doubtful situation in Africa and a possible move in Egypt." His intention was, if further leave could not be obtained, to land at Aden, which was within the Indian command, but if leave was granted to proceed to Egypt, and if possible take part in any expedition which might then have been matured. By the time the *Ganges* reached Aden, the situation in Egypt pointed to war.

A wire containing a request for employment was at once sent to Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and finding that leave from India was granted, he changed from the *Ganges* to the *Arcadia*, in order to reach Ismailia and Cairo a day earlier. At Cairo he had to pause, awaiting news, and there at the races rode and won his last race. A friend writes:

"With great difficulty I persuaded him to come down and ride a few gallops, as the races were coming on next day. He assured me he had given it up and was too busy, but I would take no refusal. He rode as good a gallop as ever, and seemed to have lost none of his cunning. As an ending, on the anniversary of his great win on *Father O'Flynn*, Roddy won a real good race on a horse belonging to Surgeon-Col. Gallwey."

In April Sir H. Kitchener wired for him to come up to the front. An immediate start was made to Assouan, where two camels were purchased, after trying them for speed. "Goodness knows how I'm going to ride them, uncomfortable brutes," he adds; "but, nevertheless, if all goes well, I could after this campaign leave the service before my forty-first birthday, having accomplished the dream of my life, to take an active part and be in at the death in securing the Nile to England."

Those are the last happy words written in his short diary of the Egyptian campaign of 1896. On the next day there is the note:—

"We are on the river with four barges attached, each carrying about 20 to 30 tons, on the way to Wady Halfa. I'm afraid I don't feel quite the same man physically I used to. Africa has been too much for me."

The same tone continues to the end, although, with stern courage, he never allowed the feeling of depression to be seen, and the old unquenchable energy burst out whenever the chance came for sudden dash or concentrated preparation. After seeing the Sirdar, he was first attached as a Special Service officer to the Camel Corps, under Captain R. J. Tudway, and though suffering from dysentery, conducted a convoy across the Desert, through Sarras to Ambigol, where the Camel Corps was stationed.

At Ambigol the Camel Corps was to be employed in a system of patrolling. The scheme was to cover the flanks of the Egyptian advance by continual marches backwards and forwards across the Desert, from Ambigol to the advanced posts at Akasheh.

"Started about 5 P.M., each camel carrying six days' provender for itself and the Soudanese. Tudway and I had one camel between us for stores, and there was also one store camel per section. We must have a more extended field of operations than hitherto. It is no use for the patrols to be near the convoys and communications. We have to fear a Dervish force getting round and attacking the line of communications or the convoys moving on it; and it is our business to prevent this. If A and B represent the extremities of our position in the front, and we can cover those points, it is unnecessary to trouble about the intricacies behind, the key of the country being held. We slept at Ambigol Wells on the sand, waking up covered with black sand, and next day proceeded to Khanak. From Khanak, starting at 4 A.M., we marched to Akasheh, arriving at 4 P.M., without anything to eat on the way. Tudway was very faint, and as it was my first long camel ride, it tried me very highly. The Bey thought to knock us out of time, but was completely beaten himself. We were very nearly shot at as we advanced on Akasheh. They had actually laid the guns. We spent a most uncomfortable night in shoals of black sand, with a mackintosh sheet and no pillow."

Returning to Ambigol, Major Owen missed the first brush with the Dervishes near Akasheh. On 1st May a small party appeared on camels. The Egyptian Cavalry, sent out to reconnoitre, were closing in, when about twelve Dervishes charged the rear groups.

CHITRAL AND AFGHAN FRONTIER DISTRICTS

London, John Murray, Albemarle Street.

On 5th May a new arrangement was made, Major Owen being placed in command of the Alighat Arabs, with orders to patrol the left flank. He started south from Ambigol, crossing the Desert to Sarras in three days, and arranging an elaborate system of patrols.

"Duties of A patrol, fifty men and fifty camels at Bir Adela," the orders ran, "are daily to proceed to Sudad Post, which is also to be visited daily by cavalry from Sarras. Patrol two-thirds of way to Bir Khanak and meet patrol from Bir Ambigol daily and return. Report to Murat and railway party if tracks of enemy are seen, also warn Sarras or Ambigol Wells, whichever is closer. There are to be five men and five camels at Railway Head. B patrol of twenty-five men and twenty-five camels are to forward all messages received from Railway Head, and report daily to Atira. C patrol of sixty-nine men and sixty-nine camels at Ambigol will patrol daily through Bir Khanak, one-third of way to Bir Adela, meeting patrol from Bir Adela and returning. Report tracks if seen. Report daily to Akasheh through post D. Post D (thirty men, thirty camels) will hold Fort Ulster as point of observation, and patrol to Tanjur daily. The above system is intended to provide a chain of patrols moving daily east of the railway from Sudad Post to Tanjur and Akasheh."

For the next three weeks the time was spent in marching from Sarras to Ambigol, and from Ambigol to Akasheh, and *vice versa*, Ambigol being used as a centre. On 26th May, on news that some Dervishes were near Akasheh, the Arabs went out at 3.30 A.M. to scout, hoping to draw them on to the advanced guard under Major Townshend, but could see no sign of the enemy. Major Owen was at that time so ill that the doctors told him he ought to lie up; but he only

laughed, and as soon as he was a little better, started off for a 25-mile ride on a camel to Ambigol Wells. On 30th May 140 Dervishes were reported to be south of Ambigol at Bir Adela, and firing was heard. The Arabs reconnoitred and found forty emptied cartridges, but the enemy had vanished.

Meanwhile, the railway and concentration of troops were being pushed on, and at last the time arrived for an advance from Akasheh towards Firkeh. In expectation of the battle, Major Owen was appointed as Staff Officer to Major J. G. Maxwell, commanding the 3rd Brigade, and on the night of 6th June advanced with the main column upon Firkeh.

"*June* 6.—After reaching Akasheh, all baggage handed over to be stored in regimental godowns. Food supplies for animals I obtained on requisition. 12th Soudanese to accompany cavalry and Camel Corps, having been mounted on transport camels; also R.H.A. Battery, who go by the desert route and slip in behind Firkeh, ready to co-operate with us in the morning. The 3rd Brigade marched off last at 3.45 P.M., and reached Sarkamatto about 12.30, midnight. After three-quarters of an hour's sleep and no breakfast, I went round brigade to find all asleep."

"*June* 7.—Orders for 1st Brigade to march 2.30 A.M. It is only 3 miles from Sarkamatto to Firkeh. We came in some distance in the rear. However, the only difference it made was that the 2nd Brigade were sent to the left flank to clear the east of the ridge running down to the river, whilst we were brought up in the centre, with the 1st Brigade on our right, and fought those in the mosque and on the river-bank. We advanced direct, then changed position right, which brought our left on the hills already occupied by our

infantry and guns. Orders were given to await the left, so we halted for a bit. The enemy were then badly beaten. Down they came, top speed, driven from the hills across the open ground 500 yards to our left. I begged to be allowed to take the left half-battalion to the large isolated bank of rocks 200 yards away which thoroughly commanded their retreat, but was not permitted, being told I should get shot myself. It was a great chance lost; it's opportunity that wins battles. We then approached Firkeh villages, and were placed in a capital position for further enterprise, when cease-fire sounded. We then mounted a hill on river-bank previous to Macdonald crossing to the island with some of his lot to clear the island. All that were there surrendered. I then scoured the village with two companies for goats, sheep, horses, cattle, donkeys, etc. Got about 250 mixed. No poultry or cattle. My intention then was to follow on the cavalry; but my camel was lame and horse indisposed, and I was rather cooked by order to check the animals. Some 800 of the enemy are killed and wounded, over 200 prisoners. We have about 20 killed and wounded. Sirdar went on to Mograkeh, and cavalry to occupy Suarda. Kababish Arabs acting on west bank took five prisoners and lost one man. The cavalry and Camel Corps work is spoken of in the highest terms in Sirdar's telegram. Their arrival was timed round the desert road to reach the river at Mograkeh at the right moment. Everything has come off with most perfect success."

In a small pocket-book there is the single entry of the loot at Firkeh, noted in the following manner:—

7.5.96.

"Taken at Firkeh, about 65 camels
60 donkeys
200 goats
2 colts
5 horses
1 mule

E. R. OWEN.

"Many women."

In the middle of June the diary is continued thus:—

"Since the battle of Firkeh we are all sitting tight again, fattening the animals as much as the almost total absence of grass will permit, building hard the railway, and awaiting the rise of the Nile and the arrival of gunboats, before the advance to Dongola can be undertaken, unless indeed information arrives that Dongola is being strongly reinforced, when possibly the Sirdar might take the bull by the horns and get before the Khalifa, without waiting for the gunboats. From Dongola, after sowing crops and making friends, with enemies between Dongola and Abu Hamed, we ought to creep up to Berber. Once there we can dominate the Soudan, and by control over the waters of the Nile hold the keys of Lower Egypt."

The slow but continued advance during the month of June required constant alteration of the distribution of the Alighat Arabs, who, though at first distrustful, had now become devoted to their commander. He started them on Field Days and shooting practice.

"Am getting the Alighats by degrees a little in order; they were afraid they were going to be made soldiers, but now they begin to understand and even

obey orders. They did awfully well at shooting—192 hits in about 260 rounds, with such damnable rifles and ammunition as they have."

In addition to the training of these wild tribes of the desert in the hottest month of the year, he exerted himself strenuously to keep at bay the dread disease of cholera, from which thousands were dying in Lower Egypt. The camp at Ambigol Wells had been insanitary and unhealthy, but was described by a medical officer to have become, through Major Owen's exertions, "a pattern of neatness and cleanliness." He fought a foe far more deadly than the Dervishes, but in the struggle he sacrificed his life.

The next few memoranda, up to the date when the short diary ends abruptly on 9th July, need no comment.

"*July* 6.—I am terribly backward with my diary. Most of my time has been taken up in interviews with these Arabs about one thing or another, varied by riding over to Ambigol. Went up to Akasheh one day just as the cholera scare had taken hold and nearly got put in quarantine. A case of cholera found here to-day, one of the Arabs, my milkman. I went to see him in the morning. He was then quite still, though in some pain, and died about 12.30. Our first case. Considering he had been living with my servants within 10 yards to windward of my tent, and milking my cow to the last, it's a wonder I haven't got it. In consequence of this, there is no further reason for officers at Ambigol Wells remaining in quarantine, so Broadwood [1] and I started to ride to Akasheh."

"*July* 7.—Over nine cases of cholera (official) at Akasheh. Broadwood and I walked round the hospitals. There should be no question of officers mixing freely.

[1] Captain R. G. Broadwood, 12th Lancers.

It is their duty, and they should set an example of fearlessness."

"*July* 9.—Reached Ambigol Wells again. O'Leary, Financial Secretary, has passed on his way to Firkeh to show estimates. I don't envy him. I must get a lesson when he returns. Two more men dead, another got it. About 3 P.M. received wire saying one Arab dead at Moghrat. This brings up our total."

The lesson could never be given, the total was only too soon to be increased. Two days after, on Saturday, 11th July, between 8 and 9 A.M., he wrote a letter saying :—

"Things out here rather serious. The cholera at Halfa at the rate of one death every three-quarters of an hour in a population of 2000 will soon reduce the status of that place. Here I have had eight cases in a garrison of about 300, but I think we've scotched it. I've been rather busy seeing that all tents are moved, disinfected, etc., infected people removed, and so on. My milkman died, which ought to have done the trick for me, I should have thought, as he lived in my servants' tent, and I drink plain milk always to stop diarrhœa and keep fat (if possible!), but it's all right up till now. The result of all this is that the railway is delayed, all the supplies, etc., in quarantine, which is a nuisance.

"They say the new gunboats are due to start from England 4th September or earlier without a steam trial. I don't think we need necessarily wait for them; but supplies and the railway to Kosheh, these we must wait for, and I anticipate another month of this very unenviable life must intervene before we can advance. In the meantime, if the Dervishes really pluck up courage and defend Dongola in force, we shall have our hands full, and I personally am inclined to think the news of

the cholera will imbue them with spirit and vivify them afresh after the Firkeh affair.

"On the other hand, they may elect to sit tight at Omdurman, but I don't think so. The estimates of the present forces at Dongola are at present so varied in the reports of our experts, that it is wiser not to form an opinion till nearer the time for contact. But it is just possible the cholera continuing might stop any further advance now.

"I hope to return to England by Christmas and get out again with a British expedition, which I suspect after all will be the result next year."

Another letter was commenced, but left unfinished between the pages of his diary:—

"I am seated on a rock surrounded with desert, the only European here, with seven cases of cholera on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst., but I think we've tackled it. The quarantine has so upset arrangements that it is within the bounds we do not prosecute our journey to Dongola as yet. But we must stick to Khartoum as an objective, and, bar European complications, the dream of Cecil Rhodes looks likely of accomplishment."

Almost at the moment of writing such words of hope and courage, he must have felt the grip of the fell disease he had done so much to combat. At 9 A.M. the cholera had seized him, and at 10 in the evening he was dead. During the watches of the night his body was laid to rest in a lonely desert grave, perhaps in the place where he would fain be, close to the river he had loved so well. In the night too a strange and strong proof of his influence and the attraction which he inspired was silently given. Without order or direction of any kind, and contrary, it is believed, to all custom, the Moslem Arabs cleared and levelled the

ground about the grave, and marked with stones the burial-place of a Christian soldier.

When, on the Monday, great posters throughout London and leaded type at the head of newspaper columns throughout the United Kingdom, almost throughout the Empire, and also in many continental papers, announced at the beginning of the busy day the death of "Roddy Owen," the very embodiment of life, activity, and energy, many a man and woman must have felt as if a sudden shadow had made the sun grow dim, or have paused for a moment in thought on the strange chances of life and death.

Those who have lost their dearly-loved ones in the distant climes which constitute the empire of the Queen can understand the messages from the War Office, the flood of letters, the newspaper comments, the sad sympathy with relatives, on such a death as this. From all classes, and from all manner of men and women, the voice of sympathy arose. In the mass of newspaper reports and private letters, it would only be painful to select many passages, but possibly excuse may be given for citing four brief quotations.

The telegrams of Sir Herbert Kitchener and Lord Cromer to the War Office ran as follows :—

"Major Owen, 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, died 9.30 this evening, 11th July."

"Broadwood, Legge, and Dr. Hill Smith were with Owen. Everything possible was done."

"Express on behalf of myself and brother officers deep sympathy with Owen's mother. His Highness the Khedive has wired to me his deep regret. Sirdar."

In a letter his companion on the staff at Aldershot, who, as Roddy Owen had once joyfully remarked, held the command at Wady Halfa at the same time as he himself held the northern outposts of Uganda—

"Sir Evelyn's two quondam A.D.C.'s in the two most advanced posts at opposite ends of the Nile"—expressed a general feeling in the words :—

"Roddy was universally beloved, and all the officers of this force, including those whom he did not know, describe him as one of the best and bravest."

In another letter a true supporter of the best interests of racing wrote :—

"I knew Roddy since he was a little boy at Eton. I was pleased when he won the Grand National, because it put the seal on his fame as a rider; but I was still more pleased when he showed the world by his behaviour in Africa that he was as brave and dashing and clever a soldier as he was a horseman."

Lastly, the statesman who, with a broad grasp of Imperial interests and as Prime Minister to Her Majesty, had refused to evacuate Uganda, and give up the head waters of the Nile, wrote—

"I was very well aware—no one perhaps better—of the admirable service which he performed under circumstances the most trying. No more gallant fellow ever left these shores. The difficulty was to restrain him. And yet with all his daring qualities he showed others of administration, of thoughtful care and tenderness for others, which would have made him, I think, had he been spared, a public servant of rare excellence from all points of view. It is men like him that have made and maintained our Empire."

In comparison with such praise there is little more to be said. It is difficult to gauge and rash to prophesy the effects of current affairs upon the issue of the future. But as, even in quickly-moving African history, great principles and great movements, steadily progressing, though possibly for the moment swerving, or from time to time apparently hidden, underlie the events of every-

day life, and advance with irresistible power until they are recognised as part of the history of the world, it may not be amiss for the future historians of Africa and its awakening to consider whether salient features of the principles which may be established and the movements which may result, are not to be found in the destruction of all possibility of a great Arab empire in Central Africa by the retention of Uganda, and in the position taken towards the establishment of British power from the Cape to the mouths of the Nile as a noble heritage for the future by means of the conquest of Unyoro, the mission to Wadelai, and the advance to Dongola.

In all these current affairs of the last three years Roddy Owen took no small part. It may be that sometimes his untiring energy and earnest endeavour seemed to throw caution to the winds and to proceed too fast even for Africa, but his judgment and his views were directed in the course and to the objects which events have subsequently justified. He worked in his own manner, and with all his power; he sacrificed health and life in the service of his Queen and country; and when the true relation of current affairs to the great events of the Victorian era can be accurately estimated, it is possible that a line on the scroll of fame may be found for the bold rider who planted the British flag at Wadelai, and returned to die in the course of the completion of his work in the front of the advance to Dongola.

APPENDIX

THE races won by Roddy Owen, and printed in the *Racing Calendar* during the years 1885-92, are as follows:—

1885.

CHELTENHAM.

Feb. 13. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Plate. Mr. Hugh Owen's Andrassy, 11 st. 6 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

„ 13. The Cotswold Hunt Cup Steeple Chase. Capt. E. R. Owen's Castaway. Won by twenty lengths.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

March 7. The Priory Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. R. Thirlwell's Belgrade, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by twelve lengths.

GRAND MILITARY MEETING (AT AYLESBURY).

April 8. A Maiden Hunt Steeple Chase. Mr. J. Perceval's Safeguard. Won by three lengths.

V.W.H. HUNT, CIRENCESTER.

„ 16. The Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. Hugh Owen's Cadeau, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by three lengths.

MIDLAND HUNT (AT FOUR OAKS PARK).

May 4. The Hunt Cup Steeple Chase. Capt. Butler's Good Luck, 13 st. 1 lb. Won by two lengths.

CHANDLERS FORD AND SOUTH HANTS MEETING.

June 26. The Cranbury Park Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Roger's Damsel, 12 st. 4 lbs. Won by three lengths.

FOUR OAKS PARK (BIRMINGHAM).

Dec. 27. The Tally-ho Hunters' Hurdle Plate. Capt. Middleton's Punjab, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

1886.

SANDOWN PARK.

March 6. The Guards' Cup. Capt. Foster's Chancellor, 13 st. 3 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 8. The Army and Navy Cup. Capt. Foster's Chancellor, 13 st. 5 lbs. Won by three-quarters of a length.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLE CHASES (AT AYLESBURY).

March 30. An Open Military Cup. Capt. Foster's Chancellor, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by three lengths.

MELTON HUNT (AT BURTON LAZARS).

April 5. The Melton Town Purse. Ld. Hopetoun's Ballinasloe, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by a neck.

PACKINGTON AND NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.

„ 13. The Coventry Hunters' Flat Race Plate. Mr. A. Yates's Bayonet, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won by three lengths.

„ 13. The Coleshill Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate. Capt. Middleton's Punjab, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by two lengths.

LUDLOW CLUB MEETING.

„ 15. The Ludlow Steeple Chase. Mr. W. H. Phillips's Sweet Maid, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by a length.

„ 15. The County Steeple Chase. Capt. E. R. Owen's Castaway, 12 st. 12 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

GRAND MILITARY AND ALDERSHOT DIVISIONAL MEETING.

April 16. The Veteran Stakes. Capt. Maudslay's Lord Coventry, 11 st. 8 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 16. A Selling Steeple Chase. Capt. Waldron's Scar. 11 st. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 17. A Maiden Steeple Chase. Mr. Drummond's Manfred, 12 st. Won easily by two lengths.

April 17. The Farmers' Steeple Chase. Mr. Bristow's Lady Vera, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won by thirty lengths.

MANCHESTER EASTER MEETING.

„ 26. A Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate. Capt. E. R. Owen's Castaway, 12 st. 8 lbs. Won by eight lengths.

CARDIFF (OVER THE ELY COURSE).

„ 28. The Caerau Selling Hurdle Plate. Mr. T. Widger's Hawkstone, 11 st. 4 lbs. Won by three lengths.

SOUTH NOTTS HUNT.

May 3. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate. Capt. Maudslay's Southam, 12 st. Won by five lengths.

„ 3. The Wiverton Hurdle Plate. Capt. Maudslay's Southam, 12 st. 6 lbs. Won by two lengths.

STRATFORD ON AVON.

„ 4. An Open Selling Hurdle Race. Mr. Shaw's Psaltery, Won by six lengths.

V.W.H. HUNT, CIRENCESTER.

„ 6. The Open Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. Hugh Owen's Cadeau, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 6. The Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. Hugh Owen's Cadeau, 12 st. 12 lbs. Won by a head.

SOUTHWELL HUNT.

June 3. The City Handicap Hurdle Race Plate. Mr. R. Shaw's Psaltery, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by ten lengths.

1887.

DONCASTER HUNT.

Feb. 16. The Half-bred Steeple Chase Plate. Mr. W. Pidcock's Soudan, 11 st. 9 lbs. Won easily by three-quarters of a length.

„ 17. A Selling Hunters' Flat Race Plate. Capt. Maudslay's Mercia, 12 st. Won easily by two lengths.

MANCHESTER.

Feb. 19. The February Hurdle Race Plate (Handicap). Mr. T. Spence's Mary Webster, 10 st. 10 lbs. Won by two lengths.

LEICESTER.

„ 24. A Selling Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. H. Crombez's Mercia, 12 st. Won by three lengths.

„ 25. A Hunters' Flat Race Plate. Capt. E. R. Owen's Kilworth, 11 st. 7 lbs. Walked over for £50.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

March 5. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. A. E. Jenkins's Romance, 12 st. Won by six lengths.

LEICESTER.

„ 11. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate. Mr. T. Spence's Truthful, 12 st. Won by four lengths.

PLUMPTON.

„ 12. The United Service Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. Milner's Southam, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 12. The Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Anderton's The Saint, 13 st. 10 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

DERBY AND GRAND NATIONAL HUNT.

„ 15. The Grand National Hunt Steeple Chase. Major Meysey-Thompson's Monkshood, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won by ten lengths.

SANDOWN PARK GRAND MILITARY MEETING.

„ 23. The Grand Military Hunt Cup. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Hohenlinden, 12 st. 7 lbs. Hohenlinden came in first by four lengths, but was disqualified for being entered as six years, instead of aged.

V.W.H. HUNT.

April 13. An Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. E. R. Owen's Castaway, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by a distance.

SANDOWN PARK.

April 22. The Great Sandown Hurdle Race (Handicap). Mr. A. Victor's Carronald, 11 st. 1 lb. Won by a length and a half.

PACKINGTON AND NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.

„ 25. The Diddington Hunt Cup. Capt. E. R. Owen's Kilworth, 12 st. Won by ten lengths.

„ 25. The Offchurch Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Parasang, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by a length.

„ 25. The Stechford Selling Hunters' Plate. Capt. Middleton's Lord Byron, 11 st. 13 lbs. Won by four lengths.

LUDLOW CLUB.

„ 28. The County Steeple Chase. Baron C. de Tuyll's Badger, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by a length.

„ 29. The Borough Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Baron C. de Tuyll's Badger, 13 st. 5 lbs. Won by three lengths.

„ 29. The Members' Hunt Steeple Chase. Baron C. de Tuyll's Silver King, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by a neck.

ALDERSHOT DIVISIONAL MEETING.

May 3. The Aldershot Cup. Capt. Fisher's Meerschaum, 13 st. Won by fifteen lengths.

„ 3. The Open Military Steeple Chase. Mr. A. G. Jenkins's Mario, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won easily by a length.

„ 3. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. Collis's Signal Shot, 10 st. 7 lbs. Won by half a length.

„ 3. The Hunters' Flat Race. Capt. Jones's Aramis, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

DUNSTALL PARK (WOLVERHAMPTON).

„ 9. The Oxley Manor Hunt Cup. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Parasang, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by three lengths.

PLUMPTON.

May 21. The Final Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 13 st. 10 lbs. Won by a length.

HALL GREEN.

„ 23. The Shirley Plate. Mr. Thompson's Soudan, 11 st. 11 lbs. Won by a length.

ALDERSHOT.

Oct. 3. A Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. E. Benzon's Dalesman, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by a short head.

„ 3. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 13 st. 10 lbs. Won by ten lengths.

„ 3. A Selling Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Brave, 11 st. 4 lbs. Won by a length.

„ 3. An Open Military Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Percival, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 4. A Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. E. Benzon's Percival, 12 st. 1 lb. Won by a length.

SHREWSBURY, AUTUMN HUNT MEETING.

„ 18. The Shropshire Hunt Steeple Chase. Capt. Middleton's Doneraile, 12 st. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 19. An Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Middleton's Doneraile, 12 st. Won by twenty lengths.

DUNSTALL PARK (WOLVERHAMPTON).

„ 24. The Oxley Manor Hunt Cup. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Parasang, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by two lengths.

FOUR OAKS PARK.

Nov. 1. The Aston Selling Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. E. Benzon's Lead On, 11 st. 6 lbs. Won by four lengths.

„ 1. The Sutton Park Handicap Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Brave, 11 st. Won by a neck.

PLUMPTON.

„ 5. A Handicap Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Lord Lumley, 11 st. 13 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

Nov. 5. The Keymer Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. J. Gatland's Greek Fire, 12 st. 2 lbs. Won by a neck.

LIVERPOOL.

„ 11. The Hapsburg Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Gamecock, 11 st. 11 lbs. Gamecock fell, but was remounted and came in alone.

CROYDON.

„ 30. The Selling Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. E. Benzon's Bringari, 12 st. Won by a length and a half.

SANDOWN PARK.

Dec. 3. A Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. E. Benzon's Stanislas, 11 st. 2 lbs. Won by six lengths.

KEMPTON PARK.

„ 6. The Middlesex Steeple Chase Handicap. Mr. E. Benzon's Gamecock, 12 st. 7 lbs. Gamecock came in alone.

PLUMPTON.

„ 16. The Naval and Military Cup. Capt. Anderton's The Saint, 13 st. 10 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 16. The December Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 12 st. 11 lbs. Won by five lengths.

1888.

MANCHESTER.

Jan. 27. A Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 13 st. 1 lb. Won by three-quarters of a length.

„ 28. A Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 12 st. 2 lbs. Won by four lengths.

FOUR OAKS PARK.

Feb. 7. The Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Parasang, 12 st. 13 lbs. Won by two lengths.

KEMPTON PARK.

Feb. 8. The Naval and Military Plate. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Hohenlinden. Came in alone, Parthenia having fallen. Only two horses ran, 12 st. 7 lbs.

,, 9. The Kempton Park Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 13 st. 10 lbs. Won by a length.

PLUMPTON.

,, 10. The February Open Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Patsey, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won by eight lengths.

SANDOWN PARK.

,, 21. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by half a length.

MANCHESTER.

,, 25. A Selling Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Patsey. Won by a length.

KEMPTON PARK.

March 6. The Kempton Park Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 13 st. 10 lbs. Won by three lengths.

,, 7. A Free Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Parasang, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won by six lengths.

FOUR OAKS PARK (BIRMINGHAM).

,, 15. The Sutton Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. R. Moncrieff's Parasang, 11 st. 13 lbs. Won by two lengths.

PORTSMOUTH (GRANGE CLUB).

,, 26. The Naval and Military Hunters' Steeple Chase Cup. Mr. C. Bingham's Southam, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

SOUTH BERKS HUNT AND ROYAL BERKS YEOMANRY CAVALRY MEETING.

March 27. The United Service Steeple Chase. Mr. G. Ayres's Kit, 12 st. Won by two lengths.

March 27. The Maiden Erlegh Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by three lengths.

WINCHESTER.

„ 28. The Wyke Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Abercromby's Play Light, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by a distance, others refused.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING (SANDOWN PARK).

„ 31. An Open Military Cup. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales's Hohenlinden, 12 st. 12 lbs. Won by a distance; only two ran, other horse pulled up lame.

GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK.

April 4. The Army and Navy Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. C. Bingham's Southam, 13 st. Southam fell, but was remounted and came in alone. Four horses fell, one bolted; five ran.

„ 5. The Grand Military Handicap. Capt. Workman's Brave, 12 st. 2 lbs. Won by three lengths.

SANDOWN PARK GRAND NATIONAL HUNT MEETING.

„ 12. The Weybridge Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Benzon's Kilworth, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by three lengths.

„ 12. The Ewell Handicap Steeple Chase. Capt. Workman's Brave, 12 st. including 7 lbs. extra. Won by a neck.

ALDERSHOT DIVISIONAL MEETING.

„ 20. Handicap Steeple Chase. Capt. Workman's Brave, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

PACKINGTON AND NORTH WARWICKSHIRE MEETING.

„ 30. The Diddington Hunt Cup. Mr. Sheriffe's Avalanche, 11 st. Won by forty lengths; two ran, other horse ran out.

LUDLOW CLUB HUNT.

May 3. The Ludlow Hunters' Cup. Mr. E. Wardour's Ludlow, 11 st. Won by a length.

ALDERSHOT.

Oct. 1. A Selling Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. G. Ayres's Kit, 11 st. 8 lbs. Won by short head.

„ 2. The Open Military Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by twelve lengths.

„ 2. The Divisional Selling Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Miss Plotwell, 11 st. 11 lbs. Came in alone.

„ 2. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. G. Ayres's Kit, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

KEMPTON PARK.

„ 6. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race. Capt. E. R. Owen's Southam. Won by two lengths.

PORTSMOUTH (GRANGE CLUB).

Nov. 13. A Selling Hunters' Flat Race. Capt. Workman's Bringari, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by half a length.

„ 13. The Fort Grange Hunters' Hurdle Race. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by ten lengths.

„ 13. The Portsmouth November Hurdle Handicap. Mr. W. Low's Alcaeus, 10 st. 7 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 13. A Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. A. Wheatley's Silver Star, 11 st. 7 lbs. Two horses ran. Silver Star came in alone, other horse fell. Capt. Owen came in third for next race, riding five times in same day and winning four races.

KEMPTON PARK.

Dec. 4. The Kempton Park December Hurdle Handicap. Mr. T. Wadlow's Martinet, 11 st. Won by half a length.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

„ 6. The December Hurdle Race. Mr. W. Low's Alcaeus, 10 st. 9 lbs. Dead heat.

„ 8. Priory Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

WINDSOR.

Dec. 21. The Friday Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate. Lord Dudley's The Sikh, 11 st. 5 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 22. Thames Handicap Hurdle Race Plate. Lord Dudley's Jacob, 10 st. 8 lbs. Won by four lengths.

1889.

WOLVERHAMPTON (DUNSTALL PARK).

Jan. 5. The Bushbury Hunters' Hurdle Plate. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 11 st. 9 lbs. Won by a length.

MANCHESTER.

„ 29. A Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by half a length.

WINDSOR.

Feb. 7. A Selling Handicap Hurdle Race Plate. Mr. A. Day's Pas Seul, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by a length.

MANCHESTER.

„ 27. A Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate. Mr. Wadlow's Homeward Bound, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by a head.

CROYDON.

March 12. The Grand International Hurdle Race Plate. Mr. W. Low's Alcaeus, 11 st. 3 lbs. Won by two lengths.

PLUMPTON.

„ 18. Falmer Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 11 st. 4 lbs. Won by three lengths.

DERBY HUNT.

„ 19. A Selling Open Hurdle Race. Lord Dudley's Jacob, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by three lengths.

FOUR OAKS PARK (BIRMINGHAM).

„ 21. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. J. Wadlow's Homeward Bound, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by three lengths.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB GRAND MILITARY MEETING.

March 22. The Grand Military Gold Cup. Mr. B. W. J. Alexander's St. Cross, 11 st. Won by three-quarters of a length.

„ 22. The Grand Military Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. Hedworth Lambton's Santa Rosalia, 11 st. 2 lbs. Won by half a length.

„ 23. The Grand Military Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 12 st. 12 lbs. Won by a head.

„ 23. An Open Handicap Hurdle Race. Capt. E. R. Owen's Halmi, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by five lengths.

„ 23. The Grand Military Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Marshdale, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by two lengths.

SOUTH BERKS HUNT AND YEOMANRY CAVALRY MEETING.

March 27. United Hunt Steeple Chase. Mr. A. Wheatley's Silver Star, 13 st. Won by ten lengths.

„ 27. The United Service Selling Steeple Chase. Mr. Ashday's Cabin Boy, 12 st. 12 lbs. Only two ran; Cabin Boy came in alone.

MELTON HUNT.

April 1. The Ladies' Purse. Mr. H. T. Barclay's Lord Arthur, 12 st. Won in a canter.

„ 1. The Melton Town Purse. Capt. Maudslay's Impulse, 13 st. Won by six lengths.

GRAND NATIONAL HUNT, CARDIFF.

„ 2. The Ely Hunters' Welter Steeple Chase. Lord Dudley's Carlsbad, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by forty lengths.

„ 3. The St. Roath Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. J. C. Dormer's Sweetbread, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

LEOPARDSTOWN (CLUB DUBLIN).

„ 6. The Irish International Handicap. Lord Dudley's Kilworth, 11 st. 6 lbs. Won by three lengths.

ALDERSHOT DIVISIONAL SPRING MEETING.

April 9. A Hunters' Plate. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 13 st. Miss Chippendale, winner, disqualified. Race awarded to Bloodstone.

„ 9. The Aldershot Cup. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by a distance.

„ 10. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Capt. Blane's Percival, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 10. The Open Military Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won easily by eight lengths.

V.W.H. HUNT.

„ 12. The Red and Blue Coat Race. Baron C. de Tuyll's ch.g. by Sheldrake, dam by Lord Ronald. Won by a length.

MANCHESTER.

„ 22. A Qualifying Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. J. C. Dormer's Sweetbread, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by six lengths.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

„ 27. The Criterion Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. M'Calmont's Aldford, 10 st. 13 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 27. The Grand International Steeple Chase Handicap. Lord Dudley's Kilworth, 12 st. 9 lbs. (including 12 lbs. extra). Won by three-quarters of a length.

19TH HUSSARS' MEETING.

„ 29. A Selling Hunters' Flat Race. Capt. Workman's Theresa. Won by a length and a half.

„ 29. The United Service Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by twelve lengths.

LUDLOW CLUB.

May 2. The Members' Flat Race. Mr. Phillips's Brockmanton, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won easily by a length.

WINDSOR.

May 7. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 13 st. 9 lbs. Came in alone, two other horses running refused.

„ 8. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 12 st. Won by two lengths.

PLUMPTON.

Sept. 28. The Brighton Hurdle Handicap. Mr. H. L. Powell's Brave, 12 st. 7 lbs. A dead heat.

WINCHESTER.

Oct. 16. The Kingsworthy Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 12 st. Won by twenty lengths.

ALDERSHOT.

Nov. 15. The Friday Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. G. Ayres's Kit, 12 st. Kit came in alone. Four ran, two fell, one refused.

CROYDON.

„ 26. A Selling Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. Swan's Londoner, 12 st. Won by a neck.

LEICESTER.

„ 28. A Hunters' Selling Flat Race. Mr. Guthrie's Silverwood, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won in a canter by three lengths.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

Dec. 11. *The Tally-ho* Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 12 st. 1 lb. Won by half a length.

„ 11. The Claremont Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. A. Yates's Coercion, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by three lengths.

„ 13. The Moore Place Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. A. Yates's Coercion, aged. Won by two lengths.

1890.

HAYDOCK PARK.

Jan. 10. The Haydock Hurdle Race. Mr. J. C. Dormer's Sweetbread, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

WARWICK.

Feb. 6. The Debdale Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. R. Sneyd's Gadabout, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won easily by three lengths.

„ 7. The Spa Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. Guthrie's Silverwood, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length.

SANDOWN PARK.

„ 12. The Sandown Grand Prize. Capt. A. E. Whitaker's Franciscan, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by half a length.

„ 12. A Selling Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. J. C. Dormer's Eight Bells, 12 st. 6 lbs. Won by four lengths.

PLUMPTON.

„ 17. The Rottingdean Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Marshdale, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won by a head.

WINDSOR.

„ 18. The Dorney Hurdle Race. Mr. Nesbitt's Eight Bells, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by three-quarters of a length.

CROYDON.

March 12. The Selling Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Cobalt, 11 st. 9 lbs. Cobalt threw his rider, but was remounted, and came in alone.

„ 12. The Croydon Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 13 st. 7 lbs. Won by twelve lengths.

HURST PARK CLUB.

„ 20. A Selling Open Hurdle Handicap. Mr. J. C. Dormer's Sienna, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

GRAND MILITARY MEETING, SANDOWN PARK.

„ 21. The Army and Navy Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Mazzard, 13 st. Won by eight lengths.

MANCHESTER.

April 7. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Count Ch. Kinsky's St. Galmier, 12 st. 2 lbs. Won by eight lengths.

April 8. A Hunters' Flat Race Plate. Mr. H. L. Powell's Bloodstone, 12 st. Won by three lengths.

WETHERBY AND 6TH CARABINEERS' MEETING.

„ 8. The Regimental Cup. Mr. Blakeway's Verdical, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by ten lengths.

HAWTHORN HILL HUNT.

„ 17. The Farmers' Cup. Mr. J. E. Morten's The Jesuit, 13 st. A dead heat.

ALDERSHOT.

Nov. 18. The Divisional Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. E. R. Owen's Hiccough, 12 st. Won by a length and a half.

„ 19. A Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Midshipmite, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won easily by two lengths.

„ 19. The Aldershot Hunters' Steeple Chase. Lord E. Talbot's Ulysses, 11 st. 12 lbs. Walked over.

CROYDON.

„ 25. Surrey Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. H. L. Powell's Midshipmite, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by three lengths.

„ 26. The Last Wickham Hurdle Race. Mr. W. Low's Alcaeus, 11 st. 9 lbs. Won by a neck.

KEMPTON PARK.

Dec. 2. An Open Hunters' Flat Race. Count Ch. Kinsky's St. Galmier, 13 st. Won by a head.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

„ 4. The Claremont Hunters' Flat Race. Count Ch. Kinsky's St. Galmier, 12 st. Won by six lengths.

„ 5. The Ladies' Plate. Capt. Blane's Bedouin, 11 st. Won by two lengths.

„ 6. The Tally-ho Hunters' Hurdle Race. Lord Dangan's Bloodstone, 12 st. 6 lbs. Won by a head.

HURST PARK.

„ 11. An Open Selling Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. J. Davis's Giesshubler, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won easily by five lengths.

MANCHESTER.

Dec. 12. An Open Hunters' Flat Race. Capt. Blane's Bedouin, 12 st. 6 lbs. Won by four lengths.

„ 12. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Lord Dangan's Bloodstone, 12 st. 8 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 13. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Sir Herbert, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by a length.

1891.

HURST PARK.

Jan. 30. The Mole Hunters' Hurdle Race. Lord Dangan's Bloodstone, 12 st. 13 lbs. Won by three-quarters of a length.

KEMPTON PARK.

Feb. 6. The Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap. Mr. W. Low's Alcaeus, 12 st. 1 lb. Won by three-quarters of a length.

„ 7. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Lord Dangan's Bloodstone, 12 st. Won by three lengths.

„ 7. The Kempton Park Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Midshipmite, 11 st. 8 lbs. Won by twelve lengths.

WARWICK.

„ 9. The Debdale Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. Sneyd's Lady Villikins, 12 st. Won by a length and a half.

DONCASTER HUNT.

„ 12. The Fitzwilliam Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Sir Herbert, 13 st. Won in a canter.

PLUMPTON.

„ 14. The Hurstpierpoint Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. Sneyd's Lady Villikins, 11 st. 4 lbs. Won by half a length.

SANDOWN PARK.

„ 17. The Burwood Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. Abington's Edie, 12 st. 1 lb. Won by eight lengths.

Feb. 19. The Sandown Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Capt. Blane's Bedouin, 12 st. 8 lbs. Bedouin came in alone, two others running refused.

„ 19. The Sandown Grand Prize. Mr. Deacon's Maypole, 10 st. 6 lbs. Won by two lengths.

MANCHESTER.

„ 20. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Lord Dudley's Cloister, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won easily by six lengths.

„ 21. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. C. Perkin's Macpherson, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by a neck.

WOLVERHAMPTON (DUNSTALL PARK).

„ 23. The Himeley Hunt Cup Steeple Chase. Lord E. Talbot's Ulysses, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by three lengths.

DERBY HUNT.

March 10. The Meynell Flat Race. Mr. Sneyd's Lady Villikins, 12 st. 8 lbs. Won by four lengths.

WINDSOR.

„ 17. A Selling Handicap Hurdle Race. Mr. P. B. Hall's Ben Bolt, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by two lengths.

PLUMPTON.

„ 23. The Polegate Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. P. B. Hall's Golden Dream, 11 st. Won by two lengths.

„ 24. The Portslade Maiden Hurdle Race. Mr. G. Milner's Frank, 11 st. 3 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 24. The Bostel Hunters' Hurdle Race. Baron C. de Tuyll's Kedar, 10 st. 10 lbs. Won by three lengths.

MANCHESTER.

„ 31. A Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. Sneyd's Lady Villikins, 12 st. Won by two lengths.

„ 31. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Lord Dangan's Bloodstone, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won by fifty lengths.

WOORE HUNT (AT WOORE).

April 9. The Foxhunters' Open Steeple Chase. Mr. Abington's Edie, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won easily by four lengths.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

April 11. The Great Sandown Hurdle Race. Mr. Deacon's Maypole, 11 st. Dead heat, the stakes were divided.

„ 11. The Mammoth Hunters' Steeple Chase. Lord Dangan's Bloodstone, 12 st. 12 lbs. Won by six lengths.

BEAUFORT HUNT.

„ 14. The Open Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. Abington's Edie, 12 st. 12 lbs. Won by half a length.

PLUMPTON.

„ 18. The Lancing Maiden Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. F. Swan's Torquay, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by two lengths.

LEOPARDSTOWN CLUB.

„ 25. The Irish International Handicap Steeple Chase. Sir H. de Trafford's Roman Oak, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by six lengths.

ALDERSHOT.

May 5. An Open Military Hunters' Hurdle Race. Baron C. de Tuyll's Kedar, 11 st. Walked over.

„ 5. The Aldershot Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Midshipmite, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won easily by a neck.

„ 5. A Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. R. Sneyd's Lady Villikins, 12 st. 10 lbs. Won by a neck.

„ 6. An Open Military Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. H. L. Powell's Midshipmite, 12 st. 7 lbs. Won easily by two lengths.

„ 6. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Baron C. de Tuyll's Kedar 10 st. 7 lbs. Won by three lengths.

PORTSMOUTH PARK, INAUGURAL MEETING.

June 26. The Portsdown Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. De Crano's Four-poster, 11 st. Won by four lengths.

LINGFIELD.

Oct. 3. The Autumn Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. P. B. Hall's Golden Dream, 11 st. 5 lbs. Won by a short head.

Oct, 3. A Hunters' Steeple Chase. Baron C. de Tuyll's Kedar, 11 st. 6 lbs. Kedar came in alone, other horse having fallen and refused.

ALDERSHOT.

Nov. 9. The Long Valley Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. C. H. Fenwick's Sandown, 10 st. 10 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

„ 9. A Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. A. M. Singer's Tenby, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won by six lengths.

„ 9. The Divisional Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. Maunsell's Hiccough, 12 st. 5 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

„ 9. The Farnham Hunters' Steeple Chase. Mr. E. Loder's Field-Marshal, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by a length and a half.

LIVERPOOL.

„ 13. The Aintree Hunt Steeple Chase. Mr. A. M. Singer's Tenby, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won by six lengths.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.

Dec. 3. A Three-years-old Hunters' Hurdle Race. Baron C. de Tuyll's Marienbad, 10 st. 12 lbs. Won by three-quarters of a length.

GATWICK.

„ 9. The Centaur Flat Race. Mr. R. Sneyd's Lady Villikins, 13 st. 3 lbs. Won by eight lengths.

LINGFIELD.

„ 10. The Lingfield Club December Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. R. Sneyd's Lady Villikins walked over for the entrance money (£37).

HURST PARK CLUB.

„ 11. The Richmond Hunters' Flat Race. Mr. R. Sneyd's Lady Villikins. Walked over.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

„ 29. The Bushbury Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. Abington's Stamfordham, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won by five lengths.

HURST PARK.

Dec. 30. A Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race. Mr. Harding Cox's Handley Cross, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by three-quarters of a length.

1892.

MANCHESTER.

Jan. 26. The Manchester Handicap Steeple Chase. Mr. B. Goodall's Meldrum, 11 st. Won by eight lengths.

HURST PARK CLUB.

„ 29. The Mole Hurdle Race. Mr. Abington's Stamfordham, 11 st. 12 lbs. Won by a head.

LEICESTER.

Feb. 3. The Harrington Steeple Chase. Mr. G. C. Wilson's Father O'Flynn, 11 st. 7 lbs. Won in a canter.

PLUMPTON.

„ 9. The Southdown Steeple Chase. Mr. C. D. Rose's Sarah Bernhardt, 13 st. 3 lbs. Won by three lengths.

„ 9. The Cooksbridge Hurdle Race. Mr. Toynbee's Bighton, 11 st. 10 lbs. Won by twenty lengths.

WARWICK.

„ 10. The Debdale National Hunt Flat Race. Mr. Leslie's Four-poster, 12 st. 9 lbs. Won by four lengths.

LEICESTER.

March 1. The Mapperley Handicap Steeple Chase. Mr. G. C. Wilson's Rosalind, 11 st. 2 lbs. Won by four lengths.

„ 2. The Wigston Steeple Chase. Mr. G. C. Wilson's Father O'Flynn, 12 st. 3 lbs. Won by two lengths.

„ 2. A Maiden Hurdle Race. Mr. Abington's Edie, 12 st. Won by twenty lengths.

GATWICK.

„ 9. The Atalanta Flat Race. Baron C. de Tuyll's Kedar, 12 st. 6 lbs. Won by four lengths.

LIVERPOOL.

„ 25. The Grand National Steeple Chase. Mr. G. C. Wilson's Father O'Flynn, 10 st. 5 lbs. Won by twenty lengths, starting at 20 to 1.

During these seven years Roddy Owen rode six times in the Grand National, which he was most eager to win. Finally, in the year 1892, he gained his wish —"The first of my ambitions," as he used to say.

In 1885 he rode that uncertain animal *Kilworth*, of which he was at that time the registered owner. *Kilworth* belonged to the same stable as Count Kinsky's *Zoedone*. The year before he had been beaten in the Sefton Steeple Chase at the Liverpool Spring Meeting by *Frigate*, but came out in very different colours when he cantered away with the Great Sandown Steeple Chase in December 1894, beating *Jolly Sir John*, *Dog Fox*, *Azuline*, *Frigate*, *Zeus*, and *Bell Tower* with the utmost ease. He carried the same weight, 11 st. 8 lbs., less a lb., and started at 10 to 1, *Zoedone* being at 5 to 1, and *Roquefort*, the winner, at 100 to 30, but unfortunately came to grief at the ditch-and-hedge fence.

In 1887 the race was won by Mr. E. Jay's *Gamecock*. Roddy Owen rode Mr. P. Nickall's *Ballot Box*, 10 st. 5 lbs., a 33 to 1 chance in a field of 16. *Ballot Box* and *Bellona* fell together at the second fence.

In 1888 Roddy tried with the winner of 1887, Mr. E. Benzon's *Gamecock*, 12 st. 4 lbs., a 20 to 1 chance, but the race fell to Mr. E. W. Baird's *Playfair*.

In 1889 *Frigate* won, again beating *Kilworth*, now belonging to Lord Dudley, on which Roddy Owen rode at a weight of 10 st. 13 lbs., the odds being 40 to 1 against him. *Kilworth* refused at the second fence and was pulled up.

In 1890 he did not ride in the race. The day before in the Liverpool Hunt Steeple Chase he had had a bad fall when riding *Bloodstone*.

In 1891 a splendid race nearly resulted in victory.

He rode Lord Dudley's *Cloister*, 11 st. 7 lbs., a 20 to 1 chance. Roddy Owen led the whole way on *Cloister*. He seemed in danger from *Why Not*, when that horse fell at the second fence from home. Mr. W. G. Jameson's *Come Away*, ridden by Mr. Beasley, then came up; *Cloister* and *Come Away* breasted the last fence together, when *Come Away* drew in front, entering the straight, and after a most exciting finish won by half a length. *Ilex*, the winner of 1890, got into trouble at the last fence, but came in third.

In 1892 the tables were turned, and *Cloister* came in second. The result was as follows:—

Grand National Steeple Chase of 2000 sovereigns (inclusive of a trophy value 100 sovereigns), second to receive 200 sovereigns, and third 100 sovereigns from the stakes—for four-year-olds and upwards—winners extra. Grand National Course, about 4 miles and 856 yards.

Mr. G. C. Wilson's Father O'Flynn, by Retreat—Kathleen, aged, 10 st. 5 lbs. (Capt. E. R. Owen).
Mr. C. Duff's Cloister, aged, 12 st. 3 lbs. (Mr. J. C. Dormer).
Mr. G. Masterman's Ilex, aged, 12 st. 7 lbs. (A. Nightingal).

The race was run in a heavy mist. They raced away together at a tremendous pace. At the second fence from home *Father O'Flynn* drew into second place, and after clearing assumed command. Roddy came on with the race in hand, and sailed home a gallant winner by 20 lengths from *Cloister* in 9 mins. 48⅕ secs.

The editor of the *Sportsman* has kindly supplied the following statement, showing, so far as the columns of that paper go, the number of mounts and wins during the years 1882-92:—

MAJOR E. R. OWEN'S MOUNTS FROM 1882.

Year.	*Mounts.*	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Walks over.*
1882	30	6	24	0
1883	7	1	6	0
1884	8	2	6	0
1885	36	9	27	0
1886	72	21	51	0
1887	156	46	110	1
1888	128	39	89	0
1889	135	41[1]	94	0
1890	101	28[1]	73	1
1891	105	49[1]	56	4
1892	34	12	22	1
1893 to 1896 nil		254	558	
	812	812		

This table shows that, in the years during which Roddy Owen was able to race in England, in 1882, 20 per cent of his mounts were winning mounts; in 1885, 25 per cent; in 1886, 29.1 per cent; in 1887, 29.4 per cent; in 1888, 30.4 per cent; in 1889, 30.3 per cent; in 1890, 27.7 per cent; in 1891, 46.6 per cent; and in the first three months of 1892, 35.2 per cent. Thus from 1885-92 his annual average of winning mounts never fell below 25 per cent, and was most wonderfully sustained. During the whole of his racing career, out of his mounts, 31.2 per cent were winning mounts.

[1] Signifies a dead-heat for a race, which was not run off.

INDEX

ABU HAMED, 243
Adams, Capt., 185, 192, 206
Aden, 237
Afghanistan, 176
Akasheh, 238, 239, 244
Aktash, 203, 219, 222, 225, 227
Albert Edward Lake, 42, 43, 57, 59, 65
Albert Lake, 42, 59, 148, 163
Aliabad, 216
Alighats, 239, 243
Ali of Wadelai, 159, 160
Aman ul Mulk, 177
Ambigol, 238, 239, 240
—— Wells, 239, 240, 243
Anecdotes, 6-10, 15-18
Anglo-Congolese Treaty, 168
Arabs, 43, 105, 248
Archer, 4
Ashkuman Valley, 232
Ashreth, 207
Askari, 44, 54, 69
Assouan, 238
Aylmer, Major, 189, 200

BADAKSHAN, 204
Bahr el Gebel, 157, 168
Baird, 210
Baldwin, Lieut., 185
Baltit, 214
Baroghil, 227, 229
Barwa, 199
Battye, Col., 190, 191, 192
Bayik, 221, 223, 233
Bedfordshire Regiment, 182, 184
Benderski Pass, 203
Bengal Lancers, 187, 195, 206
Berber, 243
B.I.E.A.C., 37, 51, 56, 63, 82
Bilal Aga, 93, 97
Bir Adela, 239, 240
Blood, Gen., 187, 195, 196
Bokheet Aga, 74, 80
Borradaile, Capt., 207, 213
Bozai Gumbaz, 221, 225
Broadwood, Capt. R. G., 244, 247
Browne, Sir James, 234
Buddhu, 50, 133
Buffs, 196, 199
Bukoma forest, 146
Buller, Sir Redvers, 24
Buner, 189
Buru, 122, 131

CAIRO, 172, 237
Calcutta, 12, 13, 175
Campbell, Capt., 192
Canada, 3, 6, 8
Chakdara, 188
Chakira river, 148
Chitral, 3, chap. viii.
Cholera, 243
Ciccoculi, 117, 121, 122, 132, 140
Colours, racing, 8
Colvile, Col. Sir H., 135; declares war, 143; Unyoro war, chap. vi.
Congo Free State, 43, 61, 167
—— tribes, 43
Cork, 3, 10
Cyprus, 3, 8

DARKOT, 230
Deane, Major, 188, 193
Dècle, M. Lionel, 135, 138, 141, 144
Dervishes, 88, 138, 154, 162, 239, 240, 245
De Winton, 67
Dickson Poynder, Sir J., 236
Dir, 179, 199, 201, 207

Dir Ismail Khan, 175
Dogras, 182, 185
Dongola, 3, 42, 243
Dorah Pass, 203
Drosh, 201, 208
Durra river, 227

EDRIS EFFENDI, 80
Edwardes, Lieut., 178, 188, 193, 198, 212
Egirin, 27
Emin Pasha, 43, 89, 137, 153, 162
Epé, 26, 27, 28
Eton, 3, 5

FARAJULLAH MORU, 152
Father O'Flynn, 3, 14, 19, 25, 273
Fatiko, 162
Feraj Effendi, 96, 98, 132, 141, 155
Fetishes, 32, 147
Firkeh, 241
Fisher, Mr., 117, 118, 123, 135, 144, 171
Foaker, 38, 44, 45, 53
Forster, Mr., 125, 128
Forts, 43, chaps. iii. iv.; new forts, chap. v.
Fowler, Lieut., 178, 188, 198, 201, 212

GARKUCH, 232
Gatacre, Gen., 188, 196, 199
Gatlands, J., 8
George, Fort, 43, 54, 55, 58, 105, 168
German territory, 101, 114
Gerry, Fort, 74, 90, 95, 98, 168
Ghizr, 214
Gilgit, 177, 207, 213
Gordon Highlanders, 181, 190
—— Lieut., 28, 31
Gough, Lieut., 213, 232
Grand National, 3, 14, 20, 23, 25, 272
Grant, 45, 48, 51, 57, 65, 73, 88, 95, 123
Guides, 180, 185, 190
Gujar, 211
Gupis, 213, 214, 232
Gurkhas, 196, 199

HALIFAX, 3
Harg Nala, 224
Hindu Kush, 176, 202, 220
Hoima, 167
Hunza, 177, 203, 214, 230
Hurdle-racing, 14
Hutton, Col., 15, 21, 24

IBADANS, 28, 31
Iroda, 29
Irshad, 223, 225
Itoike, 31, 33

JANDOL, 177, 201
Jebu war, 3, 23, 25-35
Jenkins, W. H. P., 8
Jhanbatai, 199, 207
Jiggers, 48, 60, 75
Judgment in racing, 18, 19

KABREGA, 43, 54, 61, 70, 89, 100, 107, 137, 143, 146, 163
Kaduma's, 143, 145
Kafu, 42, 120, 144, 145
Kalgola, 187
Kampala, 38, 41, *et passim*
Karachi, 174, 237
Karakwanga, 58, 63
Kasagama, 42, 46, 49, 53-55, 61, 65, 73, 78, 170
Kashgar, 221
Kashmir, 176
Kassim Beg, 219, 222
Kasuju, 139
Katakwenda, 46
Katambala Province, 46
Katonga, 91
Katulla island, 157
Kavalli's, 43, 44, 85, 165
Kelly, Col., 178, 201, 207, 214
Khanak, 239
Khar, 184, 205
Khyber Pass, 175
Kibibi, 49, 91
Kibiro, 44, 147, 148, 152, 156, 166
Killik, 215, 219
Kilongaro river, 122
Kilworth, 14, and Appendix
King's Royal Rifles, 182, 184
Kinloch, Gen., 180, 184, 188, 206
Kirckhoven, 136
Kisongora's, 112
Kitambula, 139
Kitanwa, 148, 156
Kitchener, Sir H., 237, 247
Kizil Rabat, 221, 225, 233
Koki, 113

K.O.S.B.'s, 181, 186, 187, 205, 211
Kosheh, 245
Kukturuk, 219, 221
Kushdoorgusht, 223
Kwanga, 45

LADO, 139
Laekula, 110, 131
Lancashire Fusiliers, 6, 174
Langar, 226
Langheld, 113
Laspur, 230
Little John, 9
Lorne, Fort, 43, 45
Lowarai, 208, 211
Low, Gen. Sir R., 178, 207
Lugard, Capt. F. D., 37, 43, 45, 48, 61, 67, 85
Lurs, 165

MACCALL, Col., 183
Macdonald, Capt., 81-94, 107, 112, 117, 134, 156, 242
Maclean, Lieut., 197
Magamboni hills, 170
Magbon, 29, 31
Magungu, 150, 153
Mahaji Sukkir, 162, 164, 168
Mahdists, 61
Mahommedans, 64, chap. iv.
Makika, Chief, 151
Makwenda's, 91, 116, 118, 120, 123, 128, 144
Malakand, 179, 180, 195, 205
Malta, 3, 8, 35
Martin, James, 149, 157
Mastuj, 212, 230
Maxims, 30, 95, 123, 142, 149, 167, 181, 190
Maxwell, Major J. G., 241
Mbogo, 86, 91
Mehtars of Chitral, 177
Mhow, 3, 12
Miankalai, 195
Miles, Mr., 214, 215, 219
Mintaka, 219, 221
Mir Afzul, 186
Misgar river, 218
Misisi, 108
Moffat, Dr., 40
Mojoda, 29
Mombasa, 23, 38, 47, 171, 237
Monteil, 136
Morocco, 35
Mounted Infantry, 15, 22, 34
Mpanga river, 42, 103
Mparu hill, 146
Mpata, 158
Mruli, 147
Mrumma, 122, 140
Mswa, 165
Mtawa, 157, 166
Mukman, 221, 233
Mulah Bey, 55, 80, 115, 139
Munda, 188, 196, 198, 211
Murkush, 219
Mwanga, 48, 85, 117, 137, 143, 171

NAGAR, 177, 214
Natya hill, 165
Navikassi, 111, 124, 126, 127, 171
Nawagai, 200
Nderi, Fort, 43
Ngamma, 91
Nile, importance of, 37, 167, 243, 248
Nisa Gol, 213
Nixon, Capt., 183, 199
Nizam ul Mulk, 177
Nowshera, 176
Ntali, 65, 67, 171
Ntute, 120, 123

OMDURMAN, 245
Orta Bel Pass, 203
Oru, 31, 32
Owen, Edward Roderic, born, 2; early life, 5, 6; first stations, 6-10; anecdotes of, 6-10, 15-18; racing, chap. i.; military qualities, 21-24; Jebu war, 25; Morocco, 35; Uganda and Unyoro, 37; Mohammedan rebellion, 79; placing new forts, 115; the Unyoro war, 136; at Wadelai, 149; at Quetta, 173; in Chitral war, 175, in the Pamirs, 213; in Egypt, 234
—— E. Pryse, 4
—— Hugh, 8
—— Hugh Darby, 3, 5
—— Rev. Hugh, 4
Oxus, 224, 230

PAMIRS, 3, 176, 227
Panjkora river, 188, 199
Parker, Capt., 189, 191, 193
Pasu, 217
Pearson, Col., 237

Peebles, Capt., 191, 193
Peshawur, 175, 189, 234
Petros, 120, 123
Pioneer, 175, 179
Pirkhar river, 230
Pobo, 28
Portal, Capt. Raymond, 23, 38, 44, 48, 50, 51, 64, 77, 134
—— Sir Gerald, his mission, 37; book, 38; settlement of country, 41; orders to Capt. Owen, 46; decision on trading, 61, 76; on the Catholic settlement, 84; return to coast, 87, 112
Port Alice, 86, 87, 117
Portraits, 2, 3
Protestants in Uganda, 83
Purkiss, Mr., 148, 151, 161

QUETTA, 174, 234

RACES, of 1882, 11; list of, 18; and Appendix of winning mounts and average
Ramorah, 186
Raymond, Fort, 131, 143
Reddie, 67, 86
Rehan Aga, 81, 139, 141, 155, 161, 162
Reldore Nala, 223
Rhodes, Cecil, 246
—— Col. F., 38, 40, 41, 85, 87
Rianga Sagh, 92
Ripon Falls, 42
—— Lord, 3, 12, 14
Robertson, Dr., 178, 201, 210
Roshan, 202
Ross, Capt., 177, 213
Rubat, 195
Russia, 176, 202, 222
Ruwenzori Mountains, 42, 53, 55, 57, 66, 170

SADO, 189, 199
Salt Lake Fort, see Fort George
Sandhurst, Lord, 234
Sarhad, 227, 228
Sarras, 238
Sarus, 12, 13, 175
Scott, Col., 197
—— Sir F., 25, 30, 236
Seaforths, 196
Selim Bey, 43, 45, 50, 56, 80, 81, 85
Semliki river, 42, 59
Shahzada, 235
Shandur, 213
Sher Afzul, 177, 201, 207, 208
Shighnan, 202
Shirres, Major, 191
Shukri, 53, 72, 74, 80, 137
Shulis, 156
Sialkot, 175
Sideri, 158
Sikhs, 180, 184, 185, 190
Simla, 12
Singo, 45, 115, 117, 128
Somerset Nile, 42, 164
Soudan, 44
Soudanese troops, 43, 44, 49
Spencer, Earl, 3, 14, 234
Stanley, H. M., 37, 43, 48, 80
Sudad, 239
Swahili, 46, 59, 77
Swats, 179, 200
Synopsis of life, 3

TAGAMANSU, 221
Tanganyika, Lake, 42, 47, 88
Tanjur, 240
Tara Desert, 38
Thanna, 186
Thruston, Capt., 149, 151, 155
Toru, 41, 66, 103
Townshend, Capt., 210, 213, 240
Training, 11, 14
Tudway, Capt. R. J., 238
Turam Tarab river, 226
Turkish ponies, 8
Tyar's, 152

UCH, 188
Udyana, 188
Uganda, 3, 23, chap. iii.
Umra Khan, 177, 186, 194, 199
Unyoro, 3, 41
Usongora, 42, 58, 62

VICTORIA NILE, 152
—— Nyanza, 42, 48, 117
Villiers, Lieut., 38, 85, 114, 125, 129, 135, 139, 169

WADELAI, 3, 42, 47, 55, 115, 139, 149, chap. vii., 248
Wady Halfa, 238
Waholi, 55
Wakamba tribe, 39
Wakhis, 226

Wakhjir, 221, 223
Wanyamwezi, 60, 73, 80, 81
Wanyema tribes, 47, 56, 58, 61, 63, 66, 87, 100
Wapidongo tribe, 170
Wasikero river, 145
Waterfield, Gen., 180, 188, 199
Wavertree, Fort, 43, 45
Waziristan, 175
White Nile, 42, 149
Wood, Sir Evelyn, 3, 16, 36, 247

YARKUN, 230
Younghusband, Capt., 207

ZANZIBAR, 3, 37, 172

THE END

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, *Edinburgh.*

ALBEMARLE STREET,
October, 1897.

MR. MURRAY'S

LIST OF

FORTHCOMING WORKS.

THE POETICAL AND PROSE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

A NEW TEXT, COLLATED, SO FAR AS IS POSSIBLE, WITH THE ORIGINAL MSS. AND REVISED PROOFS, WHICH ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE, WITH MANY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ADDITIONS.

This will be the only complete Edition of Lord Byron's Works, and the only one authorized by his family and representatives.

Edited by Lord Byron's Grandson, The EARL OF LOVELACE.

Assisted by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A.

In 12 *Volumes. Crown* 8*vo.*

A NEW WORK BY Mrs. BISHOP (Miss Bird).

KOREA AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL,

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT VICISSITUDES AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE COUNTRY.

By Mrs. BISHOP (ISABELLA BIRD),

F.R.G.S., Hon. Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society; Hon. Member of the Oriental Society of Peking, &c., &c.

With a Preface by SIR WALTER C. HILLIER, K.C.M.G., late H.B.M.'s Consul-General for Korea.

With Maps and Illustrations from the Author's Photographs. Crown 8*vo.*

UNDER THE RED CRESCENT.

ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF AN ENGLISH SURGEON IN THE SERVICE OF THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT DURING THE SIEGES OF PLEVNA AND ERZEROUM, 1877-78.

Related by CHARLES S. RYAN, M.B., C.M.Edin.,

In Association with his friend, JOHN SANDES, B.A. Oxon.

With Portrait and Maps. Crown 8vo. 9s. [*Just out.*

MINISTERIAL PRIESTHOOD.

SIX CHAPTERS PRELIMINARY TO A STUDY OF THE ORDINAL.

WITH AN ENQUIRY INTO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD AND AN APPENDIX ON THE RECENT ROMAN CONTROVERSY.

By R. C. MOBERLY, D.D.,

Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford, Canon of Christ Church.

Crown 8vo.

CHEAPER EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF SAMUEL SMILES.

There are few books which have had so wide a circulation throughout the civilized world, or have been translated into so many languages, as DR. SMILES' SELF HELP SERIES. The price of them has hitherto been 6*s.* a volume, but in response to many appeals from various quarters the author has decided to publish the following works at 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

SELF HELP.
THRIFT.
INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY.
LIFE OF THOMAS EDWARD.
LIFE AND LABOUR.
LIFE OF WEDGWOOD.
CHARACTER.
DUTY.
MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY.
LIFE OF JAMES NASMYTH.
BOYS' VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.
LIFE OF JASMIN.

"RODDY OWEN."

LATE BREVET MAJOR, LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, D.S.O.

A MEMOIR.

By his Sister, Mrs. A. G. BOVILL, and G. R. ASKWITH, M.A., F.R.G.S.

With Portraits and Maps. Crown 8vo. 12*s.* [*Just out.*

"Roddy" Owen was well-known as a dashing resolute rider, whose quickness to grasp the situation, knowledge of the capability of his horse, and judgment, not only over the fences, but at the finish, secured him a long list of brilliant wins. The same qualities which he displayed on the racecourse, marked his career as a soldier. In the Jebu Campaign of 1892, in Uganda, at Chitral, among the Pamirs, and on the march to Dongola, he had shown those gifts of mind and body which have made and maintained the British Empire.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PENGELLY, OF TORQUAY, F.R.S., GEOLOGIST; EXPLORER OF THE SOUTH DEVON CAVES,

By his Daughter HESTER PENGELLY.

WITH A SUMMARY OF HIS SCIENTIFIC WORKS,

By Professor BONNEY, F.R.S., F.G.S., etc.

With Portrait and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 18*s.* [*Just out.*

In the Presidential Address to the British Association at Toronto this summer, Sir John Evans dwelt on the interest of the cave-deposits to Archæologists, and especially referred to those of Kent's Cavern, Torquay, the exploration of which is fully described in Pengelly's Life.

THE

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF OUR LORD:

BASED ON THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE,

AND

ON THE INFORMATION AS TO THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE JEWS OF PALESTINE, WHICH RECENT DISCOVERIES HAVE BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

By the Rev. J. B. BROUGH, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Forces.

Crown 8vo.

This work describes the ordinary life of a child in Palestine at the time of Our Lord's early years. It is an attempt to collect information, now scattered through a number of works, and concentrate it upon a picture of the surroundings in the midst of which Our Lord's childhood was passed.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. SOLOMON CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.

SCHOLAR, LINGUIST, ARTIST, DIVINE.

FORMERLY VICAR OF BROADWINDSOR, DORSETSHIRE.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

By his Son, the Rev. A. N. MALAN.

With numerous Illustrations from Dr. Malan's Sketches. Demy 8vo. 18s. [*Just out.*

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, M.A., MUS. DOC.

LATE VICAR OF ST. OSWALD'S, DURHAM.

Edited by the Rev. JOSEPH T. FOWLER,

Vice-Principal of Hatfield Hall, Durham, &c.

With Portrait. Crown 8vo.

As the composer of fifty-five of the Hymn-tunes which are found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and of upwards of two hundred others which are frequently used in churches and chapels, Dr. Dykes has given a powerful impulse to the religious life of this country. A man of saintly character and deep devotional feeling, he was able to give to such Hymns as "Lead, Kindly Light," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "Eternal Father, strong to save," or "Now the labourer's task is o'er," that living voice of music, which intensifies their fullest meaning. The same spiritual insight which is shown in his musical compositions, was displayed in his letters on the trials and difficulties of religious life. The collection of spiritual letters, with which the volume closes, will, it is hoped, be useful in circumstances and conditions which must ever repeat themselves.

NOTES FROM A DIARY.

1873—1881.

By the Rt. Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

"Sometime Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; Governor of Madras, 1881—86.

2 Vols. Crown 8vo.

This work is a continuation and completion of the diaries from 1851 to 1872, published by Sir M. E. Grant Duff last year. It contains reminiscences and anecdotes of the following among many other distinguished persons :—

Ivan Tourgueneff—Lord Arthur Russell—Prof. Steenstrup—Hans Andersen—Renan—Emile Ollivier—H. Taine—Lord Melbourne—Disraeli—Mr. Gladstone—Jowett—Sir J. Lubbock—Thackeray—Mr. John Morley—Cobden—Lord Cowley—Kingsley—Owen—John Bright—Cardinal Newman—Lord Aberdare—G. S. Venables—Lord Dufferin—Sir J. Lacaita—Prof. Clifford—J. R. Green—The Crown Prince of Prussia—George Bunsen—Mme. Minghetti—Sir L. Mallet—Kinglake—Sir J. Stirling Maxwell—Mrs. Craven—Gambetta—Lord Cardwell.

LAW AND POLITICS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WITH A SYNOPTIC TABLE.

By EDWARD JENKS, M.A.,

Of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Reader in English Law in the University of Oxford; Lecturer at Balliol College; formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Demy 8vo.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. CHARLES GORE, D.D.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

By the Rev. CHARLES GORE, M.A., D.D. Edin.,

Canon of Westminster.

Crown 8vo.

BIMETALLISM.

A SUMMARY AND EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST A BIMETALLIC SYSTEM OF CURRENCY.

By MAJOR LEONARD DARWIN.

8vo.

CONTENTS:

i. THE BIMETALLIC THEORY.
ii. THE CHOICE OF A RATIO.
iii. BIMETALLISM *v.* MONOMETALLISM.
iv. RISING AND FALLING PRICES.
v. FOREIGN TRADE.
vi. CONCLUSION.

A FLOWER-HUNTER IN QUEENSLAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WANDERINGS IN QUEENSLAND, AND ALSO IN NEW ZEALAND.

By Mrs. ROWAN.

With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo.

Mrs. Rowan has penetrated into some almost unknown recesses of tropical Queensland, and in her pursuit of flowers has encountered many adventures. A minute observer of Nature, whether animate or inanimate, she has dashed off in familiar letters vigorous pictures of strange varieties of human beings, birds, beasts, fishes and insects. It is believed that to many untravelled readers the beauties of tropical Queensland will come almost as a revelation, while the experiences that may be met with in its more untrodden districts will be scarcely less surprising.

TWELVE INDIAN STATESMEN.

By Dr. GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E.

Crown 8vo.

CHARLES GRANT.
SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.
JOHN, LORD LAWRENCE.
SIR JAMES OUTRAM.
SIR DONALD McLEOD.
SIR HENRY MARION DURAND.
LT.-GENL. COLIN MACKENZIE.
SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.
JOHN CLARK MARCHMAN.
SIR HENRY MAINE.
SIR HENRY RAMSAY.
SIR CHARLES U. AITCHISON.

BY SEVERN SEA.

AND OTHER VERSES AND POEMS.

By T. HERBERT WARREN, M.A.,
President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Fcap. 4to.

A small edition of these Poems and Verses has already been privately printed in Oxford, but they have not hitherto been published.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE IN 1870.

WITH NOTES & ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

By W. H. JERVIS, M.A.

A NEW EDITION, *thoroughly Revised and in great part Re-written.*

By ARTHUR HASSALL, Censor of Christ Church, Oxford.

With many new Woodcuts (760 pp.). Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

PART I.

BOOK I. Ancient Gaul. Revised by F. HAVERFIELD, Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

II. German Gaul.

III. France under the Feudal System —Hugh Capet—Charles IV.

BOOK IV. Fall of Feudalism—Philip VI. to Charles VIII.

V. Renaissance and Wars of Religion—Louis XII.—Henri III.

VI. The Absolute Monarchy — Henri IV. to The Revolution.

VII. Revolutionary France—To the Accession of Napoleon III.

THE LIFE OF JOHN NICHOLSON,

SOLDIER AND ADMINISTRATOR.

BASED ON PRIVATE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

By Captain L. J. TROTTER.

With Portraits, Maps, &c. Demy 8vo.

WOMEN of the COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES SERIES.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

(WIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON).

By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON,

Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," and "Colonial Days and Dames."

With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* [*Just out.*

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION MANUALS.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR KNIGHT, OF ST. ANDREWS.

THE FOLLOWING ARE IN PROGRESS:—

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

By JOHN COX, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Experimental Physics, McGill College, Montreal.

THE ENGLISH POETS; FROM BLAKE TO TENNYSON.

By Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, Trinity College, Dublin.

THE HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.

By ARTHUR BERRY, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Secretary to the Cambridge University Extension Syndicate.

A HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

By JAMES DONALDSON, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY.

By PROFESSOR KNIGHT, the Editor of the Series.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF AUGUSTUS HENRY, THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON.

FROM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY.

Edited by Sir WILLIAM R. ANSON, Bart.,
Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford.

With Portraits. Demy 8vo.

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

UNIFORM WITH SMITH'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

Condensed and Edited by F. WARRE CORNISH, M.A.,
Vice-Provost of Eton College.

In One Volume. With upwards of 1150 *Illustrations. Medium* 8vo.

HANDBOOK—WARWICKSHIRE.

WARWICK, KENILWORTH, LEAMINGTON, &c.

A NEW WORK.

With Maps and Plans.

NEW EDITIONS OF HANDBOOKS.

Thoroughly revised throughout and brought up to date.

HANDBOOK—SURREY.

(INCLUDING ALDERSHOT.)

With Maps and Plans. [*Just ready.*

HANDBOOK—HAMPSHIRE & ISLE OF WIGHT.

With numerous Maps and Plans.

ALBEMARLE STREET,
October, 1897.

MR. MURRAY'S

LIST OF

NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Battlefields of Thessaly.

WITH THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE LATE WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND GREECE, OF

SIR ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, M.P.

With Portraits and Maps. Large crown 8vo. 9*s.*

"Where Sir Ellis's politics are not immediately concerned, his book is not only an interesting, but a valuable contribution to the history of the late war."—*Daily News.*

"We are not obliged to agree with him in his pro-Turkish enthusiasm or his vituperation of certain great Powers; but we may find entertainment in his animated sketches of the people he met and the places he visited, and of his personal experiences of a short and not too glorious campaign."—*Western Morning News.*

AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER TRIBES.

Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life

IN THE AFGHAN AND HINDU HIGHLANDS.

A CONTRAST.

By F. St. J. GORE, B.A., Magdalen College, Oxford.

With 72 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author, Illustrations in the Text, and Maps. Medium 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

"Mr. Gore possesses in a high degree the art of descriptive writing. . . we accompany the traveller, see his sights, share his feelings, and are satisfied. To this result, however, it must be admitted that something beyond the mere text contributes. It is adorned with a great number of photographs, which are simply wonderful for their perspicuity and perfection of execution."—*Guardian.*

"No Englishman knows these tribes better than Mr. F. St. J. Gore, whose 'Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life' is being widely read at present."—*Black and White*, Sept. 4, 1897.

The Story of a Great Agricultural Estate.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE "BEDS AND BUCKS" AND "THORNEY" ESTATES.

By the DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

CONTENTS:

HISTORY AND ORIGIN OF THORNEY.
FINANCIAL RESULTS.
THE BEDFORD PRINCIPLE OF ESTATE MANAGEMENT.
CHARITIES.
RENT REMISSIONS AND REVALUATIONS.
ALLOTMENTS AND SMALL HOLDINGS.
ALLOTMENTS AND PARISH COUNCILS.
AN EXPERIMENT STATION: 1. AGRICULTURAL; 2. HORTICULTURAL; 3. EDUCATIONAL.
FARMS IN HAND AND THE LAYING DOWN OF LAND TO GRASS.
DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE BEDS AND BUCKS AND THORNEY ESTATES.

"A more extraordinary book than the story of 'A Great Agricultural Estate' we do not remember. . . . His book should be read by every Social Student, and though we can hardly hope that it will convert the Socialist and the agitator, it will open the eyes of those whom the Socialist and the agitator mislead."—*National Observer.*

THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

Works of Edward Gibbon.

INCLUDING SIX AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

PRINTED VERBATIM FROM MSS. IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF SHEFFIELD.

With an Introduction by the EARL OF SHEFFIELD.

With Portraits. 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

VOL. I.—THE SIX AUTOBIOGRAPHIES. Edited by JOHN MURRAY. 1 *Vol.* 12*s.*

VOLS. II. & III.—GIBBON'S PRIVATE LETTERS TO HIS FATHER, HIS STEPMOTHER, LORD SHEFFIELD, AND OTHERS, FROM 1753 TO 1794. Edited, with Notes, &c., by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO. 2 *Vols.* 24*s.*

The Life of the Rev. Benjamin Jowett.

By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D.,
AND
The Rev. LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D.

THIRD EDITION.

With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo. 32s.

"The story has been told with great tact, and yet without the desire to conceal anything that is worth knowing; and the book will, unless we are much mistaken, increase the affection with which Jowett was regarded by his friends, while to the world at large it will do much to explain the singular influence exercised by his rare personality."—*Times.*

WORKS BY THE LATE BENJAMIN JOWETT.

College Sermons.

FOR THE MOST PART PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME SHORT ADDRESSES TO COMMUNICANTS.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians and Romans.

WITH NOTES & DISSERTATIONS.

INCLUDING AN ESSAY ON THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE, ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net, each volume.

NEW WORKS BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

JUST OUT.

Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc.

By EDWARD WHYMPER,
Author of "Scrambles amongst the Alps, "Travels amongst the Great Andes," &c.

With 65 Illustrations and Maps. 3s. net.

A few copies in Sheets, with uncut edges, are reserved for binding. 6s. net.

Zermatt and the Matterhorn.

With 80 Illustrations and Maps. 3s. net.

"No one can speak with greater authority on the subject."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*
"Admirably illustrated, and well supplied with maps and plans."—*Scotsman.*

Philip and Alexander of Macedon.

TWO ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY.

By **DAVID G. HOGARTH,**
Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; Author of "A Wandering Scholar," &c.

With Map and Illustrations. 8*vo.* 14*s.*

"This is a brilliant, and, in a large degree, an original book. The Essay on Philip of Macedon gives a clearer, a more consistent, and, on the whole, a more satisfying view of the King than can be found elsewhere. That on Alexander, though designedly less full, in view of the larger literature dealing with the subject, is such that no student of Greek History can afford to neglect it."—*Spectator.*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A Wandering Scholar.

SECOND EDITION.

With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"The little book is one of the liveliest, brightest, and most informing accounts of travel in the near East that we have seen for many a day; and though one hesitates to compare a new book with the immortal 'Eöthen,' it is only true to say that Mr. Hogarth's pages have something of the same air of fresh, first-hand experience, and something of the same vividness of literary style."—*Times.*

"The spell of the East pervades this little book—written by a ripe and many-sided scholar and master of style. No better book of its kind has appeared since 'Eöthen.'"—*Daily News.*

The Story of the Persian Wars as told by Herodotus.

IN ENGLISH.

SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND EDITED, SO AS TO FORM A HISTORY READING BOOK FOR SCHOOLS.

By the Rev. C. C. TANCOCK,
(Sometime Head Master of Rossall School).

With Illustrations, Map and Plans. Crown 8*vo.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

This little school-book gives the young student a pleasant introduction to old world stories in the words of one of the greatest of ancient historians himself.

"Mr. Tancock has selected from Herodotus, as translated by Rawlinson, a continuous narrative of the Persian War, and makes with the aid of plans and illustrations, an attractive little book, which may well serve as a stepping stone to other and severer classical reading."—*Athenæum.*

Waste and Repair in Modern Life.

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON THE MAINTENANCE OF HEALTH UNDER CONDITIONS WHICH PREVAIL AT THE PRESENT TIME.

By ROBSON ROOSE, M.D.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WEAR AND TEAR OF MODERN LIFE.
REST AND REPAIR IN LONDON LIFE.
THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE.
HEALTH RESORTS AND THEIR USES.
INFECTION AND DISINFECTION.
CLOTHING AS A PREVENTIVE AGAINST COLD.
A CONTRIBUTION TO THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.
THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FASTING.
THE SPREAD OF DIPHTHERIA.
THE METROPOLITAN WATER SUPPLY.
THE PROPAGATION AND PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

"The doctor's profound learning and wide experience inform every page, so that if we do not rise wiser and better for the perusal of the volume, the fault is not his but ours. . . . Meanwhile his book deserves, and will receive, warm acknowledgment from all who are grateful for good counsels."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"In regard to food, the use of alcohol, clothing, and other personal questions, there is much else in this book which will be read with interest by all who regard their health as a matter of judicious concern."—*Yorkshire Daily Post.*

A NEW BOOK ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.

French Stumbling Blocks and English Stepping Stones.

By FRANCIS TARVER, M.A.,

Late Senior French Master at Eton College

Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

This work, based on thirty years' experience of teaching French to English boys, does not profess to be a systematic grammar or dictionary, but to combine many of the practical advantages of both, with the addition of much which is not generally to be found in either.

Rules and examples for the avoiding of pitfalls are given in this book, but in addition to these and a section on "Deceptive Resemblances," it contains a list of 3,000 idiomatic expressions in everyday use—colloquialisms—and *tournures de phrase*, which are invaluable to the student and traveller, but are often difficult to find, and have not hitherto, it is believed, been collected in a systematic and accessible form. The lists of "Deceptive Resemblances" and of "Colloquialisms" are in alphabetical order, which it is hoped will be a great help to the student.

"An excellent little compendium."—*Athenæum.*

"Deals with real rather than imaginary difficulties."—*Speaker.*

The Dawn of Modern Geography.

A HISTORY OF TRAVEL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE FROM THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO 900 A.D., WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS AND WRITINGS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN, ARAB AND CHINESE STUDENTS AND EXPLORERS,

By C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY,

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

With reproductions of the principal Maps of the time. 8*vo.* 18*s.*

"Mr. Beazley has devoted to his difficult task an amazing amount of diligent and painstaking research . . . and his literary skill in condensing such a mass of material has enabled him to make a very interesting volume."—*Times.*

How to Listen to Music.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS TO UNTAUGHT LOVERS OF THE ART.

By HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL,

Author of "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," &c.

With a Preface by SIR GEORGE GROVE.

With Illustrations. Crown 8*vo.* 6*s.*

CONTENTS:

RECOGNITION OF MUSICAL ELEMENTS.
THE CONTENT AND KINDS OF MUSIC.
THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.
AT AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.
AT A PIANOFORTE RECITAL.
AT THE OPERA.
CHOIRS AND CHORAL MUSIC.
MUSICIAN, CRITIC, AND PUBLIC.

"It must bring to all who read it carefully a large increase in the enjoyment of the best music, and cannot fail to stimulate their perceptive and critical faculties."—*The Times.*

"There have been many attempts to assist the uninstructed lovers of music to something better than a vague appreciation of the works of the best composers, but we remember no work of the kind so sensible in its plan and so admirably sympathetic in detail as these hints and suggestions to untaught lovers of the art."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Eileen's Journey.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG READERS.

By ERNEST ARTHUR JELF.

With Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

This book is an attempt to gather together some of the most beautiful stories which children ought to know from the history of the world. Though the stories are those of many different lands and of many different ages, the earliest of which is the first Christmas-tide, and the latest the years of the Indian Mutiny, the thread of a single fairy tale is woven through the whole.

"We cannot imagine a more welcome gift to an intelligent child of any age between ten and sixteen (and we would not exclude many much older children from a pleasant charm) than Mr. Jelf's fancy journey into the past centuries of history."—*Guardian.*

"It is a delightful panorama, and it is a happy way of instructing the young in the things and the people of the past."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE LIVES OF TWO GREAT MEN.

Lord Bowen.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

By Sir HENRY STEWART CUNNINGHAM, K.C.I.E.

With Portrait. Fcap. 4to. 10s. 6d.

"Charles Bowen—elegant scholar, profound lawyer, just and painstaking judge—stands out conspicuously among the fine flower of Englishmen of our own time."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Letters of Frederic, Lord Blachford.

UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, 1860—71.

Edited by GEORGE EDEN MARINDIN.

With Portraits. 8vo. 16s.

"The letters of Lord Blachford in their every page contain a good store of wit and wisdom, narrative and anecdote, happy fancy and sturdy common-sense."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Lord Blachford's letters form a perfectly delightful volume. It is long since a book of equal interest has appeared. . . . Mr. Marindin has done his work with rare discretion and tact."—*Academy.*

Europe in the Middle Age.

By OLIVER J. THATCHER, Ph.D.,
AND
FERDINAND SCHWILL, Ph.D.

Large Crown 8vo. 9s.

This work has been written by men who have had long experience in teaching, to supply the want of a compendious History of Mediæval Europe, from the middle of the 4th to the close of the 15th Century, which has been long felt in universities and schools. A distinguished Professor of Modern History in one of our leading universities, to whom a copy has been sent, writes: "The book covers ground on which it has always been hard to get a suitable book for educational purposes, and, so far as I can judge—I have as yet only examined the German History of the 10th Century—it is thoroughly sound and clear."

"We may say at the outset that the present book is a very solid piece of work. It seems to have a real *raison d'être*, in spite of the many handbooks of mediæval history already in the market."—*Oxford Magazine.*

WORKS by the REV. CANON CHARLES GORE.

The Sermon on the Mount.

A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

THE SERMON.
THE BEATITUDES IN GENERAL.
THE BEATITUDES IN DETAIL.
THE DEEPENING OF THE LAW.
THE CHRISTIAN MOTIVE.
THE LORD'S PRAYER.
UNWORLDLINESS.
CHRISTIAN CHARACTERISTICS.
CONCLUDING WARNINGS.

Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Incarnation.

8vo. 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS.—THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF OUR LORD.—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF OUR LORD IN HIS MORTAL LIFE.—TRANSUBSTANTIATION *v.* NIHILIANISM. ETC., ETC.

The Mission of the Church.

FOUR LECTURES DELIVERED IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ASAPH.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Incarnation of the Son of God.

THE BAMPTON LECTURES FOR 1891.

Eighth Thousand. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Work of the Church in London.

I. LONDON OVER THE BORDER. By the LORD BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.
II. SOUTH LONDON. By the BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.
III. WEST LONDON. By the BISHOP OF MARLBOROUGH.
IV. EAST LONDON. By the BISHOP OF STEPNEY.

With an Introduction by
His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Navy and the Nation.

By JAMES R. THURSFIELD, M.A.,
AND
Lt.-Col. Sir GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE, R.E., K.C.M.G., F.R.S.

With Maps. 8*vo.* 14*s.*

"We have no hesitation in saying that this is the most important book dealing with the Navy that has appeared since the publication in 1890 of Captain Mahan's epoch-making, and in every way masterly, work on 'The Influence of Sea Power upon History.'"—*Spectator.*

Running the Blockade.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES, RISKS AND ESCAPES DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

By THOMAS E. TAYLOR.

THIRD EDITION.

With Introduction by JULIAN CORBETT, *Illustrations, and Maps. Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"One's blood tingles with excitement at the reading of this adventurous story—the story of how Mr. Taylor, who commenced life as a Liverpool clerk, and started on his career as a supercargo, ran the blockade no fewer than twenty-eight times."—*Sketch.*

"Mr. Taylor's excellently written book is the best account yet published of blockade-running during the American war."—*Daily News.*

The Defence of the Empire.

OR THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH SHIPS, PORTS, AND COMMERCE.

A SELECTION FROM THE LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF

HENRY HOWARD MOLYNEUX,

FOURTH EARL OF CARNARVON.

EDITED BY

Lieut.-Col. Sir GEO. SYDENHAM CLARKE, R.E., K.C.M.G., F.R.S.

Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

"To Lord Carnarvon the nation owes a deep debt of gratitude for his efforts in the cause of Imperial defence. When we read the few speeches and letters here collected we cannot but feel respect for the energy and pertinacity which led him to press the fortification of our coaling-stations in the face of a thousand rebuffs and delays; sorrow that he has not been permitted to see the almost complete realisation of the aim which he set himself to accomplish."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Japanese Alps.

AN ACCOUNT OF CLIMBING AND EXPLORATION IN THE UNFAMILIAR MOUNTAIN REGIONS OF CENTRAL JAPAN.

By the Rev. WALTER WESTON, M.A., F.S.A.

Member of the Alpine Club; late British Chaplain, Kobe, Japan.

With Map and Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 21*s.*

"The best book of travel I have seen for many a long day is Mr. Weston's account of his mountaineering excursions."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A book quite out of the ordinary run."—*Queen.*

"Recommends itself to the general reader as a pleasant and lively description of a region which has hitherto been untrodden ground."—*Athenæum.*

A Manual of Naval Architecture.

FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS OF THE NAVY, THE MERCANTILE MARINE, SHIP-OWNERS, SHIP-BUILDERS, AND YACHTSMEN.

By Sir W. H. WHITE, K.C.B., F.R.S.,

Assistant-Controller and Director of Naval Construction, Royal Navy; Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; Vice-President of the Institution of Naval Architects; Member of the Institutions of Civil Engineers and Mechanical Engineers; Honorary Member of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders; Fellow of the Royal School of Naval Architecture.

THIRD EDITION, *thoroughly Revised and in great part Rewritten.*

With 176 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 24*s.*

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S WORKS.

Our Responsibilities for Turkey.

FACTS AND MEMORIES OF FORTY YEARS.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., K.T.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Philosophy of Belief;

OR, LAW IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

8vo. 16*s.*

The Reign of Law.

NINETEENTH EDITION.

Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

"A masterly book. Strong, sound, mature, able thought from its first page to its last."—*Spectator.*

The Unity of Nature.

THIRD EDITION.

8vo. 12*s.*

The Unseen Foundations of Society:

AN EXAMINATION OF THE FALLACIES AND FAILURES OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE DUE TO NEGLECTED ELEMENTS.

8vo. 18*s.*

Irish Nationalism.

AN APPEAL TO HISTORY.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Burdens of Belief,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Some Thoughts on the Criticism of the Text of the New Testament.

By Professor GEORGE SALMON, D.D.,

Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"We have here a calm, judicious, and impartial view of the present position of the question. . . . Dr. Salmon, in sober, thoughtful fashion, brings forward many considerations to show that the conclusions reached cannot be regarded as final, but, when reconsidered by other experts, may require to be considerably modified."—*Glasgow Herald.*

A NEW AND POPULAR EDITION.

Alice,

GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE,

PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LETTERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

With a Memoir by H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

A NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, *Revised. Containing the last letter written by Princess Alice. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5s.*

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Psalter: According to the Prayer Book Version.

WITH A CONCORDANCE AND OTHER MATTER

COMPILED BY

The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

Imperial 32mo, morocco, 5s., roan, 3s. 6d.
New Popular Edition, 1s. net.

The Odes of Horace and the Carmen Sæculare.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Large Crown 8vo, 6s.

Also NEW AND POPULAR EDITION, *Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.*

*** A few Copies, printed on best hand-made paper, rubricated, at 21*s.* each net, are still to be had.

Life and Letters of Samuel Butler, D.D.

(HEADMASTER OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, 1798—1836, AND AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.)

IN SO FAR AS THEY ILLUSTRATE THE SCHOLASTIC, RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE OF ENGLAND, 1798—1840.

By his Grandson, SAMUEL BUTLER,

Author of "Erewhon," "Life and Habit," "Alps and Sanctuaries," "The Trapanese Origin of the 'Odyssey,'" &c.

With Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

"It is a work on which much loving care has been bestowed by the accomplished writer who delighted us in the pages of 'Erewhon' many years ago; it will take its place at once in the libraries of bishops and head masters, and it will serve, time after time, as a guide to them when difficult problems present themselves for solution. That head master will be wise who, finding himself under the necessity of dealing without delay and without injustice with critical situations in the life of a school, turns to Butler's diary or to his correspondence for advice as to his conduct."—*National Observer.*

Notes from a Diary.

1851—1872.

Kept by the Rt. Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

Sometime Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies Governor of Madras, 1881—6.

2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 18*s.*

"This is a charming book, full of good things. It consists of the lighter reminiscences of a singularly accomplished man of the world, who in the course of a varied and active life has come in contact with a vast number of distinguished people in many countries."—*St. James's Gazette.*

The Life of Brian Hodgson.

By Sir WILLIAM W. HUNTER, K.C.S.I.

With Portraits and Illustrations. 8*vo.* 14*s.*

"In this life of a great Indian civilian and scholar, Sir William Wilson Hunter has produced a work which might serve as a model for biographies of the kind. . . . We must congratulate the author on having recalled public attention to a remarkable and very sympathetic personality, who, partly on account of his native modesty, was not so well known in his lifetime as he ought to have been. . . . We rise from the perusal with the feeling that we have made the acquaintance of a noble and sympathetic nature."—*Times.*

"A deeply interesting history of a noble life."—*Daily News.*

A Memoir of
The late Sir John Drummond Hay,

P.C., K.C.B., G.C.M.G.

SOMETIME MINISTER AT THE COURT OF MOROCCO.

BASED ON HIS JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

With a Preface by General Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON, K.C.M.G.

With Portrait and Illustrations. 8*vo.* 16*s.*

"A book worthy of its theme. Not only does it set forth the facts of his life, and reveal his strong and attractive character, but it also gives a clear insight into the affairs of the country in which he played so notable a part."—*Standard.*

NEW EDITION OF KIRKES' HANDBOOK OF PHYSIOLOGY.

Handbook of Physiology.

By W. D. HALLIBURTON, M.D., F.R.S.,
Professor of Physiology, King's College, London.

FOURTEENTH EDITION, THOROUGHLY REVISED.

With upwards of Six Hundred Illustrations. Including some Coloured Plates.
Large Crown 8vo. 14*s.*

"The book, as now presented to the student, may be regarded as a thoroughly reliable exposition of the present state of physiological knowledge."—*Lancet.*

"Dr. Halliburton has re-edited the work with great care and judgment, and being now quite up to date, it ought to maintain its position as one of our most popular students' text-books."—*Medical Times.*

Herodotus.

THE TEXT OF CANON RAWLINSON'S TRANSLATION.

WITH THE NOTES ABRIDGED FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS.

By A. J. GRANT, M.A.,
of King's Coll., Cambridge; Professor of History, Yorkshire Coll., Leeds.
Author of "Greece in the Age of Pericles."

With Map and Plans. 2 *Vols. crown 8vo.* 12*s.*

(UNIFORM WITH GROTE'S GREECE.)

"The delightful pages of the old Greek, whose flavour has been so admirably presented by Canon Rawlinson, will thus be made accessible to a far wider circle than heretofore. There is no better introduction to Greek history and literature than Herodotus, and the English reader gets him here under the best possible conditions."—*Literary World.*

Common Thoughts on Serious Subjects.

ADDRESSES TO THE ELDER STUDENTS OF THE RAJKUMAR COLLEGE, KATHIAWAR.

By the late CHESTER MACNAGHTEN, M.A.

Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by ROBERT WHITELAW,
Master at Rugby School.

With Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

"They well deserve to be widely known. They are really admirable in their simplicity, straightforwardness, and impressiveness."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"The volume of addresses before us discloses the spirit in which Macnaghten worked, and how his influence was gained."—*Times.*

Dean Hook's Church Dictionary.

A POPULAR AND CHEAPER EDITION. 8*vo.* 12*s.*

Our Seven Homes.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES,

AUTHOR OF THE "SCHÖNBERG COTTA FAMILY."

With Portraits. Crown 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"This volume of her reminiscences will be welcomed in thousands of households. With all the grace, simplicity and kindliness characteristic of its authoress' manner, the autobiography is perhaps as attractive as anything she has ever written."—*Daily News.*

Some Unrecognized Laws of Nature.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO GRAVITATION.

By IGNATIUS SINGER and LEWIS H. BERENS.

With Illustrations. 8*vo.* 18*s.*

This is an entirely new and original work, the result of long study and independent, practical experiment. By a close examination of Phenomenology or the manifestations of the action of force on various bodies, it is hoped that a new light may be thrown on the Laws of Nature by which that force is exerted.

"But we are certain that their volume will attract the serious attention of all philosophical chemists and physicists, and it seems to us not unlikely that their ideas will prove the beginning of a revolution in current conceptions of Nature. . . . But although their subject appears extremely technical and difficult to follow, we are able to assure readers that it is developed with a lucid simplicity of style, and that want of technical knowledge should be no bar to anyone in the attempt to grasp the interesting arguments of a most remarkable book."—*Saturday Review.*

"But as we wrote, the conclusion was borne in upon us that the authors have probed a weak point in physical theory. At first sight their opinions appear not to deserve an hour's consideration, but we leave the book with less faith in the law of gravitation than we had when we began to read it."—*Academy.*

THE STANDARD WORK ON GARDENING.

The English Flower Garden.

AN ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY OF ALL THE PLANTS USED, AND DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR CULTURE AND ARRANGEMENT.

By W. ROBINSON, F.L.S.

FIFTH EDITION, *revised.*

With Numerous Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 15*s.*

The Life of Sir John Franklin,

K.C.H., K.R.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.

BASED ON PRIVATE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

By H. D. TRAILL.

With Maps and Portraits. 8vo. 16*s.*

"A worthy memorial of the intrepid explorer who did more than any man to stimulate interest in the frozen North and to develop the geography of the Arctic regions, eventually sacrificing his life to his unconquerable ambition to discover the North West passage."—*Morning Post.*

MR. WILFRED CRIPPS' WORKS.

Old English Plate.

ECCLESIASTICAL, DECORATIVE, AND DOMESTIC.

By WILFRED J. CRIPPS, C.B.

A NEW EDITION (FIFTH), ENLARGED AND REVISED.

Medium 8vo. 21*s.*

*** *Tables of the* DATE LETTERS *and* MARKS *sold separately,* 5*s.*

Old French Plate.

ITS MAKERS AND MARKS.

By WILFRED J. CRIPPS, C.B.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

With Tables of Makers' Marks, in Addition to the Plate Marks.

8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

DEAN STANLEY.

The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley,

LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A.,
Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION AND SANCTION OF THE

Very Rev. G. G. BRADLEY,
DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

THIRD EDITION. *With Portraits and Illustrations.* 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.* 32*s.*

Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D.,

LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Edited by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO,
Author of the "Life and Letters of Dean Stanley."

8*vo.* 16*s.*

"The 'Letters' are edited with fine skill and judgment. The editor's introductory notes and the annotations are exactly what they ought to be—terse, informative, and, where needs be, scholarly and elucidative of the context."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Life & Letters of the late Admiral Sir B. J. Sulivan, K.C.B.

INCLUDING PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF ACTIVE SERVICE DURING THE PARANA CAMPAIGN IN 1846, AND WITH THE BALTIC FLEET DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR IN 1854—5.

ETC. ETC.

By his Son, H. N. SULIVAN.

WITH

Personal Reminiscences by Admiral Sir G. H. RICHARDS.

With Map, Plans, and Illustrations. 8*vo.* 16*s.*

"The 'Life of Sir B. J. Sulivan' is an excellent example of naval biography. It sketches for us a singularly amiable, upright, personality; an officer who was an ornament to his service; and a career which abounds in striking incidents."—*Yorkshire Daily Post.*

Sophocles.

THE SEVEN PLAYS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

By the Rev. LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D.,
Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's, and Hon. Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

NEW EDITION, *revised*. *Crown* 8*vo*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

"His book may be read with ease and pleasure. His blank verse appears to be based on a study of Shakespeare, and has happy moments and forcible turns of expression. . . . This literalness, combined with sound scholarship and agreeable and melodious versification in the choruses, is, to our mind, the chief and pre-eminent merit of Professor Campbell's translation."—*Saturday Review.*

NEW AND CHEAP EDITIONS OF TWO POPULAR WORKS

By H. C. BARKLEY,
Author of "Between the Danube and the Black Sea."

My Boyhood.

A STORY BOOK FOR BOYS.

With Illustrations. *Crown* 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Studies in the Art of Ratcatching.

Crown 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

"Should the reader know of a schoolboy fond of ratting, the proud possessor possibly of a sharp terrier, and, may be, a few ferrets, and wish to bestow a present upon him, the memory of which would last throughout his life, we could not do better than advise him to spend half a crown in the purchase of this most pleasantly-written book and bestow it upon him."—*Field.*

The Great Rift Valley:

A JOURNEY TO BARINGO AND MOUNT KENYA.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GEOGRAPHY, GEOLOGY, NATIVE RACES, FAUNA AND FLORA OF THE REGION.

AND

A SKETCH OF THE NATIONAL MIGRATIONS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA, AND REMARKS ON ITS FUTURE PROSPECTS.

By J. W. GREGORY, D.S.C. (Lond.), F.G.S., etc.
Of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

With Maps and Illustrations. 8*vo*. 21*s*.

"Dr. Gregory's fascinating book is the most comprehensive and important, as well as the newest, work yet written on British East Africa."—*Daily News.*

"Dr. Gregory's book is so suggestive, so many-sided, and so interesting, that in the space which can be spared we can only give a summary indication of its nature. . . . . Dr. Gregory is as skilled with his pen as with his geologist's hammer. . . . . He has added vastly to our knowledge of this most interesting region."—*Times.*

"We warmly recommend his book to the attention of all who appreciate a record of travel as remarkable for its unassuming simplicity as for its wealth of incident and adventure."—*Land and Water.*

In Four Volumes, medium 8vo, with upwards of 1,700 Illustrations.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

Fergusson's History of Architecture in all Countries.

VOLS. I. & II.—ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE.

Edited by R. PHENÉ SPIERS, F.S.A.

With 1,000 Illustrations. 2 Vols. £3 3*s.*

VOL. III.—INDIAN AND EASTERN ARCHITECTURE. 31*s.* 6*d.*

VOL. IV.—MODERN STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE. 31*s.* 6*d.*

With an Ambulance.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870—1871.

By CHARLES E. RYAN, F.R.C.S.I., M.R.C.P.I.
Knight of the Order of Louis II. of Bavaria.

With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

"Dr. Ryan, who voluntarily joined an ambulance at Paris, went through the whole of the Sedan horrors as a member of the Anglo-American Ambulance. He was a medical student, fresh from Dublin, and he was in the thick of battles, murder, and sudden death before he had worn his uniform for many days. The picture which he unfolds is fascinating in the extreme, and no detail is left out to give a complete insight into the truth about war." —*Westminster Gazette.*

Jenny Lind the Artist.

A NEW AND ABRIDGED EDITION OF THE MEMOIR OF

MADAME JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

1820—1851.

FROM MSS. AND DOCUMENTS COLLECTED BY MR. GOLDSCHMIDT.

By H. SCOTT HOLLAND, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral; **and W. S. ROCKSTRO,** Author of "The Life of Mendelssohn."

With Portraits. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

A POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE

Modern Greek and English Languages

AS ACTUALLY WRITTEN AND SPOKEN.

BEING A COPIOUS VOCABULARY OF ALL WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS CURRENT IN ORDINARY READING AND IN EVERYDAY TALK, WITH ESPECIAL ILLUSTRATION, BY MEANS OF DISTINCTIVE SIGNS, OF THE COLLOQUIAL AND POPULAR GREEK LANGUAGE, FOR THE GUIDANCE OF STUDENTS AND TRAVELLERS THROUGH GREECE AND THE EAST.

By A. N. JANNARIS, Ph.D.,

Lecturer on Post Classical and Modern Greek at the University, St. Andrew's,
Author of "An Historical Greek Grammar."

Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Bible in Spain.

OR THE JOURNEYS AND IMPRISONMENTS OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO CIRCULATE THE SCRIPTURES IN THE PENINSULA.

By GEORGE BORROW.

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED, WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY.

By the late ULICK RALPH BURKE,

Author of "A History of Spain."

With Etchings by M. MANESSE *and a Map.* 2 *Vols. Crown 8vo.* 12*s.*

"Nothing better than the type, or than Mr. Ulick Burke's brief notes and glossary, could be desired by the most enthusiastic Borrovian."—*Times.*

A NEW POEM BY AN ANONYMOUS WRITER.

THE

Watch Song of Heäbanê the Witness.

A POEM.

BASED ON THE TRADITIONS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE WORLD AS DISPLAYED IN BOTH TESTAMENTS.

By which it would appear that certain Watchmen or Witnesses have borne testimony in the past to the acts and judgments of God towards men, and that they still continue to witness on earth.

Royal 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Indeed we may go so far as to say that if, after all, it be the work of a new writer, he has made a brilliant début. It is considerably above the standard of the average minor poetry."—*Manchester Courier.*

"The poem is perhaps unequal; but at times the author reaches the sublimest heights, and impresses the reader with a deep sense of his insight and reverence."—*Independent.*

NEW VOLUMES OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION MANUALS.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR KNIGHT, of St. Andrew's University.

Shakspere and his Predecessors in the English Drama.

By F. S. BOAS,
Balliol College, Oxford.

Crown 8vo. 6*s.* LIBRARY EDITION, *on larger paper,* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"It is impossible to part with this work without a word of cordial congratulation to the author on the vigour of his style, the originality of some of his views and theories, and the painstaking appreciation he has brought to bear on his subject."—*Morning Post.*

Latin Literature.

By J. W. MACKAIL,
Formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"It seems at first sight extravagant and paradoxical to describe a 'University Extension Manual' as a work of genius; but Mr. J. W. Mackail's 'Latin Literature' possesses such excellences as render it not unworthy of the title."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Elements of Philosophy.

By G. C. ROBERTSON,
Late Grote Professor, University College, London.

Elements of Psychology.

By G. C. ROBERTSON,
Late Grote Professor, University College, London.

EDITED FROM NOTES OF LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE COLLEGE 1870–1892.

By (Mrs.) C. A. FOLEY RHYS DAVIDS, M.A.

2 *Vols. Crown 8vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. each.*

"The late Professor Croom Robertson was a very lucid exponent of the history of Philosophic thought, and it is therefore a matter for congratulation that the editor of this volume has been able to give us, through the aid of MS. notes left by Robertson himself, and through the loan of note-books by former students, some of the most important lectures that he delivered. . . . Robertson's writings are singularly clear, and the work of editing these volumes has been executed with skill and judgment."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Handbook — Shropshire and Cheshire.

SHREWSBURY, LUDLOW, BRIDGNORTH, OSWESTRY, CHESTER, CREWE, ALDERLEY, STOCKPORT, BIRKENHEAD, ETC.

A NEW AND THOROUGHLY REVISED EDITION

With Maps and Plans. 6*s.*

A Handbook for Asia Minor, Transcaucasia, Persia, &c.

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK, WITH NUMEROUS MAPS.

Edited by Major-General Sir CHARLES WILSON, R.E., K.C.B.

With assistance from Colonel CHERMSIDE, R.E., C.B.; Mr. D. G. HOGARTH; Professor W. RAMSAY; Colonel EVERETT, C.M.G.; Lieutenant-Colonel " HARRY COOPER; Mr. DEVEY, and others.

Crown 8vo. 18*s.*

"The volume is well supplied with maps and plans prepared under the editor's own supervision, and, both as a repertory of archæological, historical, geographical, and ethnographical information, and as a handbook of oriental travel, it must take a very high place in the series to which it belongs . . . . travellers in Asia Minor will find this volume invaluable and indispensable."—*Times.*

Handbook for Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO, THEBES, THE SUEZ CANAL, THE PYRAMIDS, SINAI, THE FYOOM, THE COURSE OF THE NILE FROM DONGOLA, &c. &c.

A NEW AND ENTIRELY REVISED EDITION.

Edited by Miss BRODRICK and Professor SAYCE;

With the assistance of distinguished Egyptologists and Officials.

With many New Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 15*s.*

"We cannot say too much in praise of the excellent arrangement of this Guide. . . . . The maps are admirable."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"In a word, not only is this the best handbook on Egypt, but it is probably the very best Mr. Murray has published in his large and famous series."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Handbook of Travel Talk.

A NEW EDITION, THOROUGHLY REVISED, EXTENDED, AND IN GREAT PART RE-WRITTEN, TO ADAPT IT TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF MODERN TRAVELLERS, INCLUDING PHOTOGRAPHERS AND CYCLISTS.

On Thin Paper. Sm. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"The best of its kind."—*Athenæum.*

"Comes in a new form with many improvements."—*Guardian.*

"One of, if not the, most useful phrase books in existence."—*Queen.*

Murray's Cyclist's Road-Book

FROM LONDON THROUGH CHICHESTER, PORTSMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON TO THE NEW FOREST, AND BACK BY ROMSEY, WINCHESTER, DORKING, LEATHERHEAD AND EPSOM.

Illustrated by a Road Atlas at the end of the book. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*

"Murray's Road-Book tells of everything worth seeing within call of the route it deals with. . . . This neat little book can be carried in the pocket, and the maps are so arranged that they have not to be unfolded before being practicable. We can thoroughly recommend this little venture to all serious cyclists."—*Vanity Fair.*

"The sectional route-maps are admirable, and the whole of this little volume will be found eminently useful."—*Athenæum.*

"This is an admirable and cheap little book. It is at once a road-book, a guide, and a map."—*Engineer.*

"In all respects it is excellent."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Handbook for Ireland.

A NEW AND THOROUGHLY REVISED EDITION, WITH NEW SETS OF MAPS AND PLANS, SPECIALLY ENGRAVED FOR THIS WORK.

INFORMATION TO SPORTSMEN, CYCLISTS, AND TOURISTS.

Edited by [redacted]KE, M.A.

Printed on specially Light Paper. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

"The information which this handbook contains is so full and practical that it should render its possessor independent of local guides."—*Field.*

Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times.

Under this general title Mr. Murray (in conjunction with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York) has in preparation a series of volumes, the aim of which is not only to present carefully-studied portraits of the most distinguished women of Colonial and Revolutionary times in America, but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public, life of the people in successive periods of national development. The project thus includes a series of closely-connected narratives, vivid in colour and of the highest social and historical value, of the manners and customs, the ways of life, and the modes of thought of the people of the Puritan, the Knickerbocker and Cavalier sections of the American Colonies from their foundation down to the middle of the present century.

Margaret Winthrop (Wife of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts).

By ALICE MORSE EARLE, Author of "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," etc., etc. With Facsimile Reproduction. Post 8vo. 5*s*.

"These pages give a modest but vivid account of the home life and personal character of a sturdy, God-fearing, heroic race."—*Speaker.*

Dorothy Payne Madison (Wife of James Madison).

By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN, Author of "The Colonial Cavalier," and "The Head of a Hundred." With Portrait. Post 8vo. 5*s*.

"Miss Goodwin's Memoir will not fail to find sympathetic readers on this side of the Atlantic, for it depicts in a simple yet graphic style a very attractive personality, while it abounds in quaint and pleasing traits of bygone life and manners in the United States."—*Daily News.*

Eliza Pinckney (Wife of Chief Justice Pinckney).

By HARRIOTT HORRY-RAVENEL. With a facsimile. Post 8vo. 5*s*.

"We do not wonder at her descendant's admiration for this distant grandmother, whose life she has so ably set before us."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Mercy Otis Warren (Sister of James Otis).

By ALICE BROWN, Aut[redacted]riage" in "Three Heroines of New England Romance," and "[redacted]ales of New England Life." With Portrait. Post 8vo. 5*s*.

"But the beauty of her life has not [redacted] she is remembered now by her genius for making friends, her skill in portraying thei[redacted] the sense and sensibility which runs through her letters and which ruled her life."—*Speaker.*

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS, LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018